

Collier's

June 9, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

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Something Is Rotten
in the
STATE of TEXAS



How to Catch the King
of Fresh-Water Fish

Accustomed as I Am to Public Speaking...
By VICE-PRESIDENT ALBEN W. BARKLEY

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Enjoy Your Vacation More in the World's Most Modern Car



Now's THE TIME when your car should be a magic carpet to a summer of fun. That's why we built this 1951 Nash Airflyte with a huge luggage compartment to carry all the equipment the family needs . . . with so much room in the interior that six big people have room to stretch out in full comfort . . . with Airflyte Construction that's double-rigid, super-safe—to let you travel farther with far less fatigue—to speed

you many, many more miles on every gallon of gasoline!

That's why we developed the Reclining Seat . . . the Weather Eye Conditioned Air System . . . the convenience of Twin Beds.

Before you start *this summer's* trip, won't you look at a Nash Airflyte? And drive it? Get the best car for your vacation—the best car for the years ahead. Three great popular-priced Nash series to choose from!

Photography by Sarra



Everything goes! Yes, you can even carry your fishing and sleeping equipment—plus all the baggage. Nash has luggage capacity twice as great as some.



Small fry don't fret when there's an Airliner Reclining Seat for afternoon naps. Mother and Dad, too, can take turns relaxing while the other drives.



Most comfortable riding over any road—with softer coil springs. If you want top performance—see the records made by the Ambassador Jet-Fire Engine.



Home is where the Nash is. This spacious interior becomes your own private screened cabin in seconds. Seats convert to Twin Beds without disturbing luggage.



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New all-time record for gasoline mileage! In the 840-mile Mobilgas Economy Run, the Rambler Convertible Sedan with overdrive averaged 31.05 miles a gallon!

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Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit 32, Mich.

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IN 1951—ITS 250th
ANNIVERSARY YEAR



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is IPANA!

The answer is **IPANA**

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so Sparkling fresh?.. The answer
is IPANA!

She's always
swamped with dates!..

The answer
is IPANA!

For really cleansing
teeth and mouth, the answer
is IPANA!



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Fliteweight
Fabrics

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Cool Comfort on
Father's Day

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June 9, 1951

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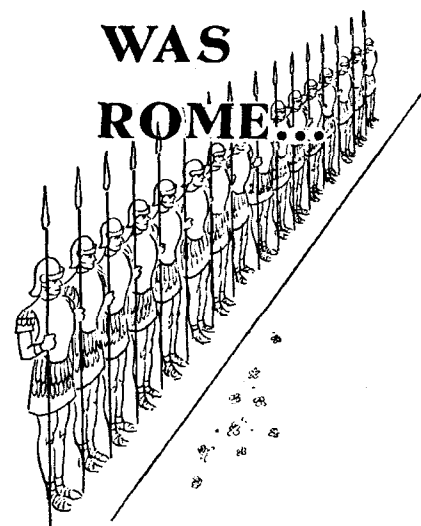
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THE GLORY THAT WAS ROME...



Along the broad, statue-lined Appian Way a Roman Legion is marching, its eagle standards raised high, its armor glittering in the sun. A thousand prisoners trudge wearily along, hauling at giant engines of war. Four hundred horses add to the spectacle as Nero's victorious army comes home.

No, this isn't ancient history. It happened just a few months ago during M-G-M's filming of "Quo Vadis"—the greatest story of love and faith ever written. The picture was filmed in its entirety in Rome. But for two years before the Technicolor cameras started turning, an M-G-M staff in residence in Rome had been planning the production.

In the Rome of today, the ancient city was recreated... Nero's Circus, for the vivid scenes of Christian martyrdom... the plaza before his palace, with its forty-foot statues of Roman gods... whole blocks of shops, homes, temples... 115 sets, all authentic down to the least, last detail.

A cast of 30,000, the largest ever to appear in a picture, was selected, costumed, rehearsed. Only after all this was done could actual filming start... and the filming itself took six months.

Now "Quo Vadis" is being edited. In some months you will see it on the screen... with all its grandeur, all its panoramic splendor, all its action and excitement, captured in spectacular Technicolor.

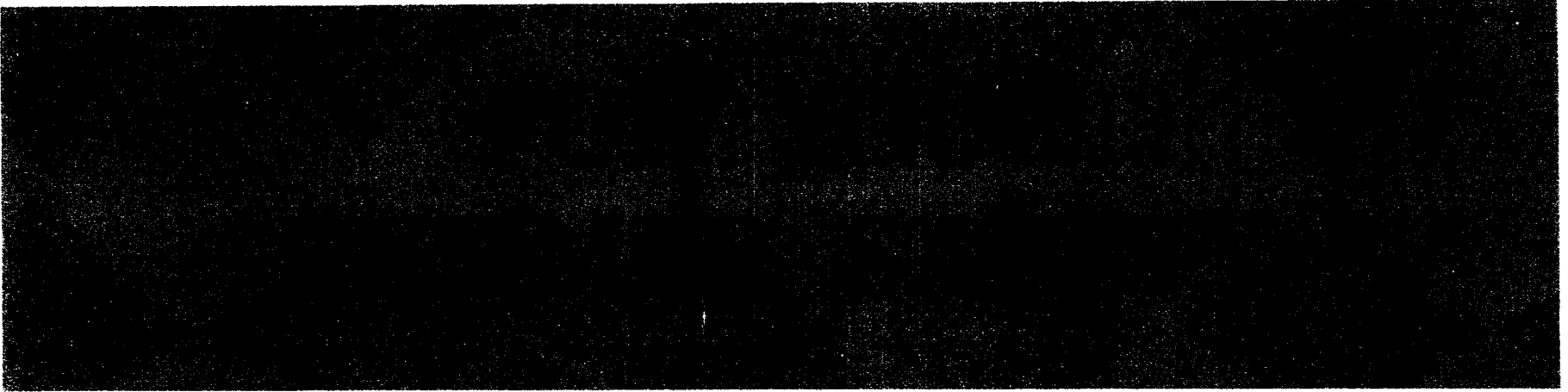
FREE... We would like to send you a 24-page booklet telling the entire fascinating story of the production of "Quo Vadis", illustrated with many full-color reproductions of actual scenes. For your free copy, write "QUO VADIS" Box 982, G. P. O., New York, N. Y. Please enclose 10¢ to cover postage and handling costs.



M-G-M presents

QUO VADIS

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR



Sunshine, fresh air, exercise, and relaxation are essential to good health. Now that the summer months are here, doctors urge everyone to take full advantage of the opportunity for outdoor activities.

Summer holidays, however, are often marred by accidents and injuries. That is why it is important to know first aid and other measures that may help

prevent serious results from accidents and may even save someone's life.

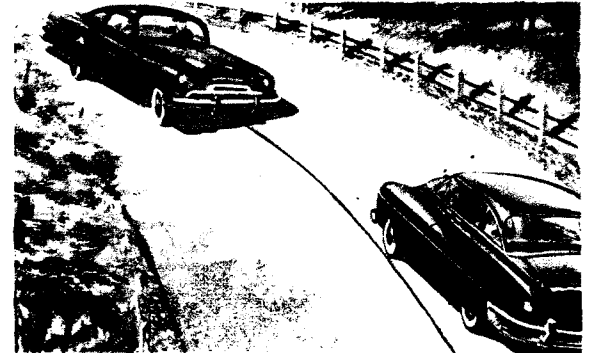
It is well to remember that if an accident occurs and there is any doubt about the seriousness of the injury, the only safe thing to do is—*call the doctor at once*. Here are some other precautions that everyone may take for summer health and safety.



When swimming—be sure to take proper precautions when swimming or playing in the water. Do not swim alone—or too soon after eating. Obey all warning signs—especially those regarding diving or swimming too far from the shore. It is also wise to safeguard your children by teaching them how to swim early in life.



When sunning—remember that the sun is strong “medicine” and that sunburn causes an annual loss of several million work days. So, take the sun in small doses—about 10 minutes the first day and 20 the second. Sunburn usually can be prevented by applying a “sun-preventive” preparation to the skin before exposure. However, to protect yourself against sunstroke or heatstroke, always avoid long, direct exposure to the sun.



When motoring—constantly watch other cars on the road. This may help you avoid an accident, even if other drivers do something wrong. By watching traffic carefully, it is often possible to anticipate situations that might lead to an accident. Take every precaution for your own protection when you see others violating the rules of safe driving.



When exercising—make sure that you do not overdo any form of physical activity to which you are unaccustomed. The best rule, if in doubt, is to check with your doctor about week-end and vacation activities. He will advise you about the kind and amount of exercise that will be safe and beneficial. In any event, avoid excessive fatigue.



When camping—watch out for poison ivy, to which 2 out of 3 adults are sensitive. Remember the old adage—“leaves three, let it be.” Also be on guard against other poisonous plants, such as poison oak and poison sumac. Be prepared for all minor injuries—such as cuts and burns—by including a first aid kit in your equipment.



When starting on a trip—make certain that your car is in good condition before beginning a summer outing. Brakes, steering mechanism, lights, tires and other vital parts should be thoroughly inspected. Remember, too, that the older your car gets, the more carefully it should be checked mechanically.

First aid courses are given in most communities by the American Red Cross. Taking these courses will help prepare you to act quickly and efficiently in case of accidental injury. Metropolitan has prepared a booklet entitled “First Aid” which contains information on how to care for many types of emergencies. To get a copy, simply fill in and mail the coupon.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave.,
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Please send me a copy of
your booklet, 751C, “First
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follow
the
dotted line
to
her
heart

6

The Cover

Whether it's strawberry, chocolate, vanilla or any number of unusual flavors, ice cream is a must with carbonated water, sirup and

straws in a soda like the one twenty-four-year-old Patti Manley is enjoying. For facts about the ice-cream industry, see page 18.

Week's Mail

The Benign Atom

EDITOR: Your article Atomic Miracle (April 21st) was the most inspiring article I have ever had the pleasure of reading. The method and application of the experiment were truly defined by the very descriptive noun "miracle." It was gratifying to read of the utilization of atomic power for the benefit of mankind.

JOSEPH J. MIATA, New York, N. Y.

... Although only a high-school student, I think I was just as pleased and thrilled with your article Atomic Miracle as any adult could be. It truly gives us something, and a big something, to help us all face the future hopefully and bravely.

I was not amazed that atoms have been put to such a worthy use to mankind, for everything seems to have a good side to it, and I, probably like millions of others, have waited to see what the real good side was to atomic explosions. This may be our answer. And such a wonderful one it is!

MELODIE MORRILL, Claremont, N. H.

... John Lear's article Atomic Miracle contains a misstatement. Uranium 235 does not discharge neutrons naturally.

MAX SHAPIRO, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Atomic Energy Commission's handbook on Effects of Atomic Weapons states that free neutrons are constantly passing through the atmosphere and that they are able to initiate fission in uranium 235. It is for this reason that the atom bomb is made in two or more sections. If it were not, and the bomb were made up in critical size originally, the free neutrons would explode it.

Wants TV in Congress

EDITOR: Since the televising of portions of the Senate Crime Committee hearings, there has been considerable comment concerning the advisability of televising the workings of the Senate and House when they are in session on subjects of great public interest. The majority of the solons seem to object to this publicity on various unimportant arguments.

The FCC has recently announced that a great number of new channels are going to be opened to TV, and that a certain amount of these channels are going to be earmarked for educational purposes. It is my humble opinion that certain channels should be held open solely for the purpose of televising the workings of our government.

Would it not be a great incentive for more honest and effective government if the lawmakers knew that their words and actions were to stand on their exact merits and that they were being viewed constantly by the people for whom they are purportedly working?

W. SHERWOOD HARTMAN, Hanover, Pa.

"Sad but True," Says Reader

EDITOR: I have been a reader of Collier's for more than 50 years and I have never seen any article in your weekly that was as hard on anyone as the editorial White House Carnival (April 21st).

The sad part is that every word of it is true.

S. C. KILGORE, Berino, N. M.

... The constraint and forbearance which tempers your White House Carnival editorial this week is to be admired.

But, under the daily worsening circumstances and the increasing threat they offer to our national safety and esteem of the wide world, can you not follow up the slap on the wrist with a real "one-two?"

J. W. ROBERTS, Chicago, Ill.

... I have just read your editorial in the April 21st issue and it is by far the best you have written and Collier's has printed. A very timely exposé of Mr. Truman coming on the day he fired General MacArthur.

MRS. W. G. WILMER, Baltimore, Md.

... Have just purchased Collier's for April 21st, and read your editorial first. Then I reached for paper and pen to write: "Amen, brother!"

A. W. PATTERSON, Old Ocean, Texas

Hits High Cost of Music

EDITOR: With apologies to myself, I admit that I read Bill Davidson's Jo Stafford—Her Songs Upset Joe Stalin (April 21st) without being able to connect the two portions of the title. His story seems to prove one thing, that Miss Stafford is apparently a financial success. But so far as justifying the expenditure of our tax money to give the outside world free musical entertainment, I can't see the dividends.

NORMAN F. WYKOFF, Glendale, Ariz.

That Well-known Ride

EDITOR: Your April 21st issue has a most suitable cover to commemorate Patriot's Day and recalls to mind the lines from Longfellow's poem which most of us learned as children.

There have been several times in our history when the people have roused to hear the message of other "Paul Reveres." Certainly a new message that will be heeded could have a place on Patriot's Day, 1951.

What was—and still is—the message? Courage, love of country and fellow man, and honest facing of issues. In a word, the pioneer virtues that carried our forefathers through the years of history.

MARTHA I. KIBBY, Pittsfield, Mass.

... I suppose you have heard several
(Continued on page 56)

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Collier's

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SAVES YOU \$2.80
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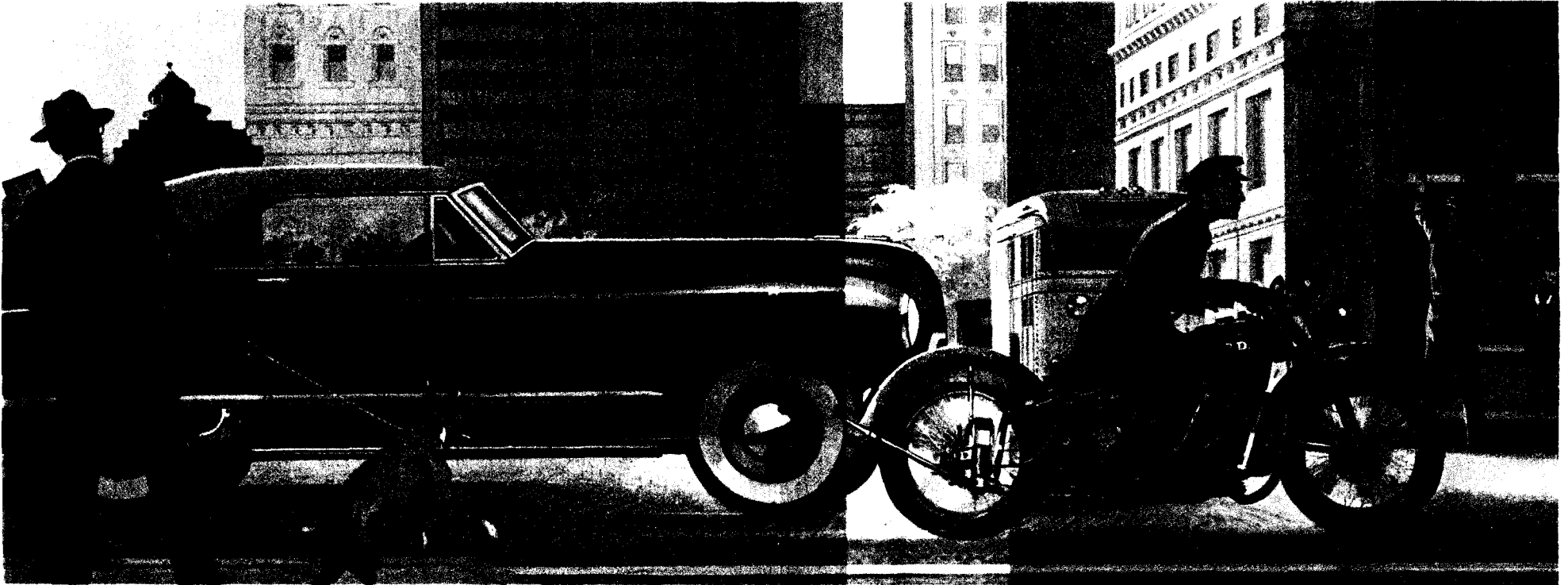
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Send your order to
COLLIER'S, Springfield, Ohio

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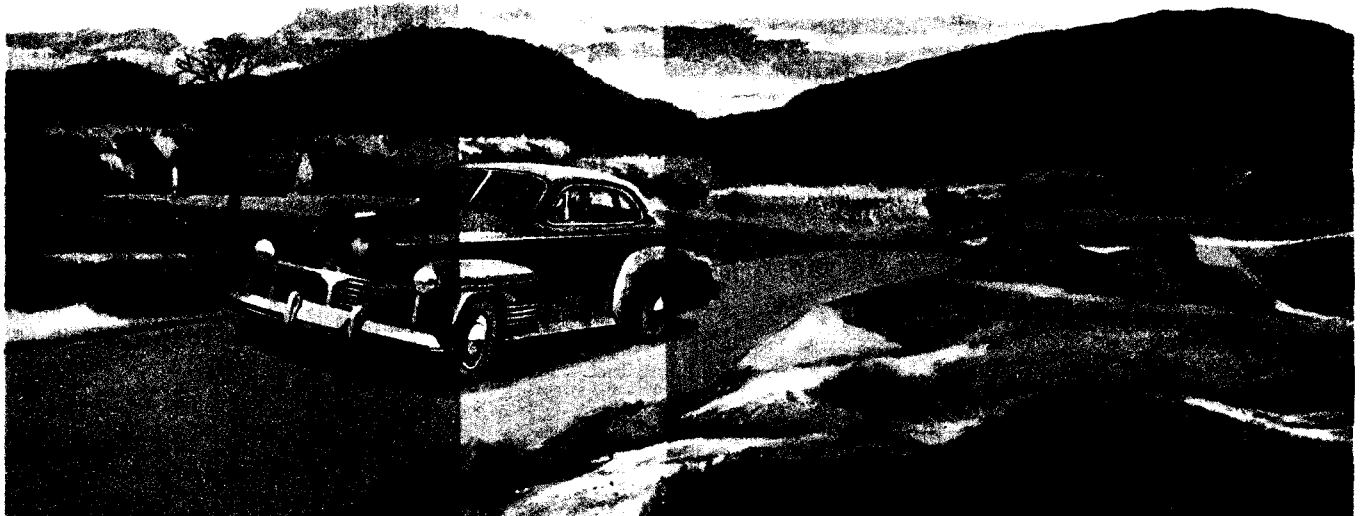
“When it’s life or death,
I travel fast!”

says this Ohio doctor
(Name omitted for professional reasons)



“I bought my first Atlas tires when I was in medical school, and I’ve been using Atlas ever since.

“I have delivered hundreds of babies. Often it’s a close race, so I buy only tires I know are *safe*. I’ve found from experience that I can depend on Atlas tires—whatever the weather or condition of the roads.



“For some years, I was stationed in New England and had to make many trips back to Ohio. Those long, hard rides completely sold me on Atlas tire mileage and dependability.



“Atlas tires on my farm truck have given me just as good service as those on my cars for professional use.”



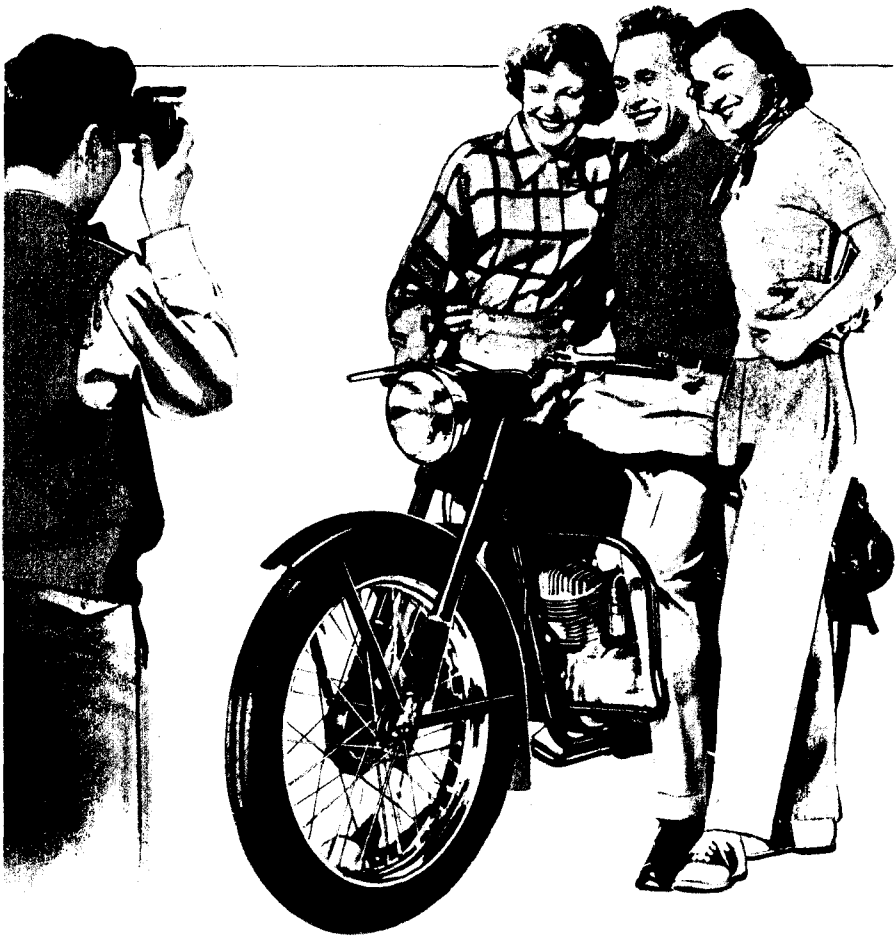
Today more than ever it’s important to buy *good* tires, and to take good care of them.



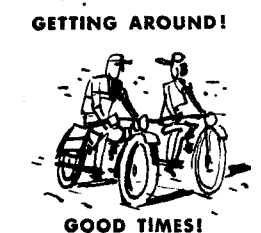
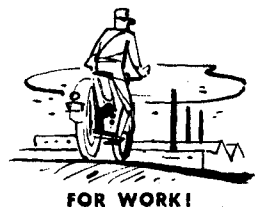
Your Atlas dealer can help make your tires wear longer.

**38,000 ATLAS DEALERS
SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE**

Put yourself in this picture



You'll save money, go more places, have more fun!



HARLEY-DAVIDSON 125

WITH ROAD-CUSHIONING *Tele-Glide Fork*

GET in on the savings... and the fun! Join the thousands who are enjoying this modern, motorized way of going places... *at less cost.* Sure, you can afford it! 90 miles and more per gallon, pennies for upkeep, years of service. Yes! *you* can ride it! One lesson and you go anywhere; to work, school, sports events, parks, outings. Safe and dependable; 2-wheel brakes, 3-speed transmission, brilliant lighting, Tele-Glide road-cushioning fork, "easy chair" saddle, big tires. Attractively priced. See your dealer for FREERIDE today.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Dept. C, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Send colorful folder and information about the low-cost, economical-to-operate Harley-Davidson 125.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



DEALERS WANTED: A few franchises still available for the full line of Big Twins and the 125 Model. Write.

48 States of Mind

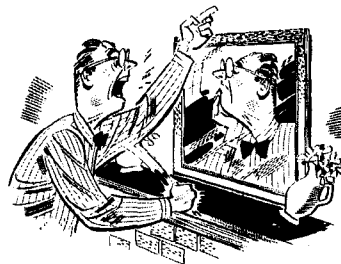
By WALTER DAVENPORT

It's June and reports from far and wide assure us the wedding industry is flourishing in this, its traditional month. Mr. E. H. Gallagher, of Athens, Ohio, notifies us that in his city Miss Gladys Irene Quail, a beautiful girl if ever these fading eyes saw one, was married to Mr. Edward E. Crow. The happy lovebirds flew to Columbus where they've built themselves a pretty nest.

While this tender mood is upon us we might as well tell you that in New Mexico repeated efforts to increase the governor's salary have come to nought. To show you how emotional some New Mexicans have become about this, we quote from the Silver City Enterprise, Mr. Bob Ingraham reporting: "No governor in many years has been able to love on the salary paid him."

Don't be discouraged. In a moment we shall pass from this sentimental phase and plunge boldly into the stern problems of the day. But recently a Kentuckian was haled into court charged with stealing two mules from a neighbor. He did not deny it. The neighbor, he told the judge, had stolen his wife and in retaliation he had swiped the mules. It was his contention that somebody or something had to do the heavy hauling on his farm. Before dismissing the case as a purely domestic wrangle outside the province of the court, the judge suggested he return one of the mules and call the whole thing off. But he refused, saying that while the two mules were a trifle more manageable than the wife he'd lost, neither of them alone had her pulling power.

Too bad we can't identify the gentleman, but you can probably see how it is. For three months, he struggled day and night as Civil Defense organizer in one of our more populous states. Night and day, seven days a week, he exhorted, wheedled, demonstrated, orated and cried havoc. Starting from scratch,



he steadily lost ground, until presently he found himself talking to himself—and not getting much attention at that. So he quietly closed his desk, put on his hat, walked down the street and enlisted in the Army, asking only that he'd get a little action.

We've received 16 photographs of this month's brides and, frankly, they're all beautiful. Naturally, we don't know how many of them have won their loveliness by adopting such exercise as we've just read in the Baton Rouge,

Louisiana, Advocate. It sounds quite simple. Try it yourself: "This exercise is based on a ballet dancer's limbering up and takes very little room. Stand erect with the stomach pulled in and play My Old Kentucky Home." All together now. One and two, and one and two and—

Among the bits of useful information received this week is a set of instructions on what to do in case we are attacked by a tornado. We've been caught in several tornadoes in our time, but this has to do with the high wind kind. William E. Hardy, meteorologist

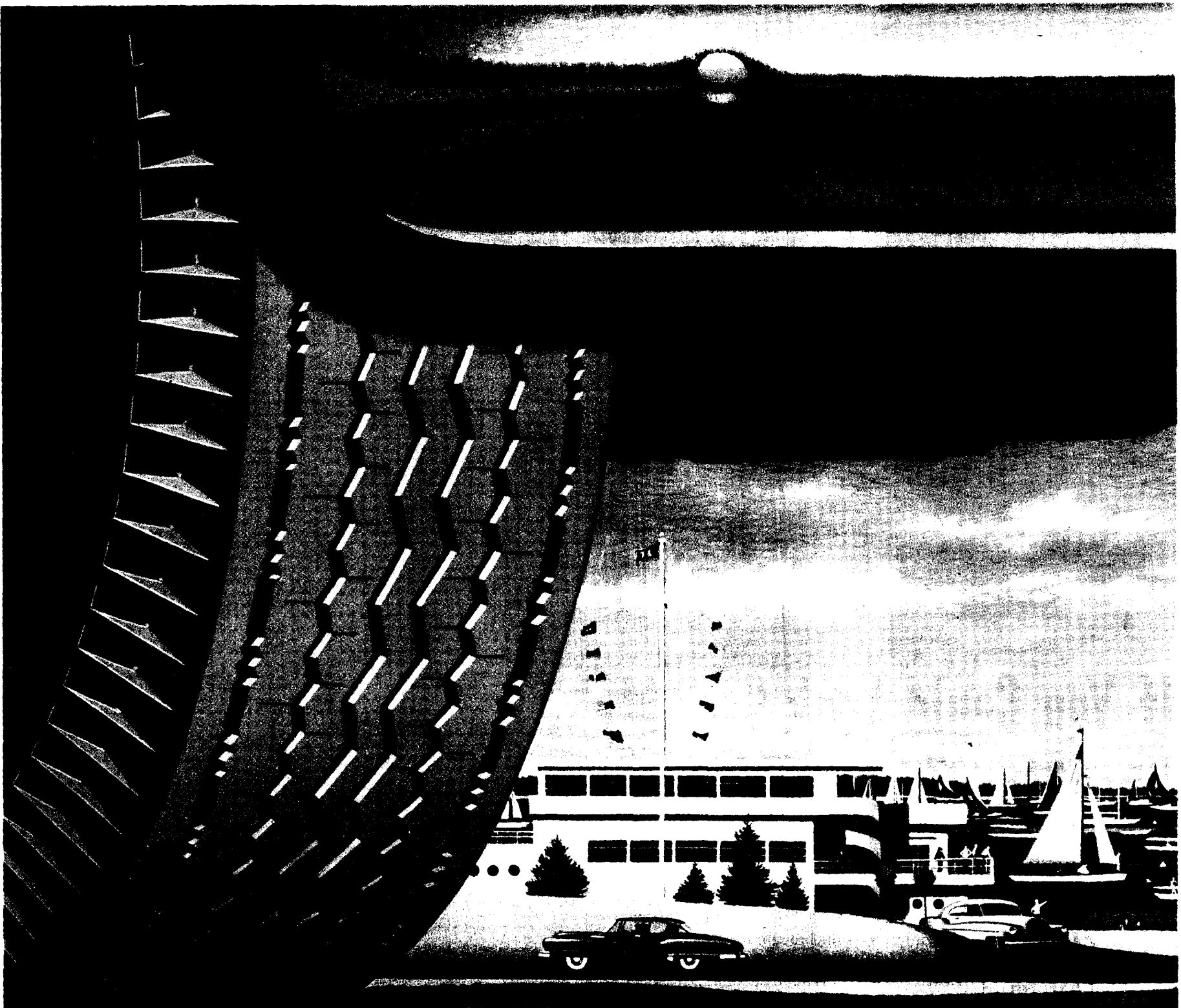


at Oklahoma A&M College, tells us that if we happen to see a wind tornado coming our way, the safest thing to do is run. Knowing perfectly well that we could not outrun a tornado, he advises us not to try running away from it but to run at right angles to it. If, he adds, we can thus put 600 feet between ourselves and the twister, we will be reasonably safe—provided, of course, we're not hit by a flying roof, chimney or a fellow citizen who forgot to run at right angles. We can't set down all the doctor's formula here, but suggest you write him if you should see a tornado anywhere around.

Not quite so sure about how to proceed is another Oklahoman—Ira States, night marshal (cop), in Carmen. It is one of Mr. States's duties to blow a siren lustily if he sees storm clouds approaching which bear tornado threats. Thus, Carmen's 900 inhabitants will be warned to arise from their beds and light out for the storm cellars. Mr. States has seen many a tornado har-binger and has blown many a warning—two, three, four or five in the morning. But thus far, no tornado. And now half the population, while not blaming Mr. States for not producing a twister, are complaining that there's no use crawling out of the hay if the only wind is in Mr. States's whistle. The night marshal, therefore, has quite a problem on his hands. He'd like to please everybody, even if it isn't possible. "First time I don't blow," sighs he, "I'll bet we'll have a whopper."

We are glad to report that, after four years of the most intensive research, the Stanford Research Institute has just about solved the mystery of the famous Los Angeles smog. Our informant is Milton Silverman, author and scientist, of San Francisco. Los Angeles' smog, reports Mr. Silverman, may not be attributed to the oil, rubber or smelt-
(Continued on page 41)

Collier's for June 9, 1951



Kellys have "belonged" at the best places for 57 years...

It was true in the '90's and it's true today: Where quality goes, there go Kellys!

For Kelly Tires have always been built to deliver the utmost in comfort, in safety, in mileage.

Today's Kellys—backed by 57 years of quality tire-building "know-how"—are designed to give extra thousands of worry-free miles. Make sure your next tires carry

the Kelly name, deliver dependable Kelly performance. And you can depend on your Kelly Dealer for the friendly service that keeps your driving worry-free mile after mile. See him soon.



Proved and Improved for 57 years

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND



If You Could Look Over My Shoulder This Morning...

● You would see five good examples that show clearly why everyone should carry adequate limits of automobile liability insurance.

- CASE No. 1** Death case—suit brought for \$50,000. Insurance carried \$5,000.
- CASE No. 2** Two injuries—suits brought for \$15,000 and \$25,000. Insurance carried \$10,000.
- CASE No. 3** Death case—car driven by doctor. Suit for \$25,000. Insurance carried \$5,000.
- CASE No. 4** Bodily injury suit for \$35,000. Insurance carried \$25,000.
- CASE No. 5** Bodily injury suit for \$25,000. Insurance carried \$10,000.

Five people in serious trouble because they did not carry enough insurance.

YET FOR \$22.45 additional, all five could have been covered for \$50,000.

Some insurance is not enough! Consult an America Fore agent.



Rely on your local America Fore Insurance Man for sound insurance protection—and for full, friendly help in settling claims! To locate your nearby America Fore Insurance Man, or Claims Office, call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25.

THESE FIVE COMPANIES COMPOSE THE AMERICA FORE INSURANCE GROUP
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FIDELITY & CASUALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR POLICIES

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★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

“What?”

Various deliveries of the word “what” by people who know perfectly well what has been said to them

“I could have married any one of a dozen men instead of you.”

“WHAT?”



“You’ll stay after school until that problem is done correctly.”

“WHAT?”



“I’m late because I was working at the office, sugar.”

“WHAT?”



“You were exceeding the speed limit.”

“WHAT?”



“Hey, Pop! I need some dough.”

“WHAT?”



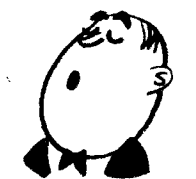
“Miss Richards, I’m afraid you’ll have to retype these letters.”

“WHAT?”



“Walter, this steak is tough.”

“WHAT?”



“It was a nice evening, thanks for everything, and take your foot out of the door.”

“WHAT?”



“Wash your face before dinner.”

“WHAT?”



“Sally’s mother says you’re older than she is.”

“WHAT?”



—BORIS DRUCKER

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF!



Don't test one brand alone ... compare them all!

TRY THIS TEST!

Take a PHILIP MORRIS—and any other cigarette. Then, here's all you do:

- 1** Light up either cigarette. Take a puff—don't inhale—and s-l-o-w-l-y let the smoke come through your nose.
- 2** Now do exactly the same thing with the other cigarette.

NOTICE THAT PHILIP MORRIS IS DEFINITELY LESS IRRITATING, DEFINITELY MILDER!



Unlike others, we never ask you to test our brand alone.

We say . . . **compare** PHILIP MORRIS . . . **match** PHILIP MORRIS . . . **judge** PHILIP MORRIS against any other cigarette! Then make your own choice! Remember

NO CIGARETTE HANGOVER

means MORE SMOKING PLEASURE!

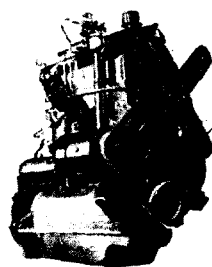


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PHILIP MORRIS

Rollback car expenses

*with a WILLYS
Station Wagon*

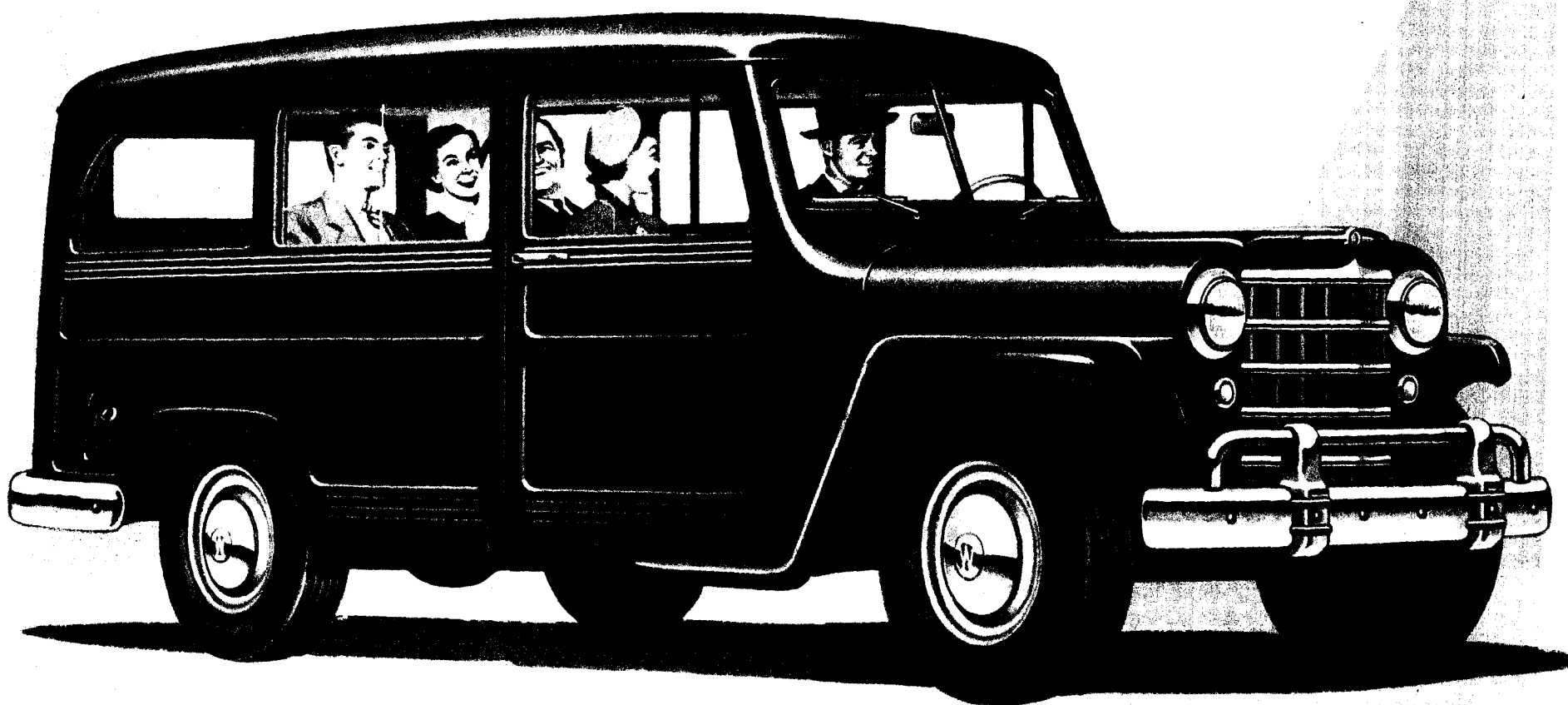


Lower Running Costs!

- Get long, money-saving mileage with the high-compression *HURRICANE* Engine.
- Just 4 quarts of oil fill the crankcase.
- 3 quarts of antifreeze protect to 10°.

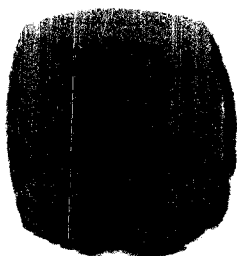
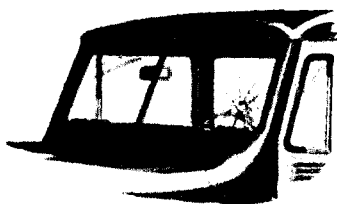
Save on Maintenance!

- Trouble-free as a car can be . . . costs less to keep tuned to top efficiency.
- Lower weight means long tire life.



Repairs Cost Less!

- Extra visibility and easier handling help avoid accidents . . . and repairs cost less if your Willys is damaged.



Lowest Price in Its Field!

- The Willys costs less than any other full-sized station wagon. Road-test it at Willys Dealers!

WILLYS

makes sense

-IN ECONOMY -IN EASE OF DRIVING -IN COMFORT

Something Is Rotten in the State of Texas

By GORDON SCHENDEL

By herding voters to the polls, a county judge who went to jail for tax fraud runs its southern area with the cynicism of city bosses. His power reaches into Washington

ONE of Texas' most bitterly fought political campaigns was its 1948 U.S. senatorial race, which was climaxed by a Democratic run-off primary, tantamount to election, in which Lyndon Johnson defeated former Governor Coke Stevenson by a hairbreadth margin of only 87 votes out of nearly 1,000,000. The outcome astounded the state and stunned Stevenson's supporters—because for six days after the election, on the basis of complete unofficial returns, the ex-governor had been adjudged the winner. Then a single precinct had tardily "corrected" its count by adding 203 votes in its official return—all but one for Johnson. "I was beaten by a stuffed ballot box!" Stevenson charged, angrily. "And I can prove it."

He demanded an investigation, and soon had three plowing the fertile field of election-fraud rumors. But Johnson fought them doggedly, and after President Truman publicly called on Texans to support Johnson, all three inquiries were quickly choked off—just as they were beginning to unearth political dynamite.

Today, the triumphant Lyndon Johnson, already majority whip in the U.S. Senate, is rumored to be shooting at the 1952 Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination. Coke Stevenson has retired, embittered, to his ranch near Junction, Texas—his long political career apparently axed.

The man directly responsible for the respective positions of these two gentlemen is forty-nine-year-old George B. Parr, of San Diego, Duval County,

George B. Parr, now a millionaire, inherited political control of section from his father



Texas—county judge and oil-and-cattle multimillionaire whose influence reached to the White House to gain him a pardon by President Truman eight years after he served nine and one half months of a prison term for income-tax evasion.

Parr is a political paradox: Out in the sun-baked mesquite and cactus country between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande in south Texas—where *mañana* is the busiest day of the week—he operates with the high-powered organization of a big-city Pendergast. At his headquarters in tiny San Diego, the county seat, he listens with “paternal” concern to the scores who daily stream through his office begging small favors or jobs. But the brand of politics he plays is as cynical as Kansas City’s or Tammany Hall’s. And just as powerful, for his whims make or break both small-town storekeepers and governors of the sovereign state of Texas.

Parr’s machine represents over 45 years of political control by a single family. He “inherited” his domain—most of south Texas—from his father, the late State Senator Archie Parr. The Parr family’s power lies in the Spanish-speaking “Latin Americans” (as U.S. citizens of Mexican ancestry prefer to be called), who in south Texas outnumber “Anglo-Americans” (whites of non-Mexican ancestry) two to one.

June 18, 1911, saw the foundation laid for Parr rule of south Texas. That day, at a special election held to vote on a proposal to incorporate heavily Latin San Diego as a city, Anglos determined to defeat the move ruthlessly shot and killed three Latins at the polls, earning for Anglo-Americans the Latins’ hatred for years to come. Archie Parr the county’s Democratic boss, alone sided with the Latins. But, knowing retaliation would be disastrous for the entire Latin-American community, Parr urged:

“Put up your guns, *mis amigos*, and let the law take its course.”

However, at the trial the killers all were acquitted. No Latins testified, those who’d witnessed the fracas having been frightened into fleeing to Mexico. But it is a tribute to the glibness of Archie Parr’s tongue—his fluent “Spanish” tongue—that, though he failed to obtain the revenge the Latins wanted, he nevertheless convinced them he was their champion, the only Anglo they could trust.

Henceforth, his word was law with Latin Ameri-

cans. And he fully exploited the situation. That bloody day in 1911, plus his policy of seeing that local political jobs went almost exclusively to Latins—a policy continued by his son—enabled him to cement the potent Latin-American majority into one of the most enduring political machines in the U.S.

In 1914, Archie Parr became state senator from Texas’ largely Latin-American 23d (now 27th) senatorial district. He held the office 20 years. And the “Duke of Duval” was as much of a political buccaneer as his son is today. His Latin-



Ex-Gov. Coke Stevenson (center) meets reporters during vote fraud probe after Parr’s candidate defeated him

American constituents well may have been as loyal as his son now insists. But it also is a fact that the overwhelming majority was illiterate.

Furthermore, in Duval County, throughout the Parr family’s rule, almost never has more than one candidate been allowed on the ballot for each county office. The voter may vote for the Parr man—or not vote.

The Texas Election Bureau long has been accustomed to the invariably near-unanimous Duval County vote; occasionally it even received “complete” returns before the polls closed. But in 1915,

during Archie Parr’s first term, the state Senate attempted an investigation of just how folks voted in his home county.

However, nothing ever came of the investigation—which must have duly impressed young George, at thirteen his father’s page boy in the Senate.

That same year, the elder Parr was spared another possibly embarrassing investigation. The Duval County “books” never had had an audit—even though a suspicious taxpayer finally had hired public accountants to make one at his own expense—since the county commissioners refused access to the books. The irate taxpayer fought them all the way up to the state Supreme Court, which sternly enjoined the commissioners from interfering. But before the audit could be made, the courthouse burned to the ground.

George B. Parr, who spoke Spanish before he learned English just like the Latin Americans with whom he grew up, was the only one of Archie Parr’s three sons interested in politics. And in 1926, immediately after he’d passed the bar examinations following study at the University of Texas, his father saw that he was elected Duval County judge, by the usual Parr technique: he was the only candidate listed on the ballot.

In many of the smaller Texas counties, such as Duval, a county judge is not only judge of the county court, but also judge of the county juvenile court and head of the county educational system. In addition, in all counties he is chairman of the court of county commissioners, casting the deciding vote in case of a tie, and he holds the same powers when the commissioners act as the county’s board of tax equalization. With this prize office, plus his father’s immensely powerful backing, George, at twenty-five, began as his county’s political boss.

Old man Parr held the reins of the rest of his far-flung empire 10 years more, giving George time to take over his complex alliances with his Latin-American lieutenants. For—though the Parrs have ruled through direct control of bloc Latin-American votes only their own Duval County and Jim Wells and Nueces Counties—through alliances with the Latin-American bosses of 15 other counties they have controlled south Texas, and exerted a powerful influence on state and national politics.

South Texas today is a vast region of fenced-in highways running straight for hundreds of miles

Parr lives in this mansion, has a swimming pool and race track



across arid, flat terrain, where huge herds of cattle wander invisibly in the high, tangled mesquite. It is a land across which towering derricks march back and forth in a ceaseless quest for oil. It is a land of sleepy, dusty little towns, where often not the American flag but the Lone-Star flag of Texas flies. It is, above all, the Land of Parr.

George Parr, who possesses the practiced charm of the successful sales manager he resembles, "thinks" politically for the docile Latin Americans of the 18 south Texas counties whose votes he controls, and their mass political sentiment makes lightning shifts in accordance with his own mercurial changes of mind. Duval County invariably gives 99 per cent of its vote to Parr's candidates, and the other counties also consistently give him overwhelming majorities. Parr, of course, denies he controls the Latin Americans' votes, explaining glibly that the group is simply inclined to vote as a nationality bloc. And when anyone observes how remarkable it is that such a large population can and does change its mind simultaneously and overnight, with no discernible reason except that Parr himself has done so, he merely shrugs.

Typical of Parr's sudden shifts was his "breaking" with ex-Governor Coke Stevenson, whom he'd backed in four elections, to support Lyndon Johnson in the controversial 1948 second primary—after Stevenson had "crossed" Parr on the appointment of a Laredo district attorney.

Recently Parr also broke with Governor Allan Shivers, whom he'd previously backed, over an appointment. Earlier, after a clash with Congressman Richard Kleberg of the famous King Ranch family, Parr had retaliated by electing John Lyle, Jr., a war veteran, to Kleberg's Congressional seat. Under the second Duke of Duval's rule, the Land of Parr has become notorious for sudden political switches. Former Governors Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson, James Allred and Coke Stevenson all received its jack-pot vote in one or more elections, and then in subsequent races, after "offending" Boss Parr, netted only an echo.

Though it's rumored Parr is planning to run next election for state senator, his father's old job, he has publicly insisted many times he wouldn't take the job on a silver platter, citing as his reason: "A political officeholder is nothing but an office boy."

He maintains two offices. As county judge, he has chambers in the modest little Duval County Courthouse, built in 1916 after the original so opportunely burned. This seat of county government, incidentally, has a curious south-of-the-border air: all the courthouse workers chatter away to one another exclusively in Spanish. And whenever Judge Parr is in his chambers, one can find sprawled on a bench beside its door two swarthy Latinos wearing typical red, high-heeled boots, sombreros and six-shooters whom the natives know as his bodyguard.

Directly across the street from the courthouse,



Radio commentator W. H. Mason attacked Parr political machine, was killed by a deputy sheriff, who got life

Parr has an air-conditioned one-story private office building, working quarters for his sizable staff. The building is constructed to withstand a siege. The doors are of solid oak, several inches thick; the outer doors and the opaque windows all are shielded with heavy steel grilles.

Parr's father gave him a good start, having made a small fortune in ranching and politics. (Archie Parr had begun as a 50-cents-a-day cow hand, become a foreman and had bought cheap land with his savings, then entered politics.) But though he admits his father gained a large share of his money

from politics, George Parr denies he himself has made a penny that way. He lets it be known he hands out between \$4,000 and \$5,000 a year in small gifts to people sick or out of work, and that he gives his entire salary as county judge, \$312 a month, to his predecessor's widow.

And despite the indisputable existence of his private office staff, Parr further denies he owns the slightest interest in any business. He likes to appear as simply a rancher who's struck a little oil on his land.

However, public records prove the contrary. The facts also completely puncture Boss Parr's long-standing claims that he is in politics merely "for fun."

The San Diego Distributing Company is the only beer wholesaler in Duval County. Dan Tobin, Jr., is its manager, but Boss Parr owns control. Before anyone can get a beer retailing license, incidentally, his application must be approved by the county judge, who also can revoke any license. And Boss Parr, of course, is county judge.

The Duval Construction Company, of which G. H. Dunn is the manager and engineer, is owned entirely by Boss Parr—a fact which is not generally known. The company was formed in 1946. Since then it has been awarded every road-building, repair and improvement project on which Duval County has embarked—four major plums, totaling \$1,115,741.52. The contracts were handed out, of course, by the Duval court of county commissioners—composed of Parr's lieutenants and of which he is currently chairman. Recently, a bond issue to finance a record \$1,900,000 worth of road construction was voted with Duval's customary rubber-stamp approval of anything Boss Parr wants: 1,376 to 8.

Before 1946, many of Duval County's road jobs went to W. L. Pearson & Company, of Houston, a highway construction firm with a record involvement in political graft scandals.

It was in 1928—when W. L. Pearson & Company was working on several million-dollar south Texas highway jobs and simultaneously acquiring its highly unsavory reputation—that George Parr, serving his first term as county judge, got himself into a major jam with the law. The Pearson firm was awarded a road job by the Duval county commissioners; Judge Parr, as (Continued on page 68)

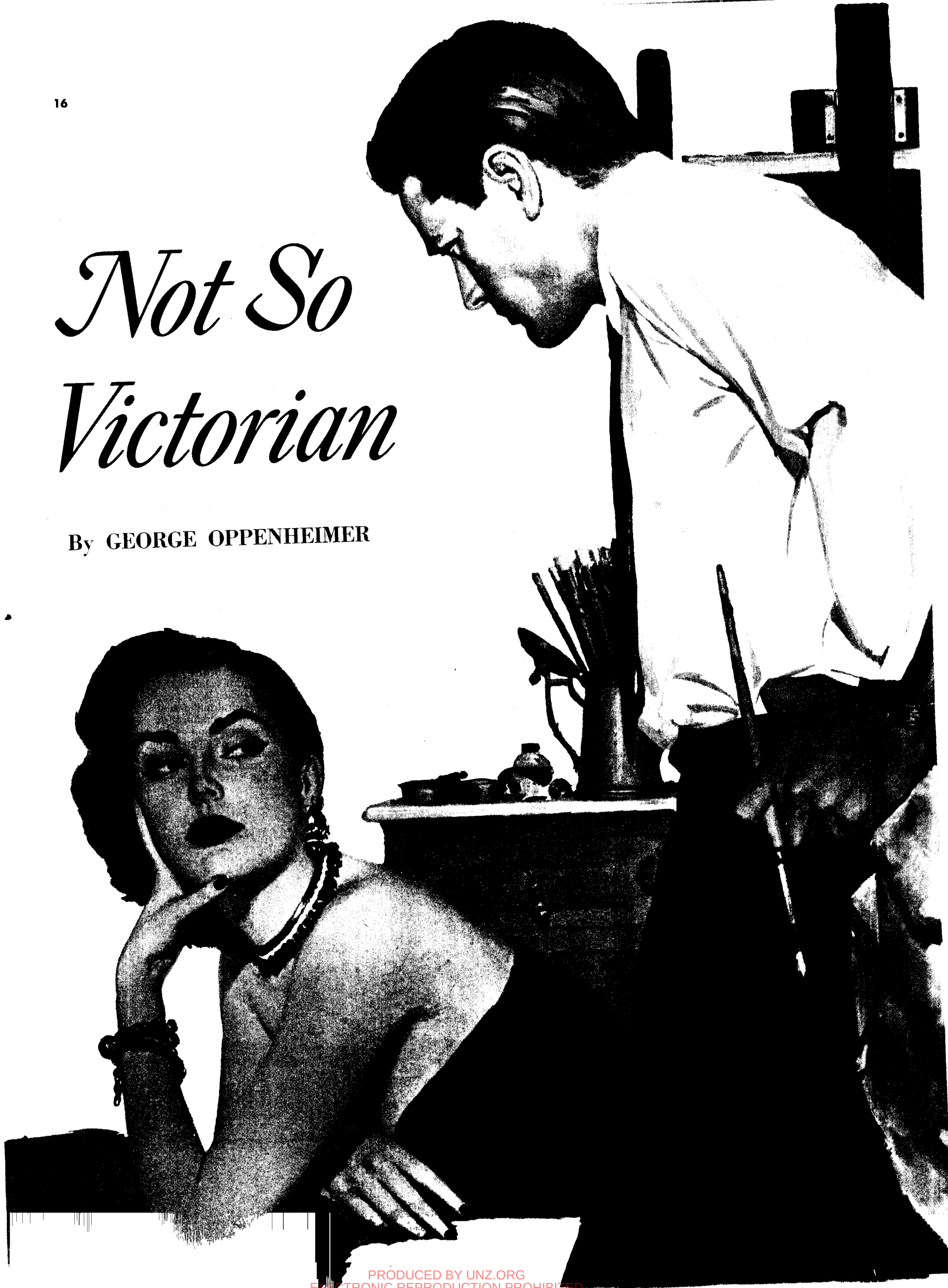
Parr's followers live in these squalid slums in San Diego, Texas

JAMES M. ROWE



Not So Victorian

By GEORGE OPPENHEIMER



Mrs. Freeman was a charming woman and she treated me with friendly respect. But I knew that for reasons of her own she was determined to stop me from marrying Mary—and I hated her for it

A SUMMONS to one of Eve Marden's cocktail parties was a warning either to leave town or turn off the telephone. The invitation usually arrived a week before the event, but that was only the start of Eve's relentless sales campaign. By the following morning she was on the telephone. "Darling," she would say in a hostile tone of voice, "I've told everyone you're coming. You just can't let them down."

"Them" was a widely assorted group. There were Eve's society friends, who stayed together in one corner of her living room and limited their conversation to derogatory comments about the other guests. There were, inevitably, the unidentified young men who looked as though they had been carefully removed from bandboxes in Eve's cedar closets and would be repacked as soon as the party was over. And finally there was the bait—one or more current celebrities whom she used to lure her other guests.

With all due modesty I must admit I was bait. In the past few years, I had become fairly well known as a portrait painter.

Even if I had wanted to go to Eve's party, which I definitely did not, I was still too busy to take the time off. However, my sales resistance is low, and with a supersaleswoman like Eve it touches bottom. Then, too, I was fond of Eve, who had done a great deal to help me along when I was still an unknown artist. So it was out of devotion and gratitude, and against my will, that I went to Eve's cocktail party.

I saw, as soon as I got there, that this was one of Eve's gaudier gatherings. She had succeeded in bagging quite a collection: an English poetess, a doe-eyed young motion-picture actor, a drama critic and a successful playwright. Deciding that there were quite enough celebrities to make the party a success without me, I retreated to a secluded corner of the room.

It was not secluded for long. Eve approached, bringing with her a young and incredibly beautiful girl. The moment I saw her, I started to plan her portrait—the high light of her auburn hair, the beautiful line of her cheekbones, her long and graceful neck. . . . Then Eve was beside me.

"Phil," she said, "this is Mary Freeman."

Suddenly I was back seventeen years—back at a church bazaar in Stanton and I could hear the voice of Mrs. Sommers, my school principal. "Phil," said Mrs. Sommers, "this is Mary Freeman."

I was twelve years old then, and Mary Freeman was nine. I had never met her, but I had seen her hundreds of times—riding in her pony cart with her governess; in the front seat of a shiny roadster, sitting close to her adoring father; along the main shopping street of the town with her mother. Everyone in Stanton knew Mary Freeman, if only by sight or by reputation; knew the show place where she lived; knew and admired the patrician beauty of her mother; knew that her father, Grant Free-

man, had the money and power to affect the lives of everyone in the town.

I remembered my mother's excitement when I came home that evening and told her I had been introduced to Mary.

"I hope you were polite to her," she said.

"Aw!" I said. "What's so special about her?"

I didn't need Mother's gasp to tell me what was so special. Our tiny three-room house was only a quarter of a mile from the Freemans', but there were the boundaries of wealth, social position and residential selectness that exist in any small town.

I was abruptly brought back to the present by Mary's voice.

"Phillip Loomis?" she asked and before I could answer, she turned to our hostess. "Really, Eve," she said, "when you do snag a celebrity for one of your parties, you might at least introduce him properly."

"My dear Mary," said Eve, "if you will insist upon living your life in the backwoods of Stanton, you can't expect me to educate you."

"Shall we tell her?" asked Mary, smiling at me.

"Tell me what?" asked Eve.

"Mr. Loomis is a product of Stanton," said Mary.

Before I could speak, Eve had turned on me indignantly.

"Well!" she said. "You never told me that."

"I haven't lived there in years," I answered apologetically. "Not since I was fourteen."

Eve still looked at me as though I had betrayed her. Fortunately, at that moment she spotted the poetess furtively easing toward the front door and left us to cut off her retreat.

"Why does anyone come to these parties?" asked Mary as soon as Eve was out of earshot.

"Why did you?"

"Civic pride. I wanted to see the home-town boy who'd made good. Do you mind if I touch you?"

"That's what I came here for."

Mary laughed and patted my cheek.

"There!" she said. "Now tell me the story of your life."

Amazingly enough I did.

"Your mother must have been quite a person," said Mary when I'd finished. "My mother used to tell me how she worked to send you through art school. I think Mother was trying, not too subtly, to make clear to me how much children owe to their mothers."

It was strange how close we seemed to come in those few minutes. Stanton was all we had in common, but something else attracted us to each other. I hadn't been back there to Stanton in years, and Mary apparently spent as much time in New York as she did there. Her father had died, she told me, when she was seventeen, and with him had died the aliveness and excitement of her home.

"I adore Mother," she said, "but since Father's death, she's been living in the past. I can't live that way."

(Continued on page 62)

What she said was true, and yet I was afraid to let her go. Several times I had worked without her, and no matter how I tried, I could never capture the expression I wanted



ICE CREAM—*Sundae,*

By ROBERT FROMAN

For centuries, this frozen delicacy was the favorite of kings. Then, just 100 years ago, the enterprise of a Baltimore milkman made it available to everyone. Now it's a national habit

ON THE evening of May 8, 1942, the famed USS *Lexington*, gallant queen of the flat-tops, was nearing her end. Through the thunderous Battle of the Coral Sea she had ripped the Japanese fleet with her torpedo and dive bombers, but she had absorbed ton on ton of explosives in return. At 5:00 P.M. the order to abandon her finally went out. By then roaring flames were searing through the lower decks, and shells in the ammunition stores, too hot to touch, threatened to erupt volcanically at any moment.

It was at this point that some unsung hero among the crew assembled on the flight deck had, in the midst of all the uproar, a quiet little inspiration. He recruited a couple of friends and with them plunged back down through the stifling smoke to

the ship's canteen. There they filled their pockets with wooden spoons, scooped up armloads of ice-cream cans, returned topside and proceeded to gorge themselves and several dozen shipmates before scrambling down the nets.

"Very refreshing," was the way one of them later debonairly described this snack.

Ice-cream manufacturers, naturally, were delighted with the story and have repeated it far and wide. But they fail to see anything astonishing in the incident. It merely helps back up, they think, their boast that ice cream is all America's favorite weakness.

In the course of a coast-to-coast tour seeking the low-down on ice-cream factories and fountains, I found no evidence contradicting that claim. You

can buy ice cream on Skid Row, on Park Avenue or on the open highway, in more different flavors, shapes and combinations than any other food. You can serve it with confidence to both Tobacco Roaders and the Duchess of Windsor. Even Bob Hope and Bing Crosby amicably share a spontaneous and unsponsored yen for it. When Hope is returning home from a tour, his wife orders several gallons, and Crosby's monthly ice-cream bill at one Los Angeles store often passes the \$200 mark.

The figures seem to back up the ice-cream makers' boast, too. Last year we ate more than half a billion gallons, or 14.4 quarts apiece for every man, woman and child in the country. This is more than sufficient to put ice cream into the billion-dollar-industry bracket. And during 1951

Collier's for June 9, 1951



Monday and All Ways

the U.S. Department of Agriculture expects consumption to climb even higher.

Such an increase will be highly appropriate, for this year the U.S. ice-cream makers are celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of their industry. Ice cream was made and sold by individual shopkeepers at least as early as Revolutionary War times. But until a Baltimore milkman by the name of Jacob Fussell discovered, in 1851, that it could be made in large quantities and wholesaled to bakeries, confectioneries and similar stores, it was little more than a luxury for the rich.

At the time Fussell was running four milk routes in Baltimore. A few of his customers occasionally wanted cream. In order to supply them he had to contract to take the entire cream production of several farmers. But that meant that when the customers left no orders for cream it had to be poured down the drain.

A thrifty go-getter, Fussell couldn't abide such waste. He did a little investigating and discovered

that one confectioner in town made something which he called ice cream, but which consisted chiefly of boiled milk, and sold it for the then monstrous sum of 60 cents a quart. Fussell got hold of a few primitive freezers and proceeded to turn out the genuine item at a rate of several gallons a day. It retailed at 25 cents a quart, with profit both to himself and the stores which he persuaded to handle the item. Within a few weeks Baltimore was ice-cream crazy, and Fussell abandoned his milk business to concentrate on his freezers. Within a year he had launched similar businesses in Washington and New York.

"It was as if Fussell had started a little snowball rolling down a long, long hill," one of his modern colleagues has said. "Darn' thing's still rolling and still getting bigger and bigger."

Today, the country has nearly 4,000 wholesale manufacturers of ice cream. They range from giants of the dairy industry covering many states down to tiny concerns serving only one small town.

At the height of the summer season they can turn out ice cream at the rate of more than 3,000,000 gallons a day. The business has become a typically efficient and elaborate American improvement on an age-old effort to satisfy one of man's earliest cravings.

The desire for something cool, smooth and sweet with which to soothe a throat parched by the heat of a broiling summer sun is as old as the human palate. In all likelihood the first man to satisfy that craving was some ancient Mesopotamian hillbilly. Perhaps, out on a berry-picking expedition one hot day, he stumbled on a hidden mountain cave where a patch of snow had lingered, and was inspired to mix a little of the snow with some of the fruit he had gathered.

For several thousand years thereafter, however, the only ones to enjoy such dishes were either mountaineers who lived where snow could be had in summer, or monarchs who could afford to employ relays of runners (*Continued on page 57*)



Accustomed as I Am

By VICE-PRESIDENT

The genial Veep, our most sought-after orator and

IN ALL ages of man's history, the ability to speak well, to clothe one's thoughts and convictions in persuasive and effective language, has been recognized and applauded. The course of history has over and over again been charted and channeled by the power of the spoken word.

Neither the radio nor television nor any other modern invention has outmoded the art of speech. In fact, these technical advances in the communication of the human voice have intensified people's interest in oratory—and greatly enlarged the opportunity and obligation of the orator.

In this age of social, economic, political and religious complexities there is as great a need for effective public discussion as ever existed in man's history. And it may indeed be true that the need is greater because our complexities are greater.

In former days, the art of public speech was supposed to be needed only by the lawyer, the preacher, the lecturer or the teacher. But today the farmer, the laborer, the doctor, the housewife, the chemist and, in fact, men and women of all callings have a constant and growing need for the ability to give easy and forceful expression to their views. More and more the tendency grows for men and women to organize, to attend conventions and to be called on for discussions of intricate questions of policy and principle. All this is recognized by our colleges and universities and many of our high schools, which are requiring some degree of training in public speaking and in the ability to think on one's feet.

What sort of training and practice and background are needed to enable not only the speaker, but the audience as well, to feel that the effort of an orator is worth while?

In the first place, one who aspires to influence opinion, in large or small groups, must have something to say that is worth saying. He must be able to convince his hearers of his knowledge and his sincerity. He must be direct and not flamboyant. He must have the background of knowledge, which study and research have afforded him, not only as the basis for formal addresses but

for that running give-and-take which frequently transpires in discussion.

I recently heard a story which illustrates the difference.

Two friends met on the street. One was dressed in a new outfit from head to foot. The other wore tattered garments. Said the tattered one, "You must have a good job. You are certainly all dressed up."

"No," said the fashion plate, "I don't have a job; I have a position."

"What position?"

"I am an orator," was the reply.

"What is an orator?"

"Well," said the other, "if you meet a man and ask him how much is two and two and he says it is four, he is not an orator. But if you ask *me* how much is two and two, I will respond to you in the following language, viz., namely, to wit:

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary to take the second numerical and superimpose it upon the figure two, then I say unto you, and I say it without fear of successful contradiction, that the consequential result amounts to four."

"That is the orator, which I am."

We often hear of what is called the old-style orator or the old-style form of oratory. But the old-

style orator is rapidly passing into the realm of the horse and buggy, along with other things which served their day but are no longer in constant use. This is a natural evolution in the art of communicating thought; it is no more strange than the evolution which has taken place in other forms of communication.

In this complex age, when the inventive genius of man has revolutionized our economic and social practices and attitudes, it is but natural that the people expect a more direct approach to the discussion of public problems. They like to see this discussion relieved of oratorical gargoyles and other forms of Elizabethan or Victorian ornamentation. People have neither the time nor the taste to listen to mere words, no matter how beautiful or reminiscent of an age that is past.

A certain minister was fired by the board of deacons of his church. Protesting his unceremonious dismissal, he said to the board, "Don't I argufy? Don't I magnify? Don't I glorify?"

"Yes," they said, "you argufy, magnify and glorify, but you don't tell us wherein. We want a preacher who will tell us wherein."

That story illustrates as well as anything I might say what the people now expect of those who put themselves forward as educators, not simply in the schools but on the platform and in committee rooms and in the halls of legislation, and in the polemics of political, religious and spiritual dissertations.

The art of becoming an effective public speaker is not one for which there is a meticulous or unchangeable formula. Much depends upon the inclinations and the habits of the speaker. Much depends upon his personal appearance, the tone and volume of his voice, his gestures and, of course, his knowledge of the subject.

Lincoln's speeches contain language as pure and beautiful as can be found among the orations that have come down through the ages.

When one reads Lincoln's inaugural addresses and his Gettysburg speech, remembering that he was six feet four inches tall, one naturally assumes that he had a deep and resonant voice. As a matter of fact, his biographers tell us that his voice was high-pitched and shrill. Yet he had such a facility for lucid expression that his hearers, if they did not fall upon every word, certainly carried home with them the deep sincerity upon which they were expected to reflect. Lincoln was probably the greatest storyteller who ever held public office in America. He had a rare ability to illustrate an argument or clinch a point or embellish his theories with practical stories which could be understood by his audiences.

In one of his campaigns for the legislature of Illinois his opponent was a loud-talking, arm-waving, flamboyant speaker who pranced back and forth across the stage for



Veep says anecdotes must have point—like Lincoln's story of ship that had to stop when its whistle blew

o Public Speaking...

LBEN W. BARKLEY

oryteller, offers a rule for speakers: Say something worth saying, then stop

long periods of time. On one of these joint debates, Lincoln listened to him for nearly an hour. When the speaker had concluded, Lincoln arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard and seen my opponent. He reminds me of a little steamboat which as a young man I ran up and down the Sangamon River. It had a four-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it had to stop."

One of the most important ingredients in effective oratory is studious and well-grounded preparation. Any man is bound to be at a loss, either with an antagonist or with an audience, unless he knows what he is talking about. As an old expression, current in western Kentucky when I was a boy, puts it, "He is like a slow horse. He travels all day in the shade of one tree." In short, he gets nowhere, no matter how much he exercises himself, or how much noise he makes, or how much he may fight windmills or the atmosphere in his effort to impress the people.

The method of preparation for public speaking also varies. I have often been asked when it was I first began to make public speeches. Well, the truth is I began when I was ten or twelve years of age, and my first effort was a complete disaster.

My father was an elder in the Presbyterian Church in the village of Lowes, near which we lived. On one Sunday each year, there was—and still is—a "Children's Day." In anticipation of this occasion, for long days and weeks the young people practice their pieces for the edification of their parents and neighbors. I had been asked to take part in one of these exercises. I did not want to do it, because I was the only boy on the program, but I was smitten with the daughter of the pastor of our church. In the hope that I might impress her, I agreed to appear. I was given a piece to memorize, which I did so perfectly that I could recite it backward and forward or begin in the middle and go both ways.

About a week before the day of my anticipated triumph, one of our neighbors, Mr. Joseph Dunn, who was a great tease and enjoyed making fun at the expense of young people, told me that when my name was called and I rose before the audience I would completely forget my speech. I scoffed, and told him to be present and watch me.

The day arrived. Finally, my name was called. I marched up to the front and bowed, and as I straightened up I saw not a human face in that vast audience, except the face of Mr. Joseph Dunn, looking at me out of a pair of mischievous eyes. From that moment, my well-memorized and practiced recitation departed completely and it never returned then or thereafter. I walked back to my seat and hung my head in shame at my failure. We are told that Demosthenes learned oratory by standing by the seaside

with his mouth full of pebbles, and talking to the rolling billows so he could cure his stuttering. No amount of pebbles would have helped me on that occasion. What I needed was a better memory and a little more courage.

A little later when I entered Marvin College, in Clinton, Kentucky, we had a debating society known by the sonorous appellation of "The Periclean Debating Society." It met in the little college library every Friday night and we debated all sorts of subjects. "Resolved," for instance, "that there is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession." "Resolved that the fear of punishment is a greater incentive to human action than the hope of reward." "Resolved that Washington was a greater general than Napoleon." "Resolved that fire is a greater destructive element than water," and a large assortment of similar subjects.

Such debating societies—not only at that small educational institution, but in the larger ones that I thereafter attended—were of great assistance. They required study. They required that we reduce our thoughts to writing, not because we intended to read them but so we could get them more firmly fixed in our own minds and go through them with substantial accuracy without the manuscript.

When I was at Emory College in Georgia, now Emory University, there were two of these literary

societies. One was The Few Society and the other was the Phi Gamma Society. We engaged once in a free debate on the subject, "Resolved that independent action in politics is more beneficial to public institutions than loyalty to a political party." We chose by lot which side of this question we would take and I drew the affirmative.

Although I was reared in a loyal, partisan Democratic family, in the process of preparing for the debate I convinced myself that the affirmative was right and for many years I entertained that view. Perhaps my subsequent entrance into politics, in which I recognized the importance of maintaining the two-party system in this country, modified my views to a large extent. But I still feel that a political party cannot be indifferent either to the character of its candidates or to the character of the issues upon which the people are compelled to pass.

There is always the question whether a speaker should attempt to speak from memory or from manuscript. Until I was well along in years, I never heard a political speaker read his speech, and I must have been at least eighteen years old before I ever heard a preacher read his sermon. When I did, the spectacle did not please me, because I had been accustomed to preachers who spoke without the aid of a manuscript and sometimes without the aid of notes.

I realized in later years that frequently a speaker must follow his manuscript to avoid being misquoted or misunderstood. But even to this day I prefer to speak without one. Of course, this involves harder preparation and a more complete saturation of the mind with the subject one is to discuss.

Once when I was a young man I was invited to address the alumni association of my alma mater, Marvin College. I went to great pains to prepare a speech, and when I arrived I found a large audience on the campus. I proceeded to read it. I thought I had made a fairly good impression. But when I asked the chairman of the invitation committee what he thought of it, I got a rather discouraging reply.

"I have three criticisms to make and I hope you will accept them in the spirit in which I offer them," he said.

"Shoot. I asked for it."

"In the first place you read it. In the second place you read it poorly. And in the third place it was not worth reading."

It was a long time after that before I was bold enough to read a speech again, though I have done so at national conventions and before the radio, where time is limited and where I must quit on a split second; I have also done so where I wished to give the address to the press in advance. In such cases it is almost essential that the speaker follow his manuscript.

Suitable (Continued on page 66)



Watch those flailing arms, the Vice-President advises, recalling time his careless gesture doused a friend

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS



The EDGE of ERROR

By BILL BROWNELL

Category "S" meant top secret. And I had violated security on a Category "S" project. I had caused the death of a valuable man—and now I might cause my own

I SAT behind the steel desk and stared at the clock. My desk lamp cast weird shadows in the silent office. Here loomed an uneven row of file cabinets, dull green, mismatched. There hung an ancient sprinkler system stretching across the ceiling. Beneath my feet the floor was wooden and creaky. I knew everything was clean with a military cleanliness and yet the air seemed heavy with dust. This was an Army office building in the twilight of half-war. The hour was late. The street was fourteen stories below. I was waiting for a man who called himself Anton Gallishaw and when he arrived he would probably try to kill me. . . .

I thought of my last day as a civilian. There was a forced gaiety about it, everybody so unnaturally cheerful. People in the Elevator Division whom I had hardly known stopped by to banter about my escapade—returning to the Army. It was no escape, but the light talk made it easier.

"You're a sly operator, Chuck," a fellow sales engineer said. "You're pretty cute, running away from the treadmill like this."

They took me to Keen's for a farewell lunch and we occupied several tables. In a lot of happy racket, the kidding went on.

"How will Empire Electric carry on?" the engineer said. "Who'll sell the ever-loving elevators?"

Gallishaw had been watching me closely. Now he looked away. "Howard L. Benziger," he said. "A very underrated young man. I thought you might mean someone else"

Everybody was smiling. He grinned at me across the Martinis.

It was a fine farewell and I got home some time later in a pleasant fog. For a wife whose husband's income had just dropped from twelve thousand dollars to a little over five thousand a year, Ann too was amazingly cheerful. She led me to a chair, took the hat off my head and the going-away present—a fancy mantel clock, heavy with ormolu—from my arm. . . .

The next day it wasn't so funny. I would be stationed right in town at an Army munitions procurement office, which meant that although our income would be lower, our expenses wouldn't. In fact, the cost of everything seemed to be rising swiftly.

"We just make up a new budget, that's all," Ann said. I looked from her to the kids, and then to the bills on the desk.

"A new budget, hey?" I said.

"Yes, and don't make jokes," Ann said. She smiled a wry smile and I went over to kiss her.

When Ann was mad she glowered and sulked. When she was concentrating on a problem she scowled like a dark-eyed owl. When she was happy she laughed a positively silly laugh. But when she smiled at me it was just like standing on a live wire. I loved Ann and I loved our two noisy kids.

"We'll make up a new budget, and we'll live on it, and that's that," she said.

Well, there was the apartment—a hundred and seventy-five a month, and nearly two years still to go on the lease. No cutting there. There was the insurance—close to sixty a month, but impossible to replace without a war-risk clause and more important than ever now. How about the household expenses?

"Don't you worry," Ann said. "I'll cut them and you'll eat baked beans and breast of veal, and like it."

In the end we had to take the two kids out of the private nursery school. There were other economies too. We paid off the car from savings to end those monthly installments. We cut the clothing and amusement allowances to a fraction. Then finally we decided I would carry my lunch.

"Fine thing," I said. "Friday I eat at Keen's. Monday I carry my lunch in a paper bag." But it would still be touch and go whether we could make it.

The adjutant at my duty station looked over my orders. He stood up and beckoned me to follow him. We stopped in front of a private office and he said to me, "Lieutenant, how long you been off duty?"

"Nearly five years," I said.

"You still remember how to report to a CO?" he asked.

"I guess so."

He looked at me. "You damn' well better," he said, and I knew I was back in the Army.

I went on in. I stopped uneasily in front of the desk. The colonel behind it was a blur to me. I dimly saw the American flag on the wall and heard the faint sound of traffic in the street below. My new uniform felt strange and conspicuous.

"Lieutenant Williams reporting for duty, sir," I said.

"Jeez," he said, "sit down."

"Colonel," I said, "I've been out of service a

long time. I've forgotten some of the military routine."

"Relax," he said. "That stuff will come back to you. You're here to do a job." He took a folder from his desk. "I suppose we busted up your happy home," he said. It was a sort of question, and I opened my mouth. He went on, "Let me tell you why."

I began to see him more clearly. He had the husky look of a soldier who might have played football at West Point twenty years before. And he had the careworn look of a man facing serious problems in an unrealizing community.

"In the first place, Williams," he said, "the Army ordered you back to duty because you're needed. You're an engineer. You're the right age. You're a reservist." He looked into the folder. "It says here you're a sales engineer for the Elevator Division of Empire Electric." I nodded. It didn't seem possible that my old office was just thirty blocks uptown.

"Here in the Manhattan Munitions Office we're starting large-scale procurement of military goods," he said. "We need guys like you to make sure we get the stuff on time. It's hard work—no parades and not much money. But it's important."

He told me, among other things, that certain special projects were suffering annoying accidental delays and that I would be expected to get oriented quickly so I could help out. He looked at his wrist watch and I knew he had no more time for me.

AFTER the briefing he put me on a Cook's Tour of the office so I could see how it worked. It was busy and noisy. There was a general shortage of personnel and I would have to catch on the best way I could.

I spent a day in each section—Planning, Purchasing, Expediting, Inspection, Security. In the last section I learned they were making an exhaustive check on my background.

"We have to, Lieutenant," Vinecek, the security officer said. "All our new weapons projects in research or production are handled through here. If you turned out to be a Communist . . ." The point was clear enough. . . .

It was funny, being in the Army and living at home. My days were long and tiring—nothing like the old nine-to-five schedule. I left the house at six thirty in the morning, rode the half-empty subway with the elevator operators, short-order cooks and other early risers, and seldom got home before six thirty at night.

But Ann was wonderful solace for any such discomfort. One glimpse of Ann in her nightgown, brushing her long black hair, turning down the covers, turning to look at me with those dark eyes, and I forgot the United States Army.

That was the trouble. The change had come so suddenly. One day I was a salesman, the next a soldier. And this time I was more deeply rooted, what with the children born since the war and my career so much further along. Staying in New York had left half the roots intact. The Lord knows I was grateful for that. Still, from the beginning it didn't seem real.

Then I was temporarily assigned to Planning and put to interviewing prospective contractors.

"Now, look, Captain," the man said. I corrected him. "All right then, Lieutenant," he said, "you got to give me a contract." (Continued on page 71)

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

These flies were tied by Alex Rogan, New York City, member of a family of "Salmon Fly Dressers" of international repute for several generations.

24



DURHAM RANGER
standard



JOCK SCOTT
standard



SILVER DOCTOR
standard



DUSTY MILLER
standard



BLACK RAT
hair fly



FIERY BROWN
standard



SILVER GRAY
standard



TEAGLE BEE
hair fly



THUNDER & LIGHTNING
standard



BUTCHER
standard



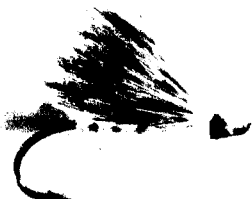
RED ABBEY
hair fly



BLACK DOSE
standard



BLUE CHARM
low water



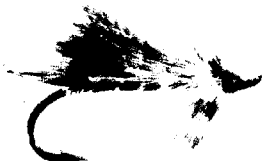
COSSEBOOM
hair fly



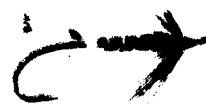
CAMPBELL
low water



NIGHT HAWK
low water



SILVER BETSY
hair fly



BLACK JACK
low water



WHITE WULFF
dry



LOGIE
low water



GRAY WULFF
dry



ROGAN GOLDEN MINNOW
streamer

HOW TO CATCH *The*

By **RAYMOND R. CAMP**

WITH the possible exception of a coronation ceremony at Westminster Abbey, no activity is more thoroughly enveloped by tradition than that of angling for Atlantic salmon. Your true salmon angler would as soon evade the laws of his land as depart from the ancient sporting precepts laid down for the killing of this fish.

The salmon was encountered by Claudius and his Roman legions when they made their first sortie into Britain some 40 years before the birth of Christ, and it was they who gave it the Latin name it bears today: *salar*—the leaper. The sport of fishing for salmon was developed by the British more than 300 years ago; although cruder and easier methods might have provided an angler with more fish, the fly rod and the artificial fly became the established "form" for the taking of salmon in a sporting manner. What's more, many of the standard fly patterns in use today have been retained unchanged since the eighteenth century.

The Atlantic salmon's crown as king of the freshwater fish has never been seriously threatened, although in late years it has dwindled in numbers on most rivers. (The Pacific salmon, of which there are five distinct varieties, has a tremendous following and is more accessible to the average angler, but it is easier to take and does not inspire the same fervor among fishermen.) The salmon once plentiful on our Northeastern coastal rivers were banished long ago by dams and pollution, and although a few streams are being restored in Maine, the fish have not yet returned in sufficient numbers to attract distant anglers. Our salmon enthusiasts must cross the border and seek these Atlantic fish on one of the many rivers of the Canadian Maritime Provinces, where the salmon runs have been protected from the harmful effects of civilization.

The conquest of Salar by means of a fragile rod, a slender leader, and a deceptive wisp of feathers, wool and tinsel has lured anglers to Northern rivers year after year. There are many attributes that endear the Atlantic salmon to the fisherman: the mystery that surrounds it during much of its life, its regal fury at restraint, the silver-sheathed power that thrusts it through boiling rapids and over waterfalls. It has inspired otherwise worldly men to lyric verse, resounding prose and profound thought. Many a novice, after his initial contact with salmon and salmon fishermen, has had reason to wonder whether he was engaging in a sport or pursuing a philosophy.

There are "born" salesmen, artists, musicians and sailors, but a salmon fisherman is "made." To acquire the knowledge and skill that lead to successful salmon fishing (an accomplishment for which a lifetime may prove too short), the novice must take his place at the foot of the piscatorial ladder. He must be willing to devote sufficient time and effort to ensure the mastery of casting techniques, streamcraft and angling methods. The hooking, playing and landing of the first salmon merely gives the beginner one foot on the bottom rung.

For the Atlantic salmon is the most aggravating and capricious fish that swims. A score of these fish, fresh from their long sojourn in salt water may rest lazily in a clear pool, every spot on their sleek flanks visible to the eager angler on the riverbank. Having journeyed from 500 to 2,000 miles for this opportunity, the angler (Continued on page 36)

WILLIAM O'NEIL

Collier's for June 9, 1951

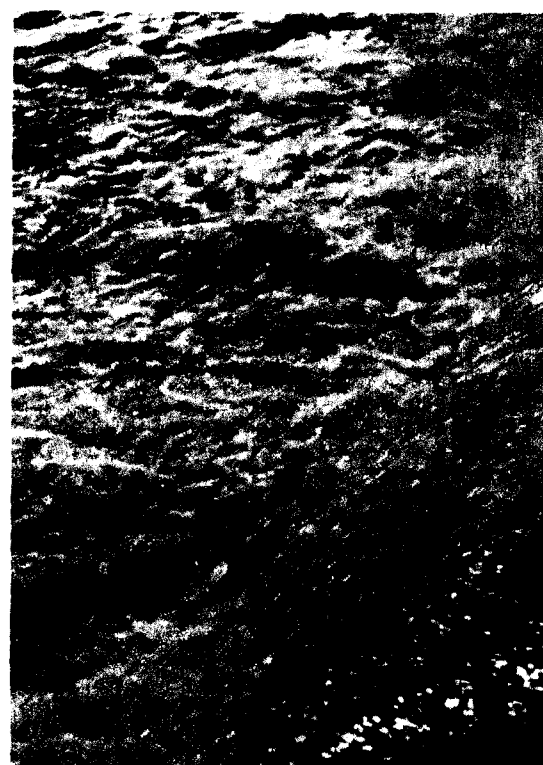
King of Fresh-Water Fish

The Atlantic salmon, a creature with a mind of its own, is the angler's despair and delight. Since the 1600s, sportsmen have sought its secret, but the salmon is as hard to catch now as it was then



LEE WULFF

Lee Wulff, who created two popular flies, plays a salmon on St. Mary's River in Nova Scotia. Because U.S. streams are depleted, most Atlantic salmon anglers go to Canada



LEE WULFF

Home from the sea. Salmon leaping the falls on the Humber River, Newfoundland



FRANCIS L. STEVENSON

Guide James McIsaac and salmon caught in the Grand Codroy River, Newfoundland
Collier's for June 9, 1951



FRANCIS L. STEVENSON

Fishermen Francis Stevenson of New York City and Carl Rankin (r.), Woonsocket, R.I., on the Codroy. Small fish held by Stevenson is a sea-run trout; others are salmon



If they're short of cash, Jaycees simply go ahead and contribute time and energy. They painted Fairfield, Iowa, school themselves



No sense in sitting around waiting for a problem to solve itself: Jaycees in Florence, Ala., felt the city needed cleaning up, so they did the job

THE JAYCEES - *Too Young*

Energetic members of our fast-growing Junior Chambers of Commerce tackle civic projects with a lust

By BILL DAVIDSON

THREE years ago, the city of Monroe in Ouachita Parish, Louisiana, was a wide-open gambling town and a stronghold of the Earl K. Long political machine. Today, Ouachita Parish has vigorous young anti-Long men as sheriff and district attorney, and the gambling houses have been driven from Monroe.

In 1946, if you stood at the main intersection in Alamosa, Colorado, you were subject to 110 mosquito bites per hour, according to a Colorado College survey. In 1950, the same survey returned to the same spot in Alamosa, and they discovered that the mosquito-bite rate had dropped to a maximum of only three bites per hour.

In 1945, the two children of a Minneapolis citizen named Al Pacini nearly died of thallium poisoning, because 30 pints of blood were not available in Minneapolis for vital transfusions. Today, Minneapolis has a magnificent new War Memorial Blood Bank building, equipped to deliver huge quantities of blood within 10 minutes to any medical station in the area. The blood bank is open 24 hours a day, and it is headed by one of the country's foremost bacteriologists.

There is a common denominator to these widely separated occurrences. All these accomplishments were effected by members of the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce. So were hundreds of other recent and notable American civic achievements. They constitute a postwar phenomenon. For, when World War II ended, thousands of ex-servicemen flooded into the long-established organization, bursting with ambition to do things for their community and their country. Overnight, the comparatively tiny Junior Chamber of Commerce changed into a roaring, crusading, powerful young giant. And the nation hasn't yet recovered from the happy shock of this resurgence.

In Monroe, the local Jaycees (as they call themselves) helped to expose gambling conditions

to the public, and then they ran a backbreaking get-out-the-vote campaign to elect a thirty-five-year-old Jaycee, Bailey Grant, to the post of sheriff, and a thirty-four-year-old Jaycee, Fred Fudickar, Jr., to be district attorney. In Alamosa, the Jaycees got tired of waiting for the government to control the mosquito plague in their town, so they donned hip boots and took over spraying the area's miles of irrigation ditches, using some \$10,000 worth of Jaycee-owned equipment. In Minneapolis, first the Jaycees saved Mr. Pacini's dying youngsters with donations of their own blood; then they spearheaded a drive which raised \$60,000 and established the now nationally recognized blood bank.

But these are only samples of the amazing variety of Jaycee accomplishments throughout the country. At this year's national convention in Miami, Florida—from June 6th to 9th—5,000 delegates will discuss such broad programs as opposition to Communism and support for the Hoover proposals to reorganize the executive branch of the government.

But if past conventions are any criterion, it's the local achievements that will steal the show. In Johnson City, Tennessee, for example, the Jaycees took a look at the hopelessly snarled traffic situation and decided if no one else was going to do anything about it, they would. They then set up and began operating their own parking lot in the heart of the Johnson City business section, thereby taking some 35,000 cars off the streets during the course of each year.

In Dallas, Texas, the powerful 1,100-member Junior Chamber of Commerce was mortified when the Federal Reserve Board announced that Dallas led every other city in hoarding after the outbreak of the Korean war, with a 76 per cent increase in buying. The Jaycees immediately launched a campaign. They sent their members promenading around town with pigs on leashes. Each swine-

chaperon was labeled "Hoarder," and he carried a sign asking, "Which is the bigger pig?"

Other Jaycees went about laden down with automobile tires and bags of sugar, and with nylon stockings protruding from their pockets. These young men bore signs which read, "Piggism Ain't Americanism," and "Don't Overbuy While Americans Die." Most effective was a "Prayer of a Soldier in Korea" circulated throughout the city which read: "O mighty Lord, don't let the hoarders get to the bullets and the plasma over here as they are doing to the tires, sugar, nylons and other items back home."

After two weeks of this, harried Dallas citizenry reduced its buying by 20 per cent, and the Federal Reserve Board credited the nation-wide publicity attracted by the local program with helping to slow down the hoarding spree all over the country.

Equally impressive was a campaign launched two years ago by the Atlanta, Georgia, Junior Chamber of Commerce. In June, 1949, the 550 young men of that organization held a meeting in which they decided that the good name of the South had been dragged down long enough by the Ku Klux Klan. They then quietly set about preparing an attack on the very base of Klan power—the anonymity of the mask. A committee of young Jaycee lawyers drew up a recommended Anti-Mask Bill for the state legislature; and the rest of the members visited their state Assemblymen until they had lined up 30 sponsors for the measure—which would prohibit anyone from appearing in public wearing a mask.

Then, before the Klan knew what was happening, the entire Georgia Junior Chamber of Commerce moved in to support its Atlanta club. Jaycees from all over the state worked on people to swamp their legislators with demands to back the Anti-Mask Bill, and when the measure came to a vote, a surprising total of (Continued on page 75)

Collier's for June 9, 1951



Musically talented youngsters of the Jaycee-sponsored Oklahoma City Junior Symphony rehearse under Dr. Louis May as admiring members listen

to Take NO for an Answer

suberance that hurdles all obstacles to benefit their communities



Boy Scout Troop 78, Bakersfield, Cal., was organized by Jaycees for physically handicapped youngsters, thereby building up morale. Here troop mends toys for underprivileged children
 Ilier's for June 9, 1951



Phoenix chapter offers annual rodeo. Taking part: Barbara Hallquist, Dorothy Hughes, Anabel Earp



Lee Bean, Frank Morgan and R. C. Hawthorne (front) visit the Jaycee-built Arlington, Va., hospital

Talk Their Ears Off

By ROBERT GRIFFITH

Selling was like breathing with the Goomahtah man. He had to do it. Only this time he sold himself a mess of trouble

ROY and I were sitting on the piazza of Bug-bee's store when the Goomahtah man drove up. There was a big sign on his car: GOOMAHTAH ENDS BLOWOUT TROUBLES. On top of the car was this picture of an auto tire with a hundred nails sticking in it.

"Looks just like a big old hedgehog," Roy said, squinting up at the picture. Then he jumped up, snapping his fingers. "Hedgehogs!" he said. "Old Bug's apple orchard is full of them!"

I jumped up too. Roy and I had been sitting there all morning trying to think of a way to make some money. We had just been saying it looked like opportunity was dead in this town. We had forgotten all about the state bounty on hedgehogs. "Roy," I said, "if Old Bug will let us kill off the hedgehogs in his orchard, we'll make plenty." The town clerk would pay fifty cents for every set of hedgehog ears you turned in.

As we stood there figuring how much we'd make, the Goomahtah man was busy unloading boxes from his car and piling them on the piazza, talking away to himself all the time. He was a tall, sloppy-looking man, with hair that didn't look real, parted in the middle and coming down to his ears. His black eyes were darting around everywhere, and he was rubbing his hands together; he acted like he was itching to do some fast selling.

Roy asked him, "Will that stuff really fix tires so's they don't blow out?"

The man's black eyes darted over to us. "Fix tires?" he said. He gave a grunt and went on talking to himself. "Whether it will or whether it won't don't make no difference to me," he said. "When I get started talking, the only way they can stop me is to buy what I got to sell. I talk their ears off."

Then he clapped his hands together, picked up a can of Goomahtah, and stamped up the piazza steps into the store. Roy and I went right in after him. We wanted to ask Old Bug if it was all right for us to kill off the hedgehogs in his orchard. He wouldn't let kids in there ordinarily; he said they climbed the trees and broke the branches. But we figured he'd be glad to get rid of the hedgehogs. They had chewed up all the trees in the orchard, and the trees that weren't dead already were dying fast.



People always said they couldn't see how Old Bug made any money in that store. Women in town wouldn't trade there on account of the way Mrs. Bug carried on with the men. The store never did much business in the daytime; but there was always a crowd of men and boys there nights, drinking pop and kidding with Mrs. Bug. You could hear her laughing and tittering, nights, a mile up the road. Old Bug would sit by himself out on the back part of the piazza, smoking his pipe and paying no attention.

When we walked in, Mrs. Bug was alone in the store. She brightened right up when she saw the Goomahtah man. She gave him a big smile, but he never even looked to see how pretty she was. He just walked over and slammed the Goomahtah can down on the counter and started talking. "Madam," he said, putting his face down close to hers, "if I was to haul off and tell you that this little product I got here was going to bankrupt and ruin the whole complete rubber-tire industry, you'd prob'ly call me a liar. You wouldn't believe what I was telling you. But—"

Mrs. Bug commenced to titter. "Well!" she said. "You're the first salesman's been in here all week!" She was smiling and rolling her eyes, the way she always did with salesmen. Mrs. Bug liked company, and things were pretty quiet, daytimes, in the store. "You ain't been around this rowt before, have you?" she said.

"Goomahtah," the man said, pointing his long forefinger at Mrs. Bug, "is a self-sealing sirup, compounded and put together from a secret formula, absolutely and positively guaranteed to put an end to blowouts, punctures and leaks of every kind and description. It will—"

"It's sure a relief to have a salesman stop in and talk," Mrs. Bug said, breaking in with a titter. "Sometimes I get so lonesome, here in the store, daytimes—"

"Madam," the salesman said, raising his voice, "you take a tire treated with Goomahtah and you can take and drive tacks, nails and spikes in it, and not one single, solitary ounce of air will—"

Mrs. Bug was laughing and rolling her eyes. "Sometimes I get so sick of staying here, daytimes," she said, "I tell Mr. Bugbee I'm liable to jump in some salesman's car someday and—"

The Goomahtah man stopped talking and glared at her. "Pay attention!" he snapped. And then he went on: "Madam, do you realize how much time, labor and money is lost each and every year just on account of tire and tube troubles? It runs into zillions! And that's why—"

Mrs. Bug tittered again and tried to start talking, but the Goomahtah man kept right on. He was a real talker, all right. He had kind of a vibration to his voice that made you think he really believed what he was telling you. His mouth was beginning to work like a machine, and his voice was vibrating all the better as he went along. You could tell he was just warming up to do some real talking when the door to the kitchen opened up and Old Bug came in.

He stood there, frowning, tall and thin, the gray hair standing up straight on his head. He was about forty years older than Mrs. Bug, and cranky when he was waked up early. He looked at Mrs.



Bug tittering there, and then he scowled at the salesman. "Whatever you're selling," he snapped, "I'll take a dozen of it. What's the price?"

The Goomahtah man's mouth closed up like a spring door. He stood there glaring at Old Bug. You could see he had a lot of talking to do yet before he got to the price. "Friend," he said, his black eyes squinting up, "you act skeptical. You act like you're taking the attitude I'm trying to foist off some fake product onto you. Let me tell you, friend," he said, walking up and shaking his finger under Bug's nose, "the Goomahtah company stands one hundred per cent behind each and every word wrote on this written guarantee you see on this label, and—"

Old Bug spit behind the counter. "I ast you the price," he growled.

The Goomahtah man's mouth twisted up in a snarl. He was pretty sore not to be able to finish his selling talk. "Goomahtah," he said, "retails from coast to coast at a dollar fifty the can. I was figuring on letting you have a cartoon at the special introductory price—if you'd just kindly shut your trap and stop talking till I get finished with what I'm going to say!"

Old Bug looked the Goomahtah man up and down. "I'll take two cartoons," he said, "if you'll just stop talking and get the hell out of here."

"Wait a minute!" the Goomahtah man barked out. "First, I want you to know what you're buying!" He sounded mad, and his voice was vibrating more than ever. "Let me tell you, friend, that the Goomahtah laboratories run day and night for seven

Collier's for June 9, 1951



Old Bug whirled and, quick as a flash, booted over the chattering hedgehog, grabbed it by one hind leg, and flung it

years perfecting and producing this wonder-working product! The big rubber companies spent billions trying to stop them! Why," he cried, "I treated them tires of mine with Goomahtah just three years and seven months ago, and I ain't had a blowout, puncture or leak of any kind or description in all that time! I tell you—"

"Con-found it!" Old Bug shouted, stamping his foot. "Fetch in your whole stock, and I'll pay you for it!"

The Goomahtah man's black eyes squinted up; he opened his mouth as if he was going to blast Old Bug. Then he turned and walked out the door.

Mrs. Bug was watching him, her eyes wide open, and her mouth too. "Now you made him mad!" she said to Old Bug. "The only salesman's been in all week."

Old Bug didn't pay any attention to her. "Was they something you boys wanted?" he asked Roy and me.

"Well," Roy said, remembering what we'd come in after, "we wondered if it would be all right to kill off some of them hedgehogs in your apple orchard?"

Old Bug cocked one eye at us. "Hedgehogs?" he said. "What do you boys want to kill off them hedgehogs for? They ain't bothered you any, have they?"

"No," I said, "but they're chewing up all your apple trees on you."

Old Bug shook his head. "Long as they don't chew up the apples, I don't care," he said. "I believe in living and let living." He never picked

the apples, anyway; just waited till fall and then shoveled them off the ground and took them to the mill for his winter's cider.

The Goomahtah man was stamping in and out, piling Goomahtah boxes on the floor, talking to himself all the time. "Here I am piling this stuff here," he was saying, "and this old jasper prob'ly ain't got more than the price of one cartoon in the till."

OLD BUG went out in the kitchen and came back with a two-pound tobacco can under his arm. Roy and I stood there gaping when he took off the top. That can was chuck full of paper money of every kind. "Here," Old Bug said, tossing a twenty-dollar bill to the Goomahtah man. "Now go on about your business, and don't come back pestering us no more."

The Goomahtah man was picking up the bill when he got a look at the money in that can. He stiffened up like somebody had stuck a pin in him, and for once his black eyes stayed still for a minute. They were glued to that can. His mouth was opening and closing, but he wasn't saying a word, even to himself.

Old Bug went on back to the kitchen with the can, and Mrs. Bug commenced tittering. "You mustn't mind Mr. Bugbee," she said to the Goomahtah man. "He don't mean half what he says."

The Goomahtah man swore, turned on his heel, and stalked out the door.

"Oh, dear, there he goes," Mrs. Bug said, running to the window. "He didn't even say good-by."

Old Bug came back in from the kitchen; he walked to the door and spit, looking out. "That's the way to get rid of them," he said to Mrs. Bug. "I guess that'll teach him not to come around here pestering you again." Mrs. Bug stood pouting, looking out the window.

Old Bug started taking things off the shelves and putting them in boxes. Twice a week he filled his car with stuff and went out on the back roads, peddling to the farmers, and he was going this afternoon. He walked over and picked up a can of Goomahtah and held it off, squinting his eyes, to read what it said on the label. "Why," he said, pleased, "this stuff is supposed to stop you from having blowouts! It's just what I've been looking for for my back-roads customers. I can use some in my own tires too."

When Roy and I went out on the piazza, we were surprised to find the Goomahtah man still there. He was walking back and forth beside his car, stopping every now and then to take a kick at it, talking away to himself, acting madder every minute.

"That old jasper looked like he didn't have the price of one cartoon in the till," he was saying. "I figured I'd be lucky to get five bucks out of him—and then he pulled that big can full of geedus on me!"

He stopped walking and glared up at the store, not paying any attention to Roy and me. "That old jasper is loaded down with geedus and he's a sucker for a hot sales talk—and I ain't got a thing to sell him!" The Goomahtah (Continued on page 44)

Look, Ma, I'm Talking



On his Saturday-night show, Ken Murray (right) lets no turn go untouched. Here he tells Barbara Dobbins how to walk

KEN MURRAY, major-domo of the Columbia Broadcasting System's top Saturday-night television show, is a man who knows how to multiply his blessings.

Murray started his highly popular variety hour about two and a half years ago, featuring, among other things, five wholesome, handsome young ladies whom he tabbed Glamorlovelies. At first, like traditional chorus girls, they did little more than stand around and look like five million dollars.

But Murray is an old showman, with more than a quarter century in vaudeville. From the start, he realized that TV has its own requirements, that chorus girls on television have to justify their existence to millions of viewers with widely varying tastes. The man with the cold cigar and the hot ideas thereupon sacked tradition and set about multiplying the uses of the chorine.

Today, the Murray Glamorlovelies are perhaps the most versatile chorus girls on television. They

can sing, act, dance, throw out a gag and get back a laugh—and, of course, look beautiful. Most efficient scene-stealer in the combination is Wyoming's saucer-eyed Laurie Anders, who has made the line, "I like the wi-i-ide open spaces," as much a trade-mark of the program as Murray's wiry haircut and dead cigar.

The forty-eight-year-old comedian is considered a master at the science of putting a variety show together. To give his CBS program body, Murray has woven into its comedy-glamor background such things as a tragic scene from the play *Death of a Salesman*, and a tribute to the United States Marines. In December, Dr. Ralph Bunche of the UN appeared on it, and early this year a Norman Corwin script won it a Freedoms Foundation Award.

But the Glamorlovelies, of course, remain Murray's prime contribution to television. After all, practically nobody else ever let a chorus girl talk.

THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO



Symbolizing elegance of production, beauty and versatility of Glamorlovelies, Ruth Thomas, dressed like Dutch maiden, sings a song on same show in which she had large speaking part

Before show Murray scoots about giving aid. Here's the boss fixing Jean Marshall's coat



Virtual trade-mark of show is Laurie Anders and gag line "I like the wide open spaces"



Ruth Thomas



Barbara Dobbins



Jean Marshall



Rosemary Buas

The Love Man

By JOHN D. WEAVER

This was Carol's first love affair, and she had thrown all her young eagerness into it. She wanted to marry Bill—and all he seemed to want was to send her away

The Story: In the past few weeks, the domestic life of THORNTON SAYRE had taken quite a beating. Thornton had been a matinee idol in the twenties; he had given up the theater after the death, eighteen years ago, of his wife, movie star KAY SHELTON. Since then, he had lived quietly in the sleepy Midwestern town of Rockport, but suddenly his glamorous past rose up to haunt him: his old romantic movies were being shown on television; fame had returned to him; he was called The Love Man.

Having settled into a fairly stodgy middle age, content to be a small-town real-estate agent in partnership with Kay's brother, JEFF SHELTON, Thornton, at first, was horrified. He went to New York to see his old agent, SAM LEVITT, who told him there was no way he could keep the old pictures from being shown. And when his eighteen-year-old daughter, CAROL, and STELLA BAKER, the widow from across the street whom he had been pressing to marry him, followed him to New York, Thornton's embarrassment was extreme.

But soon he was caught up in the glamorous swirl again. He began to act younger, and Stella was delighted. She had always feared that he saw her more as a housekeeper than as a wife—as someone who would cater to his (largely imaginary) aches and pains and be a comfort in his old age—and now he seemed to be turning into a more plausible suitor. But he fell in love with JUDY COLES, a young television actress, and Stella was left out in the cold and announced she was returning to Rockport.

New York hit Carol pretty hard, too. She lost interest in DICK CARNEY, the boy she'd left behind in Rockport, and promptly fell in love with BILL AINSLEE, who worked for Sam Levitt. But Bill, who was older and had already been married once, kept telling Carol she was too young. Carol was having just as much trouble in her efforts to grow up as Thornton was having in his to grow young.

III

THORNTON, returning to his hotel after an evening with Judy, was pleased when the cabdriver recognized him. After nearly twenty years of small-town intimacy it was quite pleasant to walk down a narrow, badly lighted street in Greenwich Village at two o'clock in the morning, an apparently anonymous figure in the largest city in the world, and have the driver of a cab call you by name. It reduced the city to a manageable size.

"The Carmel," Thornton said, settling back in the cab with his legs thrust comfortably out in front of him, and, because he felt an amiable bias toward all humanity at the moment, he wanted to draw the cabdriver into conversation. Generally New York cabdrivers are among the most talkative men on earth, giving the impression of having had to pass a strict test for whimsy, repartee, and odd bits of information on everything from antibiotics to fly casting and nonrepresentational painting.

"Well," Thornton said, "what do you think of the new Baruch proposals?"

"Never heard of 'em."

"Too busy with football pools, I guess?"

The driver grunted. "Don't follow football."

A month ago, before he'd met Judy, Thornton would have thought nothing of an untalkative cabdriver, but now, looking at everything as Judy would see it, the commonplace frequently seemed quite remarkable. Judy's eyes were always quick to spot some small out-of-the-way absurdity which she could reproduce with her natural gift for mimicry. This cabdriver, with his sullen grunts and nods, so different from the drivers people talked about at cocktail parties ("Know what my cabby said on the way over here? I just happened to mention André Gide . . .")—this was just the sort of phenomenon Judy would fasten on to with glee and add to her repertory.

He could see the shine of laughter come to her eyes as she began to work out a routine on The Uncommunicative Cabby, the sort of thing she did so well at parties, usually with a piano accompaniment. He visualized Judy portraying the plight of an unfortunate cabby charged with letting the corps down by not being a character. She would probably have the fellow sent back to school for refresher courses in The Use of Whimsy in Modern Hacking and Basic Elements of the Surprise Report, then dramatize his pathetic efforts to become a character like other cabbies, or she might contrive a parlor drama in which she played a famous blonde private eye assigned to track down the leader of a sinister ring of counterfeiters who were selling black market licenses to cabbies unable to pass the character test.

I might even do the accompaniment myself, Thornton thought; we could open on the water front, with mood music, then do a— But the cab had stopped outside his hotel.

Thornton, grinning, tipped the driver a dollar and bounded out to the street. He stopped short in the lobby, frowning. Carol, as casually as if it were two thirty in the afternoon instead of in the morning, was waiting for an elevator.

"Well," he said. "It's kind of late, isn't it?"

Carol shrugged. "Not for New York, no. I went to the most wonderful party. Met all sorts of incredible people."

"Had a few drinks, didn't you?"

"Of course. Now you're not going to be unattractive, are you?"

They rode up to the fifth floor without saying anything more, but when the elevator doors had closed behind them and they had started down the corridor toward their rooms, Thornton began to tighten. "I can't say I like the idea of your running around New York at all hours of the night, drinking."

"You make it sound so awful. It wasn't like that. Bill and I went to a show and afterward we had a drink at Sardi's, then went on to a party at the Hampshire House. It was fun."

She unlocked the door to her room, opening it gently so as not to disturb Stella, but Stella, already awake, roused up. "It's only me," Carol whispered, and Thornton rather hurriedly said good night.

"Have a good time?" Stella said.

Carol closed the door and turned on the small lamp beside her bed. "It was fun. One of those big parties."

"You and Bill seem to go in for big parties."

"It's part of his job. You know, he has to get around, meet people."

Later, when Carol had undressed and fallen into bed, Stella glanced at the tired young face. Thornton had seen only a child with wide and somewhat drowsy eyes, but Stella could see beneath the wonder and weariness. "Is anything worrying you, darling?"

"No. I'm tired, that's all."

"We used to talk about things."

"There's nothing to talk about."

Carol switched off the light, and Stella slipped from her own bed to sit beside Carol in the darkness. "It's Bill," Carol said, and Stella nodded, waiting. Suddenly Carol sat up in the bed and clutched Stella with the desperation of a child awakening to the terror of an alien place. "I love him, Stella, and he—"

"Poor darling."

"It was fun at first, but now we fight all the time. He thinks I'm just a kid who's getting in his way."

Carol began to sob and Stella lay beside her, the dark young head resting in the crook of her arm, where it had lain so often in other pain-filled crises of growing up.

THORNTON was awakened next morning by a telephone call from Jeff Sheldon, who had just flown in from Rockport. He was calling from La Guardia Field, and Thornton had time to take a shower and shave before Jeff could reach the hotel. It had to come sooner or later, Thornton thought, in some ways relieved that it had come sooner.

The two men, Kay's brother and Kay's husband, began by talking about everything except why Jeff had left the office they had shared for nearly twenty years. They went over the weather, Jeff's trip, and Rockport, which was just the same as ever, Jeff said, "except they're finally getting the roof on the new library." Jeff asked about his niece ("Carol's fine") and Thornton asked about his sister-in-law ("Susan's fine"). They talked, despite the long, pleasant years of their partnership, with the uneasy strain of men separated by some barrier of guilt.

"I suppose you're worried about the business," Thornton finally said.

"Well, things are piling up a little."

"If it's a question of hiring somebody to clean up my work, I'd be glad to do it, Jeff."

"It's not that so much. It's the uncertainty—not knowing whether you're coming back."

"I suppose you've heard there's a girl," Thornton said, sensing an accusation in Jeff's look which was within himself, not Jeff. (Continued on page 48)

"It wasn't only the tickets," he said, "it was the way they ordered me around, treated me as though I were a bellhop"





JOHN McCLELLAND

They'd worked together late one evening and afterward they had gone out for coffee

To Fit the Picture

By JESSICA WELLNER

LIKE most men, James Braden had his ideas about the ideal woman. Unlike most men, he knew how his ideal had crystallized. The average man's ideal, he thought, was a hang-over from a mild Oedipus complex, or a teacher he had had in high school, or a grown-up girl cousin he'd admired when he was a little boy. Jim had always felt decidedly unaverage.

He was thirty-two and he worked for a New York advertising agency. He wore well-tailored gray-flannel suits and handmade shirts, and ties with bold regimental stripes which set off his dark good looks. He was a solid, practical, if somewhat elegant young man. He would have laughed, then become annoyed, if anyone had accused him of having a dream girl. But he did.

If only he'd had sense enough or nerve enough to find out her name. Maybe it's better this way, he would think. By now she's probably the fat, fussy mother of five.

He had gone to Chicago for a week end while he was at college and he had seen her in the milling crowd at the North Western Station. Later, he'd been shocked by what he'd done. He had gone over to her and said, "Excuse me, please. I only want to tell you you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen." Then he had walked away quickly, feeling terribly embarrassed, and he'd heard the girl with her say, "Well, a new angle!" But his girl had looked shyly over her shoulder and smiled a little, reflecting his own timid smile.

After that, whenever he could, Jim took out tall brunettes. It was not too hard to find girls with full, sweet lips and widely set dark eyes above high cheekbones. It was only odd, he thought, that

though they all had the same features as the first girl, none of them had her beauty. But he persevered. He had rather a nice time persevering.

Certainly Mary Masters was not his type. Mary was as plain and pleasant as her name. Her pale-tan hair curled casually about her small pointed face, and she wore glasses. She had a lovely complexion though, and when she smiled she was almost pretty. Everyone in the office liked her.

So I like her too, Jim thought. But it's funny how I've hooked myself into seeing her so often. It had started when they'd worked together late one evening, and afterward they had gone out for coffee. They'd done it again the next night. One evening he'd felt lonely suddenly and he'd asked her to have dinner with him. And again and again. Now it was a pleasant pattern, not exciting, but nice. It was really funny, he'd think, that he spent so much time with a girl who lacked so many of the qualities he wanted most in a woman.

Of course, they always had fun together. They both hated exercise, and spent more than they should on cabs. They agreed that there was entirely too much talk about the proper proportions in a Martini; that the ballet was a bore and that they loved grade-B Westerns. He could talk shop with her and enjoy it. After a while he found he could kiss her and enjoy that too. Too bad she was such a plain little thing, he thought sometimes.

He watched her crossing his office now and he thought: It's a shame her legs aren't a little longer; then he felt disloyal.

"Dinner tonight?" he said. "I'm lonely."

"Good. I'm lonely, too," she said.

When he took her home, she asked him in for a

drink. He had a drink and took his time over another. He always hated to leave her small, comfortable living room with its clean colors, its wall of books, and the warm lighting, subtle and homey as firelight. He caught her in a yawn.

He grinned. "Okay, I can take a hint. I hate to leave. Always do. Nice room. Nice girl," he said lazily.

She said nothing but she smiled and got up and took his hat and coat from the closet. At the door she said, "Good night, Jim. I had fun." She held up her face to be kissed. It was very sweet and for a moment he held her closely.

"Sweet dreams, Mary," he said fondly. His expression was thoughtful as he went away.

I'll have to stop seeing her so often, he decided reluctantly. I don't want Mary getting ideas. I don't want to hurt her.

Jim thought he managed the cooling-off process rather well. He asked her to have lunch once a week or so instead of dinner; his work kept him very busy. Mary was natural and pleasant, as always. Of course she would be, he thought. Queer thing was he missed her.

PETE WILLIAMS' secretaries were usually beautiful, and this new one was no exception. Her name was Deborah Wainwright. A handsome name, Jim thought; it suited her. Maybe a little fancy, but that suited her, too. My type of girl, he thought. Except for one, she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. He wondered why he didn't do something about asking her out. It wasn't as if Mary would be difficult about it, or even show it. Mary was a sweet girl. He felt foolish when he thought of this good-looking girl right here; he saw her every day and he didn't do a thing about it. Maybe I don't really want to, he thought; and this seemed to him a curious and most unlikely notion. Deborah Wainwright was exactly his idea of a woman.

She was in the elevator with him and, on an impulse, he asked her to lunch. When they walked into the crowded restaurant, there was hardly a man who saw her who didn't stare at her. Jim was pleased. This is how it should be, he thought.

The lunch was pleasant, like a hundred lunches. The girl was as agreeable as she was lovely. She smiled easily, the way the girl in the station had, and Jim felt he was keeping a date he'd made a long time ago. He took her back to the office with a vaguely relieved feeling, as if he had in some way done his duty to someone.

Later that afternoon, however, he saw her crossing a room, and as he watched her long, lovely legs and the beautiful dark head, he thought: It must have been a mood, a tired mood. He felt unaccountably irritable and depressed. When Mary came in with some copy they'd been working on, he was curt and determined not to be pleased.

"All right," she said, "I'll see what I can do to it." She started for the door.

His hands fumbled angrily with the papers of the wasted day. Suddenly he said, "How's about dinner tonight? I'm lonely."

She paused in the doorway. "I'm lonely, too." She smiled happily.

He understood it all right. So that's how it is, he thought resignedly. So I need her. She suits me fine. You can't have everything.

Well, he said to himself, I'm happy and peaceful with her, and with no one else. Maybe I even love her. He smiled at the almost dumpy little figure in the doorway. But I'm damned if I'll be blind about it, he thought defiantly.

A shaft of late-afternoon sun turned her hair to gold; when she smiled she was lovely. Why, she's pretty, he thought, surprised. Funny I never saw it before. Hell, so what's that got to do with it?

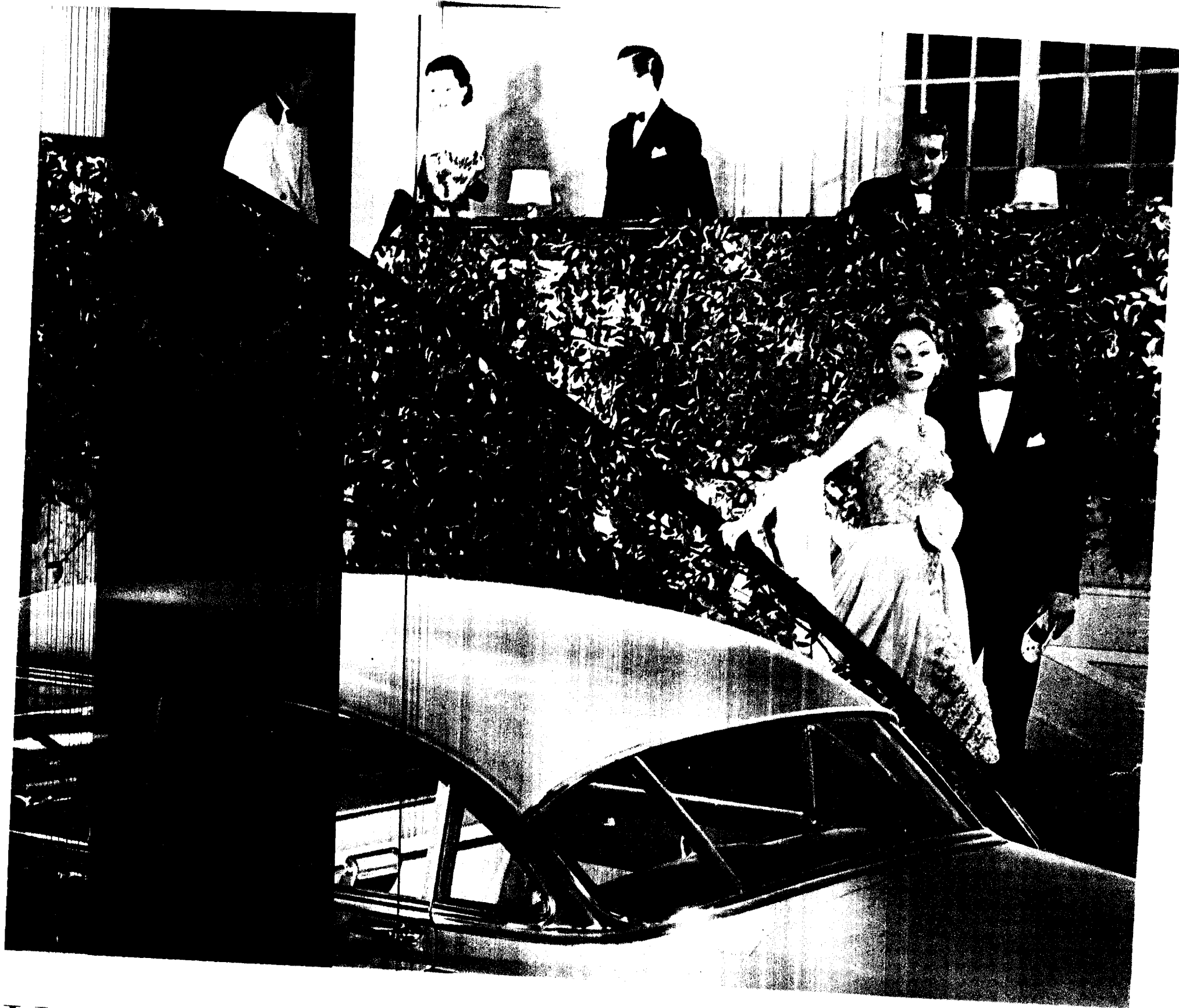
For a crazy moment he wanted to say: Look, Mary, I've been a boy walking around like a man. But she knows that, he thought sheepishly.

Absent-mindedly, he had gathered the wasted papers on his desk into a hard-packed ball, and he tossed it deliberately into the wastebasket. There was something satisfying about the click it made as it landed among the other debris. It matched what was going on in his head.

So long, Dream Boat, he thought. I'm a big boy now, got me a real woman. He felt good.

Like most men, James Braden had his ideas about the ideal woman—and he got up quickly to go to her.

THE END



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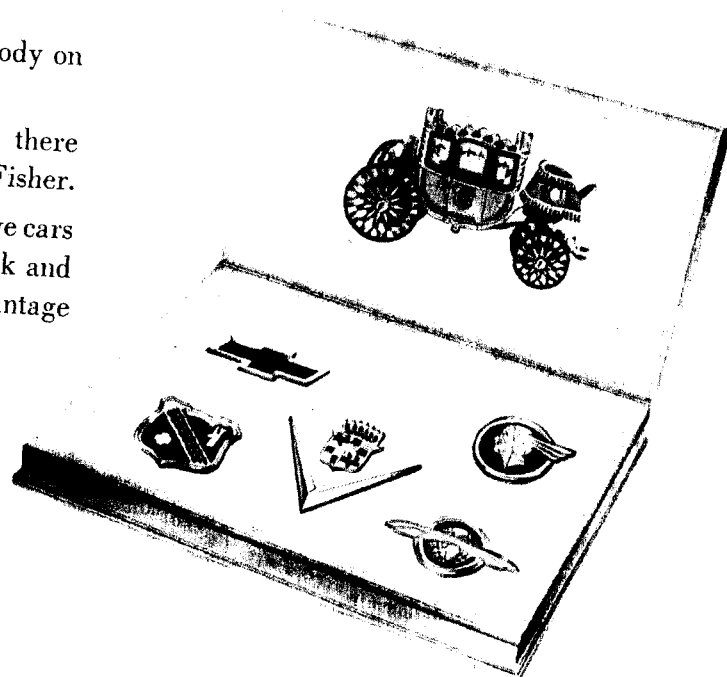
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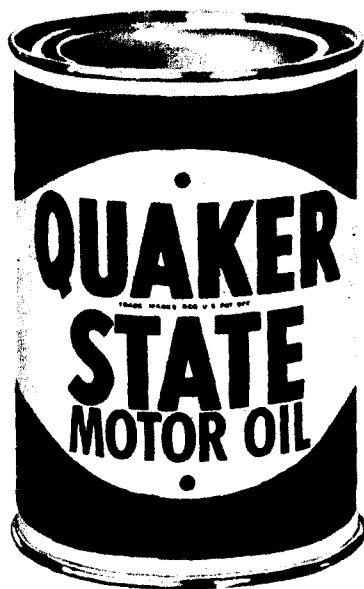
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How to Catch the King of Fresh-Water Fish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

must be forgiven if his fingers tremble slightly as he ties his favorite fly on the thin, tapering leader.

With false casts curling high and clear he strips out just enough line, then puts all his effort into the forward thrust of the rod, dropping the fly lightly to the water exactly where he wants it. The barbed bit of fluff drifts perfectly, without drag or false motion, past the very nose of the nearest salmon. The indifference of the fish belies the existence of the lure.

Several hours, several hundred casts and a score of fly patterns later, the arm-weary angler decides the answer to his problem lies in a dry fly. Perhaps this floating lure will bring the salmon memories of its youth on the river, when a fly was food, and stir an instinctive response. When several dry flies, in assorted sizes and patterns, fail to stimulate his quarry, the angler goes through his repertoire of angling methods. He fishes the fly fast, slow, with a lot of action, with little action. The luncheon hour passes and the dinner gong no longer echoes, and darkness finally drives him from the river.

The next morning, with the salmon still tempting him from the pool, he starts the routine all over again. And the next day, and the next. On about the fifth day, as hope flags, a 30-pounder may rise to his first cast, suck in the fly, and thrash upward in a glorious leap as the angler sets the hook.

Never ask a salmon fisherman if the reward was adequate, for he would not have the faintest idea what you meant. After all, he was salmon fishing all the time, even when the results were negative.

Practically any natural—as well as several unnatural—phenomenon will cause salmon to begin feeding or stop feeding. This has led some enthusiasts to insist that the salmon acts not from caprice but from instinct. All the angler has to do is find some means of stimulating that instinctive response.

On my last trip to the Miramichi, one of New Brunswick's famous salmon rivers, I arrived late in August when the river was low and clear. There were plenty of salmon in the pools. You could see them lying like pale logs on the bottom. My host's enthusiasm, however, was singularly low.

Salmon That Wouldn't Bite

"For the past five days," he explained, "six of us have tried every fly in the book, plus a few improvisations, and the result of all this effort has been one salmon hooked and lost. We've tried big flies, small flies, wet flies and dry flies, and the one lone salmon that hit grabbed a number-12 trout fly that wouldn't have held a three-pound trout, let alone a 25-pound salmon. Maybe you can show us how it's done."

Three days later, having had a lot of exercise without so much as disturbing the slumbers of the Miramichi's salmon population, I decided to leave before I succumbed to the temptation to toss a stick of dynamite into the home pool. Climbing to the stone pier of an old covered bridge for a last, disgruntled look at the salmon that rested in the big pool, I took a final pull on my cigarette and derisively flipped it at the nearest fish.

There was a splash, a swirl, and the cigarette disappeared into the mouth of a salmon.

It took me 20 minutes to tie up a "cigarette special," dressed with chenille and white hackles. I floated this fly over every salmon in three pools, and it proved just as effective as the more traditional patterns I had tried.

That afternoon it poured for four hours. The next morning the river was higher, the salmon had moved up from the lower pools, and before noon each of us had hooked from three to five fish.

More than any other angler, the salmon fisherman is at the mercy of water levels. If

a river is too low and clear, fish often prove unresponsive. If it is too high and discolored, the situation is almost as bad. The period after high water, when the river is dropping to its normal level, usually brings excellent fishing, for the flood often brings fresh-run fish into the stream. The salmon angler just has to be at the right place at the right time.

There are a few salmon rivers in the world (you can count them on your fingers) where the water levels remain rewardingly constant for a good part of the salmon season, but they are guarded as though gold flowed down them. I fished one of these fabulous waters last summer, the Kristiansand, in Norway.

Two minutes and three casts after my arrival found me fast to a nice salmon. When the guide looked up, after netting the fish, he must have noticed that my hat was getting a bit small for my head. After all, only three casts on a strange river . . .

The guide drew a worn, dog-eared bit of printed matter from his wallet and handed it to me. It was a clipping from a British sporting magazine, and the story it told settled my hat right down on my ears. Two Englishmen, fishing this same stretch of river in 1924, had taken exactly 1,352 salmon in 51½ days of fishing. (If you wonder what they did with all those salmon, the answer is—nothing. They paid for the privilege of fishing; the owner of that stretch of river got the fish.)

The trout fisherman, turning to the salmon for the first time, has a lot to forget and more to learn. Fly selection will not constitute a problem, for it is a matter of individual taste and local preference. If the angler follows the normal routine of dark flies for dark days and bright flies for bright days, a large fly for high, discolored water, and a small fly for low, clear water, he will have no trouble. The dry fly, of course, is effective only under clear-water conditions.

Fish location, however, is another matter. The trout angler has learned to look for fish in certain types of water, such as runs, eddies, the lee side of rocks, or in the fast water below a pool. The salmon

angler knows he will find his quarry only in the pool, and the larger the pool the more fish he is likely to find. If the river is high and discolored he knows he must put his fly down, and sink it to a depth that brings it to the salmon's view. If the river is low and clear he must grease his line and keep the fly near the surface.

Except when fishing the dry fly, the salmon angler does not worry too much about presentation. His primary object is to get the fly out where the fish are lying, put it on the water without too much disturbance, and drift it past the salmon in a natural manner. As in trout fishing, he should know the approximate location of his fly during its swing downstream, but an immediate response to the "take" of the fish is not only less important than in trout fishing, but, normally, it is to be avoided. A slight time lag in the raising of the rod tip to set the hook usually results in a more firmly hooked fish.

Rules Can't Be Depended On

As any angler knows, there are no absolute rules. The very lack of action in a fly may, on some occasions, account for a lack of success. The drag or false movement imparted to a fly which causes one salmon to refuse may be the only means of getting another salmon to take. The "patent" method of salmon fishing, developed by the late Colonel Lewis Thompson of Red Bank, New Jersey, is based on this very contradiction.

About 25 years ago the Colonel experimented with flies in which hair wings were substituted for the traditional wings of feathers. His experiments were successful, and his method of fishing was christened the "patent." In casting with these flies, the rod is stopped sharply at a 40- to 45-degree angle, which causes the line and leader to drop on the water loosely, rather than straight. The action of the water gives the hair wings of the fly a lifelike movement, which some salmon seem to find irresistible.

The reaction of a salmon to a fly has

VIP'S WAR



"Sam, I want you to meet Sgt. Johnner . . .
He's in charge of Booby-Trap Orientation"

COLLIER'S

VIRGIL
PARTON

Collier's for June 9, 1951

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Santana Production

A Columbia Picture
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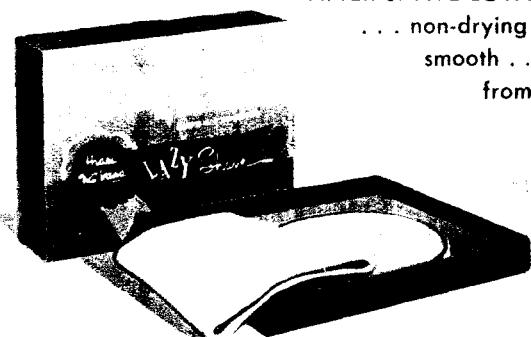


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Contains: All five essentials,
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"GOO IS THROO!"

says
BERT PARKS

—Star of TV hit, "Break the Bank"



"Applause Meter or the Light of Your Life—they'll rate you tops when you groom with VITALIS Hair CREAM!" says Bert. "It makes hair look proud, not cowed!"

Know why? Because VITALIS Hair CREAM is the lighter-bodied liquid cream tonic. Not greasy, and no slick shine. Yet it keeps your hair groomed perfectly all day. Cleaner to use, too—rinses off hands and comb in plain water. Homogenized for easy flow, in handy shaker-top bottle. Try it today. Money back! Write us if you don't agree it's the best cream tonic ever!

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Hair
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—by Bristol-Myers, makers
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been the source of more contention than any other element of this sport. When the salmon enters the river on its spawning run, it ceases feeding. In preparation for the long, arduous journey up the river to the spawning beds, the fish has stored up fat on which it can survive for several months. Within a few days of its entry into the river, the salmon's stomach is completely empty. Whether, under such circumstances, the fish grabs up a fly from sheer annoyance, or whether it is an instinctive reaction, only the salmon knows.

When it takes the fly, and feels restraint, the salmon's reaction is definitely instinctive. The fish surges clear of the water in a towering leap, and when this fails to bring release, it makes a long run, usually marked by a succession of twisting jumps. Where the salmon goes, the angler must follow; for a thin leader, light rod and limited reserve of line make pursuit imperative. The angler must gauge the tension he can put on the fish by the strength of his leader, which is the weakest link in his tackle.

The first—and most frequently broken—rule of salmon fishing is to "get below your fish." If the angler keeps downstream of the hooked fish, he can force the salmon to fight not only the strain of the tackle but also the force of the current. "Rod tip high" is the next precept, for a sudden rush by the fish places a severe strain on the leader, and the spring of the rod will absorb much of the shock if the tip is held high.

Many a salmon has been lost after a long battle when the angler relaxed prematurely. The novice, having played his fish on the reel and brought it almost within reach of gaff or net, may decide to strip in line by hand. The salmon usually has a reserve, which he does not use until the gaff or net approaches. If the angler has his line coiled loosely or carelessly in his hand, the sudden spurt of the fish often results in a snapped leader.

Anglers have sought salmon with artificial flies for several hundred years, and thousands of fly patterns have been devised since Claudius Aelian first described this lure in 200 A.D. Fortunately, no fly has been discovered that attracts the salmon under all conditions on all waters. If such a lure is ever created, salmon fishermen (and salmon) will soon be as extinct as the centurion who first christened Salar, for the challenge of this sport is the major part of its appeal. Nothing would bore a real salmon angler so much as having a fish rise to every fly he casts.

Many of the traditional salmon fly patterns—which are not imitations of natural insects, as are trout fly patterns—were developed by the British. Patterns such as the Jock Scott, Durham Ranger, Silver Gray, and Thunder and Lightning have been duplicated, without even a minute variation, for more than 100 years. American patterns, such as the Cosseboom, Ross Special, Teagle Bee and Gray Wulff are preserved with equal care.

No imagination could evolve a more startling galaxy of "ingredients" than those routinely required for the "dressing" of one of the traditional patterns. The Jock Scott is a notable example. It calls for the following materials:

"Twist of silver tinsel, lemon-yellow floss silk, crest of golden pheasant, feather of Indian crane, wisp of black ostrich, black silk floss, flat silver tinsel, black rooster hackle, guinea hen hackle, white-tipped turkey, peacock sword feather, feather of swan dyed red, blue and yellow, barred feather of teal, bronze mallard feather, eyed feather of jungle cock neck, feather of orange toucan, kingfisher and a blue and yellow feather from the macaw."

The dry, or floating, fly was tried briefly on a few of the British and Scandinavian rivers, but the real development of this fly and the method of fishing it are attributed to George La Branche and Edward R.

Hewitt, two of our most accomplished salmon fishermen. They discovered, after several years of trial and error, that under low-, clear-water conditions the floating fly would stir a response from salmon when sunken flies failed. Then, less than 25 years ago, Lee Wulff, a veritable youth among these angling veterans, came forward with his Gray Wulff and White Wulff. They have become two of the most effective and popular of the dry flies used in Canadian waters. The floating fly has not yet become popular on European waters.

No lure other than a fly may legally be used on the salmon rivers of this continent for the taking of Atlantic salmon, although baits, spinning lures, and even those shrimplike crustaceans, the prawns, are permitted on most European salmon rivers, and on our own West Coast rivers where the Pacific salmon are taken.

While the Atlantic salmon and his Pacific cousin are members of the same family, the former is of the *Salmo* branch, the latter of the *Oncorhynchus*. All five varie-



"Well, I guess we'll soon be seeing some of the big shots again"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

ties of Pacific salmon die upon completing the spawning process, whereas *Salmo* is granted more than one romance. Otherwise, all salmon follow a similar life cycle.

All are spawned on the sand and gravel bars of headwaters and tributaries, spend their formative years—known, successively, as the alevin, parr and smolt stages—in the rivers, feeding on algae, crustacea and insects, then migrate to the abundance of oceanic feeding grounds. Where they go and on what they feed during this salt-water interlude is an ichthyological mystery, but their rapid growth after leaving the river is proof of the richness of the sea fare.

When it leaves the river as a two-year-old smolt, the Atlantic salmon weighs from four to eight ounces. Some of the young salmon return to the river prematurely, after one year in the sea, and are termed grilse. In this brief period they have undergone an amazing growth, and will scale from three to eight pounds. The grilse provides biologists with another mystery, for the fish is not sufficiently mature to spawn, and must return to the sea for another year or two before reaching full maturity.

Upon completing the spawning process, the Atlantic salmon, now several pounds lighter than it was on entering the river, returns to salt water to build up the strength and vitalization necessary for future reproduction. Many of these fish, spawning late, are locked by ice in the upper stretches of the rivers. When they move down river after ice-out, they are known as kelts, slinks, blacks or springs. There is some

doubt as to whether these tired, thin salmon survive in any numbers; certainly, as sporting opponents they do not compare with the fresh-run fish.

Because of their high commercial value, the Pacific salmon have been partially protected, but we have been profligate in the expenditure of our Atlantic salmon heritage. And it was, at one time, a rich heritage. During colonial days, every river from the Connecticut to the Saint Croix had a salmon run, but the coastal settlements soon reduced this to a trickle. Thousands of dams went up to harness the rivers for the grinding of grain and the sawing of lumber. As an afterthought, fish ladders were constructed at many of the dams, but while these devices permitted some spawners to get upstream, there was no way for the smolt to reach the sea, except through mill wheels.

Pollution finished the job the dams had begun, and by 1940, with the exception of a few fish straggling up the Penobscot, the Atlantic salmon were gone from our rivers. In the past few years, restoration projects have been initiated on a half-dozen rivers in northern Maine, and while progress has necessarily been slow, it is very encouraging. With the elimination of most of the old dams, the Narraguagus and Dennys Rivers have been showing real promise.

I spent a pleasant three days on the Narraguagus, which winds through blueberry barrens and open woodland. As yet it has not attracted many out-of-state salmon fishermen, but the local anglers provide about all the pressure it can take at this time. During the first day's fishing, I encountered several anglers with unusual fly patterns. Most of them were dark, hair flies bearing local names such as Narraguagus Special, Harry's Fancy and Bear Hair Killer.

Every salmon river worthy of the name has at least one fly tier somewhere along its winding course. Harry Smith, the local tier, had his headquarters at Cherryfield, overlooking the Academy Pool. He was tying one of the "specials" when I found him, and since he was responsible for the flies I had seen on the river I asked why most of them were dressed with bear hair.

The old man peered at me as though I had lost my senses.

"Young man," he snorted, "have you any idea how many thousand flies you can tie up out of one bearskin?"

This, coupled with the fact that these flies caught salmon, seemed to eliminate the need of further questions.

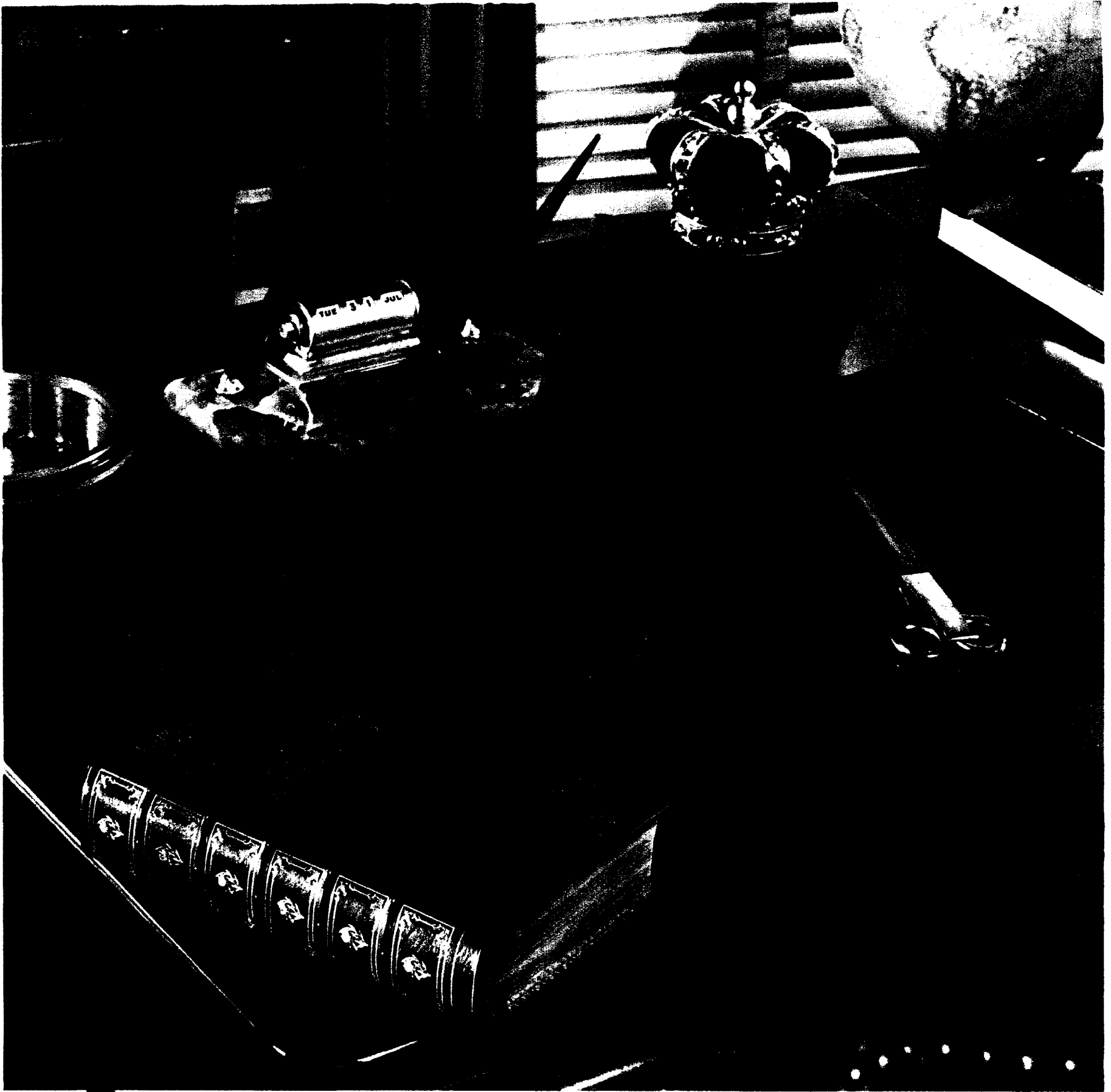
North of Maine, the salmon picture is much brighter, and many of the good Canadian salmon rivers remain unspoiled. A few have been damaged by dams and pollution, but scores of clear streams provide the salmon with an open road to the spawning beds. Commercial fishing has made some inroads on the migrating fish, and fish traps still take a large toll, but regulations have been initiated which ensure reasonable protection.

With an appreciation of the recreational value of salmon fishing (and the visiting angler's dollar) some provinces have leased long stretches of many fine salmon rivers to individuals and groups. These leases range in duration from a day to several years. Such crown, or "reserve," waters have been a steady source of income, and on some rivers at certain seasons the daily rod fee on a given stretch runs as high as \$60.

Such famous rivers in Quebec and New Brunswick as the Restigouche, Jupiter, Kedgwick, Upsalquitch and Miramichi provide little "open" water for the licensed angler. The best stretches of these rivers have been under lease for many years. On these waters many of our national figures, such men as Mellon, Vanderbilt and Whitney, have in the past put aside their financial burdens in pursuit of salmon.

The reserve waters on the best salmon rivers of these two provinces have pushed

Collier's for June 9, 1951



Sure...

AS DEFINED IN THE DICTIONARY

SURE (shōor), adj., sur'er (shōor'ēr); sur'est. Entirely trustworthy or dependable; certain not to fail or disappoint expectation; reliable.

Example: *Seagram's finest American Whiskey.*

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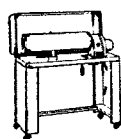
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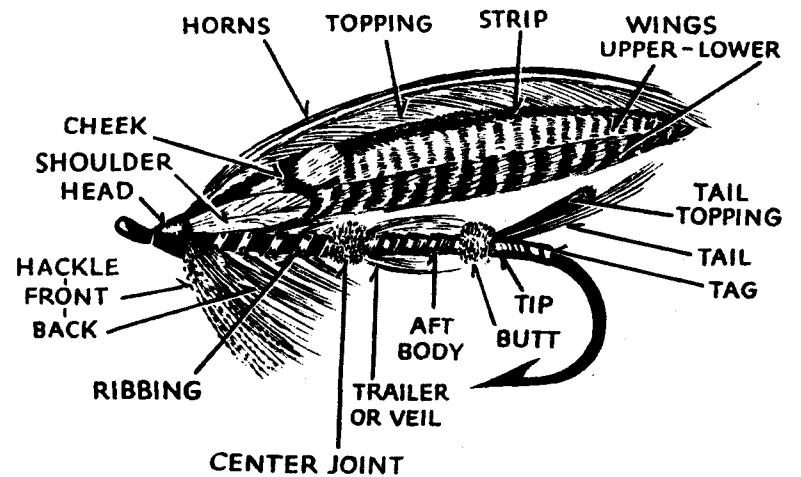


Diagram of the Jock Scott, typical salmon fly, showing parts and names

many anglers to the rivers of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, where every pool is fished on a first-come-first-served basis. Nova Scotia can boast many great rivers, and the Margaree, Medway, St. Mary's and LaHave attract thousands of the brotherhood. Although the lack of highways makes things difficult for the average angler, Newfoundland's Codroy, Humber and River of Ponds always enter the discussion when salmon fishermen gather around a fire. Those willing to rough it a bit can find amazing fishing on many of the small west coast rivers of Newfoundland, waters that touch the waders and canoes of only one or two anglers a season. Last summer, after two days of assiduous casting on Scotland's storied Doon River, during which I acquired one small salmon and a wealth of detail on the life and habits of the poet Burns, I climbed aboard a transatlantic air liner and found myself in Gander, Newfoundland, the next morning. A full day in Gander would be anathema to a nonfisherman, but a salmon angler wants to prolong the experience almost indefinitely.

Good Catch in River of Ponds

A three-hour flight in Lee Wulff's float plane put me down on the stretch of the River of Ponds. Ten minutes later I was hip-deep in the river and trying to keep up with a nice salmon. During four hours of fishing, I "rose" more than a dozen salmon, hooked eight and killed six. And all on a dry fly. There may be another place in this world where you can find that kind of salmon fishing, but the daily rod fee undoubtedly would be exorbitant.

Although American anglers are forced to cross the border to find the kind of fishing they want, they have made many contributions to the tackle, flies, methods and even the traditions of salmon fishing. The accolade for the most significant change in the history of this ancient sport, however, must go to a Britisher. Shortly after the turn of the century, Arthur Wood, who divided his time (unequally, it is said) between gardening and salmon angling, began experimenting with a method he termed "greased line fishing."

By applying sheep tallow to his heavy casting line, which caused it to float, he was able to keep his fly near the surface of the water, and at the same time eliminate much of the unnatural drag imparted to the fly by the fast downstream movement of a sunken line. Further, by floating the line on the surface it was possible to reduce drag to an even greater degree, because the line could be flipped upstream when it developed a curve or "belly" as a result of the force of the current. This procedure became known in angling terminology as "mending" the cast. Wood's discovery simplified the taking of salmon during the summer when the rivers were low and clear and the salmon wary.

While Wood was carrying out his experiments with the greased line, and dry flies

were being dropped with greater frequency over the unsuspecting salmon, changes were also being wrought in the salmon rod. The heavy, cumbersome, 16- and 18-foot greenheart rods favored by grandfather began shrinking in length and weight. Some of the long, two-handed rods are still in use on many of the wide, fast salmon rivers of Scotland, Ireland and Norway, but they have become a real rarity on this continent.

Greenheart has given way to the shorter split bamboo rod, which offers a sharper, cleaner action and greater strength and flexibility for its weight. Today it is unusual to see an angler with a 12-foot rod on Canadian rivers, and the average rod is the 9½-footer scaling from seven to nine ounces, which the angler of only a half century ago would have considered a bit light for trout fishing. In Europe the heavy two-hander still enjoys favor among the anglers who turn in desperation to the prawn when the fly is impractical. Such anglers, however, usually assume the same sheepish air exhibited by those trout fishermen who sneak behind bushes to impale worms on hooks. The light salmon rod was designed for casting the fly, and it has neither the length nor the backbone required to heave a prawn any distance. (Also, of course, the angler caught fishing with a prawn on a Canadian river would be given an opportunity to "rest" his pool while he made a trip to the nearest magistrate.)

The light nine-foot rod normally can handle enough line to put a fly near any salmon on the East Coast rivers. If the river is unusually broad, the angler can always find a man with a boat. Based on the size of the average salmon, which is only 15 pounds, the light rod is adequate except under extremely heavy water conditions.

The novice might find it rather difficult to handle a 50-pounder on an eight-ounce rod, but fish of that weight are so scarce that he need have little fear on that score. The largest Atlantic salmon ever taken on rod and reel was the 79-pound two-ounce fish caught on the Tanaelvi River in Norway in 1928. This salmon exceeded by more than 20 pounds the largest fish taken from a North American river, but was dwarfed by the giant reputedly netted on the Devon River in Scotland. This monster tipped the scales at 103 pounds two ounces.

It is interesting to imagine what it would be like to hook a salmon that large. The average angler probably would take one look, then run for the safety of the shore.

Less than 20 years ago, salmon fishing was a sport limited almost exclusively to those in the higher-income brackets. Today you will find mechanics, clerks, plumbers and bus drivers making annual pilgrimages to scores of rivers between the St. John and the Humber. They will not be dropping their flies on the Restigouche, nor yet on the exclusive Jupiter, but there are plenty of open rivers where the pools are many and large, and the salmon await the fly. For in 1951 there is no barrier of border or income—if you want to catch salmon. THE END

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

ing industries at all, but to the inhabitants of Los Angeles themselves. The Stanford Research fellows, ably assisted by Mr. Silverman, are now trying to find out how the people of Los Angeles manage daily, and practically unassisted, to breathe 4,000,000 pounds of formaldehyde, ammonia, sulphur dioxide, organic peroxide, a variety of acids and other smog components into the air they breathe in again. Until they report, we shall have no more to say on the subject.

★ ★ ★

While you are doing whatever it was you had in mind to do when interrupted, we pause to bow with respect to Mr. Clarence Bjoin, of Stoughton, Wisconsin. Mr. Bjoin is a truck driver, a large one weighing 253 pounds. Five years ago, Clarence Bjoin's mother was very ill in the hospital. He visited her daily. Walking the hospital halls, he noticed many rooms wherein patients were lying alone, although it was the visiting hour. When his mother recovered, he still thought of those lonely patients. He began then, and has kept it up ever since, to visit patients who seem to have no friends. "Ah, I don't know," says Mr. Bjoin, "I just go in and introduce myself, tell 'em they're looking good. They want to talk to somebody. Ah, I don't know. Makes 'em feel better to get things off their chests. I don't know if you've ever been sick and—well, you know—kinda lonesome. I go over two nights a week. Maybe see maybe a dozen a night. Tell 'em what's going on. Cheer 'em up. Ah, I don't know. Makes me feel good, too. Kinda feel bad if I have to miss a night. Good many of them are old folks—you know, sort of alone and think maybe folks have forgotten them. You know. Sort of introduce myself and maybe kid them a little. Some of them been in there a long time and seem to be waiting to see me. Ah, you know." Yeah, Clarence, we know. We know, for example, that you're a hell of a good guy.

★ ★ ★

Our Washington ear was strolling through the State Department when he beheld a Nebraskan farmer being introduced to a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman who was wearing a Homburg hat, a black double-breasted coat, striped trousers and spats. He also carried a brief case. A pretty superior person. Said the Nebraskan to his congressman, who had made the introduction: "What did you say his name was? Didn't catch it." Whereat the congressman explained that the gentleman was

one of the government's experts who were looking into the agricultural potentials of Western Europe. The Nebraskan visitor looked deeply impressed. "Purtiest farmer I ever did see," he said admiringly. "Where's he going now, to church?"

★ ★ ★

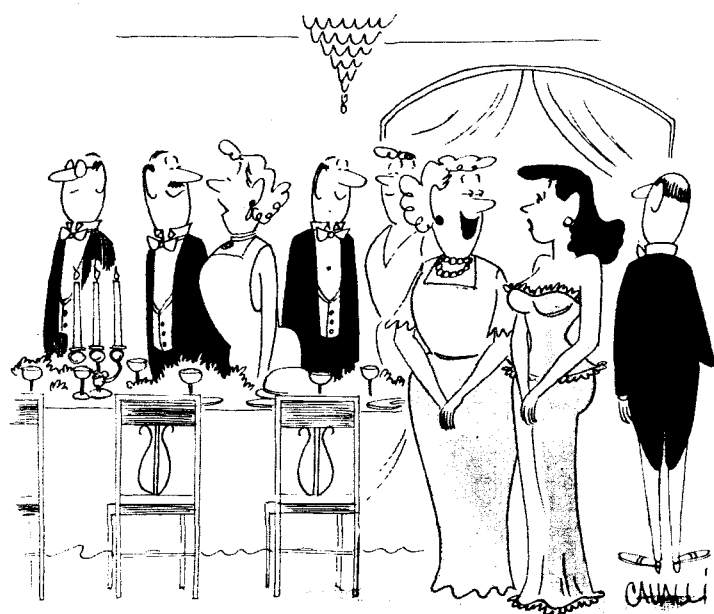
We've just heard from a couple of soldiers in Camp Atterbury, Indiana, and they're not happy. It's about the Army's new portable bathing machine being tried out preparatory to being wafted overseas to Korea. To be as brief as possible, the lads are bitterly opposed to being interrupted, while they're defending their country, by a sergeant and his squad who insist on washing them. "When I'm fighting, I'm fighting," says one of the GIs. "When I'm taking a bath, I'm taking a bath. Either way I don't want any sweet-smelling Joe from back at Army headquarters helping me. The first guy to play that hose on me better be bulletproof."

★ ★ ★

Just received 12 letters from official Washington. On the upper left corner of each envelope were the old familiar words: Penalty for Private Use to Avoid Payment of Postage Three Hundred Dollars. You know. We opened two of them before dropping the whole dozen gently into the wastebasket. It was merely a coincidence, we repeat, that immediately thereafter we saw in our newspaper that the groggy American Taxpayer, sometimes known as Old Iron Chin, shells out \$75,000,000 a year to make it possible thus to keep your wastebasket nice and full.

★ ★ ★

Don't know whether you know it or not but there's a roller skate shortage... Friend of ours walked into a Miami drugstore and saw proprietor hypnotizing customers. Friend of ours walked right out again... Pittsburgh man in need of quick cash wants to sell his automobile. Runs fine. He bought it in 1911... Someday we're going to read a Georgia newspaper in which there is not one account of a raided still, but we doubt it... And while Dr. Paul E. Sabine, director of the Riverbank Laboratories, Geneva, Illinois, says it more politely and scientifically, he makes it clear that if we'd all shut up for a while (and that means you too, Senator) the health of this country would be greatly improved. Dr. Sabine has been conducting researches into unnecessary noises... We take the hint.



"The man who'll sit on your left likes outdoor sports. You'll soon find out what the other one likes"

COLLIER'S

DICK CAVALLI



THAT'S RIGHT—when you see a KLIKIT fastened garment, buy it. You'll know it is fine quality—because America's finest manufacturers insist on and use only KLIKITS. The Dependable... Guaranteed... Truly Laundry-proof snap fastener. They're a "premium" top flight designers give you at no extra cost. Pick the garments you buy with KLIKIT snap fasteners—your assurance of top quality.

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WON'T RUST! WON'T BREAK! WON'T BEND!**



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A product of RAU FASTENER Co., Providence 7, R. I.



WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

She observed that we both had twists of lemon instead of olives in our Martinis

It's A Big World!

By RALF KIRCHER

Here are some comebacks for those people who
keep remarking that it's a small world, after all

EACH spring I brood a good deal about what I'll say when people begin to inquire whether it is warm enough for me, and each year I resolve to think up some crushing answer for this foolish question but, what with one thing and another, I don't get around to it and so I just stay grouchy all summer, which I don't think is very good for me.

There is a similar problem, however, that I have recently solved, thanks to a world atlas and a lively imagination. When people now ask whether I don't think it is a small world I am ready for them. Already, I have settled the hash of several.

"Isn't it a small world, after all?" is the way the question is generally put.

"After all what?" is one peevish answer that gives them a good deal of pause, though that is not the only way to make folks wish they had asked me something else.

For example, I had lunch with a friend last Monday and then encountered him on Tuesday in the Union Terminal at Cincinnati. Nothing odd about that. We both happened to be in Cincinnati and we both turned up at the station. But my friend was completely thunderstruck by this poor coincidence and pumped my hand and slapped my back as though we had not seen each other since the Panic of 1907. He then made the inevitable inquiry: Did I not agree that it's a mighty small world, after all?

"Isn't it though?" I replied. "Only 8,000 miles thick."

This quick thrust missed him.

"What do you mean? What's 8,000 miles thick?"

"This small world," I replied, warming to the topic. "If you were to start digging right here, or out there on the esplanade where the digging would be easier, and you shoveled down, you would have to dig a mere 8,000 miles before you emerged on the other side. Surely one could ask for nothing smaller than that. And incidentally, you might be interested to learn that such an excavation would fetch you out in a rice paddy near Mingkiang, a rather backward little village in the Honan Province of China."

My friend regarded me uncertainly, mumbled something about catching a train, and backed away. I expect no more small world trouble from that direction.

Have you noticed that it takes very little to excite this comment from the most rational of people? The recent discovery that a neighbor and I have uncles named Horace produced it. He stood in silent awe for a moment and then, shaking his head over so monumental a coincidence, said that this beat anything he ever heard—it did indeed!—and that surely no other proof was needed of the smallness of the world.

I told him he was right; no further testimony

need apply. I then observed that the world weighed a scant 854 trillion long tons (I invented that figure, but regard it as close enough), and also that a recent survey made by the American Uncle Institute revealed that if all the Uncle Horaces in the nation were placed end to end they would reach from Allagash, Maine, to Shungopavy, Arizona, a mere walk-around-the-block of 3,186 miles. I also said that I had been reading a scientific article proving that the earth, in its headlong whirl through space, was losing weight at the rate of 200 pounds per minute and that, with the earth getting smaller and smaller, we might confidently anticipate the day when it becomes so small that *all* uncles will be named Horace.

I waited to see whether he wished to continue the conversation but he elected not to do so. I doubt that he will ever broach the subject again.

Let it be learned that you and a friend have a mutual acquaintance in Chicago, that you both have insomnia, dislike chives on your cottage cheese, have driven to Florida on Route 21—any such simple discovery will provoke an excited comment about the smallness of the world. I cite as a final example the pretty young thing I recently encountered at a cocktail party. She observed that we both had twists of lemon instead of olives in our Martinis. She needed no further encouragement. Wasn't it a small world?

"You said it, blondie," I replied. "Only 14,921 miles from Panama Roads to Bombay."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, beautiful, that the Pacific Ocean is a scant eight miles deep east of the Philippines."

"But—"

"Not but, dear. It is pronounced Butte and it's in Montana which, oddly enough, is a mere stone's throw of 17,894 kilometers from Farafangana, the so-called Riviera of Madagascar."

She began to back away, so I stalked her.

"And speaking of this small world, baby, you must surely be taking into account the molehill known as Mt. Everest which is a piffling 29,141 feet high. Gives one pause, doesn't it?"

She was beginning to panic. "I only said—"

"I heard you, darling. You said it's a small world and not every girl would be so observing. On top of that you are cute as a button. Tell you what. We must discuss this matter further, you and I. Tomorrow at one-thirty you run into me—just accidental like—at Forty-eighth and Madison, and you'll say to me 'My! It certainly is a small world, isn't it?' and I'll say to you 'Toots, you took the words right out of my mouth' and then we'll—"

But she fled and, pleading a migraine, slipped into her marten stole and left. My Martini having evaporated I got another one. With lemon. It looked so good that I proposed a toast to no one in particular. "Here's to a big world, folks!" I said loudly.

THE END



She began backing away, so I stalked her

Collier's for June 9, 1951

How to prepare for unexpected callers



THE DOORBELL RINGS. It may be friends, dropping in for a visit. Or, you may open the door on the unexpected, and find yourself facing a gun.

The "doorbell" technique has long been a favorite with holdup men. It catches you off guard, makes you, your family and guests easy prey for robbery.

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Talk Their Ears Off

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

man jumped into his car and started it up. "I ain't leaving that geedus for somebody else to rook him out of," he declared. "I'm coming back here with something to sell him, I don't care what it is!"

After he had driven away, Old Bug came out and started letting the air out of his car tires. Roy and I stood there and watched him funnel Goomahtah into the valves; then we helped him pump the tires back up again. "Boys," he said, "I'm mighty tickled to get ahold of this Goomahtah. It's just what folks need out on the back roads."

Seeing Old Bug was feeling good, Roy spoke up. "About them hedgehogs," he said. "There's a fifty-cent bounty on them, and—"

"There is?" Old Bug said, looking around and cocking one eye at us. "Well, then, just give me a dollar, boys, and go ahead and kill off a pair. Only kill the doe-hogs, though. I want to save the buck to breed."

"But," I said, "we figured you'd be glad to get rid of those hedgehogs. We kind of counted on keeping the bounty ourselves."

Old Bug gave me a funny look. "You keep the bounty for my hedgehogs I raised myself?" he said. "You boys must take me for some kind of a damned fool."

AFTER Old Bug had started off on his trip, Roy and I walked home, talking it over. I said to Roy, "I don't think Old Bug took us serious on those hedgehogs. The way I figure it, we'd be doing him a favor."

Roy said, "I don't think he'd mind much if we sneaked in and killed off a few while he was away. Not if he didn't know nothing about it."

We decided we would try it that afternoon. Old Bug's orchard was right behind the store. There was a high fence all around it, and the only way to get in was through the gate, in plain sight of the store. We figured we could get in there and kill a dozen or so before Old Bug got back. All you need to kill a hedgehog, of course, is a rock or a club.

We went down to the store in the middle of the afternoon, planning to sneak into the orchard when Mrs. Bug wasn't looking. We hadn't more than got to the store when the Goomahtah man came slewing into the yard. He jumped out, eager as ever, and started taking boxes out of his car and piling them on the piazza. Roy and I stood there peering at those boxes. ROOMAHTAH ENDS RHEUMATIC TROUBLES, it said on them.

"That old jasper sure ought to go for this stuff," the Goomahtah man was saying to himself, his black eyes darting around. "He's about a hundred and eight years old, and prob'ly's had rheumatism the last sixty years of it."

Roy spoke up then. "Old Bug ain't home," he said. "He went off peddling on the back roads."

"All the better," the Goomahtah man said, rubbing his hands together. "I'll get my fingers on that can of geedus all the quicker."

There was a titter from the doorway at that, and Mrs. Bug peeked out. "Well, here you are again," she said, rolling her eyes and smiling. "I thought you was mad, the way you went off this morning."

The Goomahtah man squinted up at her a second; then he picked up a can of Roomahtah and walked into the store. "Madam," we heard him say, "did you ever suffer from rheumatic pains, neuralgia, or arthur-itis? Ever laid awake nights bothered with muscle cramps, swollen, aching joints? Wake up in the morning so stiff and sore you couldn't get up out of your bed? If you have, you'd ought to try Roomahtah. Now, this wonder-working compound—"

Roy and I should have hit into the orchard, but something made us stay listening. That Goomahtah man started off strong. He talked fast and furious for about three minutes before he stopped to take a

breath; but when he did stop, Mrs. Bug began tittering and talking. "I don't know what I'd do if it wasn't for salesmen stopping in here," she said. "Specially on days when Mr. Bugbee is away, like now."

The Goomahtah man took it from there, going right ahead with his sales talk. But every time he stopped for breath, Mrs. Bug would laugh or titter and start talking herself. And after this had gone on for a while, I noticed the Goomahtah man's voice beginning to tighten up, sort of. Pretty soon he was getting mixed up in what he was saying; then he was just spitting and sputtering. And finally his voice just stopped dead. The next thing Roy and I knew, he came stamping out of the store, letting the screen door slam behind him. He was red in the face, and sweat was pouring down his forehead.

"That damned fool woman don't pay any attention at all to what I'm saying to her," he declared, talking to himself. He was so mad he started kicking the Roomahtah boxes off the piazza. "I thought she would be easier to sell to than the old jasper," he said, "but she don't pay no attention at all to a hot sales talk." The Goomahtah man was so upset he didn't even notice Roy and me. "I might as well go sell neckties in a nudist camp as try and foist off any Roomahtah on her," he said.

Then suddenly he snapped his fingers, and his black eyes began darting all over. He turned to the door, eager again, rubbing his hands together. "There is only one thing that woman is interested in," he said, nodding his head up and down, "and if I have got to sell it to her in order to get into that can of geedus, I'll do it!"

Then he stamped back into the store. Roy and I looked at each other. Inside, Mrs. Bug was tittering and talking again, and the Goomahtah man was going some himself. Between the two of them, you couldn't tell what either of them was talking about. I said to Roy, "What do you suppose he had in mind when he went back in that store? He ain't got anything to sell, as far as I can see, only that Roomahtah he kicked off the piazza."

"Whatever he's selling," Roy said, "he'll prob'ly keep Mrs. Bug busy till we can get in that orchard and kill off some of them hedgehogs. So we better get started."

Roy and I didn't have any luck, I'll tell you that right now. We sneaked in the gate and went down through the orchard, creeping along quietly. We didn't see a single hedgehog. Down at the far end we squatted behind a dead tree and waited half an hour, hoping some of them would come out and start chewing on Old Bug's apple trees. Not a one showed up.

FINALLY Roy stood up, disgusted. "We are just wasting our time coming here this time of day," he said. "Come to think of it, you don't ever see hedgehogs out chewing on trees till about sundown or after."

We were pretty discouraged. "Roy," I said, "Old Bug usually gets back home about sundown. He spends all evening sitting out there on the piazza, right where he can watch that orchard gate."

Roy shook his head. "It looks like we're licked," he said, "unless we can talk Old Bug into letting us come in and kill these hedgehogs off after sundown."

We went back to the gate, not saying anything. It wasn't till we were there that we remembered the Goomahtah man. His car was still parked by the store, and we could hear him inside, still talking away. Mrs. Bug was still tittering too, but she was tittering in a different way, it seemed to me.

Roy and I stood at the gate, listening. What we heard made us look at each other, wondering. "It sounds like he's wearing down her resistance," Roy said, worried. "She ain't tittering so much as she is crying, it sounds like."

I began to get nervous. "I wish Old Bug

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would hurry up and get back," I said to Roy. "The way that salesman is acting, he ain't going to stop at anything to get his hands in that can of money. It looks suspicious to me," I said; "him giving her such a sales talk, without having anything in there to sell."

Roy and I were trying to make up our minds to walk right in the store and find out what was going on. We were getting scared of what that Goomahtah man might be up to. And then something happened that made us forget him for a while. There was a clawing and scratching in the apple tree above us, and suddenly a loud thump sounded at our feet. We stood there staring down at a big fat old hedgehog, and he stood staring at us. The way he was raising the long, white-tipped quills on his back, he looked to stand a foot and a half high. He was switching his quilly tail back and forth, and showing his long yellow teeth.

I guess that hedgehog got us figured out before we got him figured out; he turned and started right out through the gate, heading for the main road. "Head him off!" Roy shouted at me. "Head him off while I get ahold of something to hit him with!"

Roy ran over in Old Bug's back yard looking for a stick or a rock, and I took after the hedgehog. I ran around to head him off, but when he saw me he reared up on his hind legs, chattering his teeth, and made a jump. I got out of his way fast. "Hurry up, Roy!" I yelled. "He's heading for the road, and I can't stop him!"

Roy was running around in circles, looking for a club or something. "I can't find anything here big enough!" he yelled.

ROY and I were running around there, and the hedgehog was jumping through the tall grass, heading for the main road when the store door opened and out came the Goomahtah man. He had a suitcase in his hand, and his black eyes were darting everywhere. "Hurry up! Hurry up!" he was shouting. Then Mrs. Bug came running out. Roy and I stood there gaping; we had never seen Mrs. Bug with a hat on before, for one thing. It wasn't till she and the Goomahtah man were almost to the car that we noticed what she was carrying in her arms. It was all wrapped up in a shawl, but we knew what it was: Old Bug's money can!

"Jeepers!" Roy said, his eyes popping. "I knew that Goomahtah man was selling her something!"

The Goomahtah man was trying to hurry Mrs. Bug along. "Let's get moving before the old jasper shows up," he was saying. "He may be a hundred and ten years old, but he's got a bad eye on him!"

I couldn't say a word; all I could think of was how Old Bug would feel when he got back home after his hard trip and found Mrs. Bug gone and no supper waiting for him, to say nothing of finding his tobacco can full of money missing. I knew Roy and I ought to do something to stop what was going on, but I couldn't think of what.

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Bug was saying, tittering and crying at the same time. "I know I ought not to be doing this." She saw Roy and me standing there as the Goomahtah man was pushing her into the car. "Boys," she called out, "tell Mr. Bugbee I'm sorry I done it."

THE Goomahtah man jumped into the car beside her and started the engine. He let out the clutch, and the car jumped, and something went *bam!* The Goomahtah man started swearing. He let out the clutch again, and the car jumped, and again something went *bam!*

Roy and I looked at each other. Roy said, "That sounded just like a blowout to me." We started for the car to see.

The Goomahtah man let out his clutch again, and the car jumped ahead about a foot and stalled on him. Just then Mrs. Bug let out a screech. "Here he comes! Here comes Mr. Bugbee!"

Roy and I looked up the road. Sure enough, there was Old Bug's car bearing down on us, roaring wide open. Old Bug was blowing his horn and hollering. The Goomahtah man, kicking at the pedals and darting his eyes up the road, was trying to get his car going, but it just jumped again and stalled. He was getting out to see what was the trouble when Old Bug slowed to a stop and came running over.

"It's a lucky thing I got here in time," Old Bug was saying, all excited. "That Goomahtah sold like hot cakes out on the back roads. It's the first time all summer that I made the trip without having a blow-out myself. I want to order up another three dozen cartoons, and—"

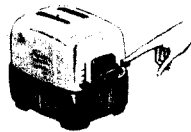
All the time Old Bug was talking, the Goomahtah man was running around his car, trying to find out what was holding it back. Suddenly he started kicking at something under the car. He was so excited he didn't know what he was saying. "Ought to have you arrested!" he shouted at Old



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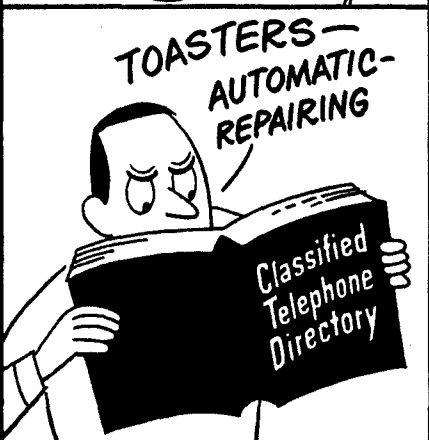
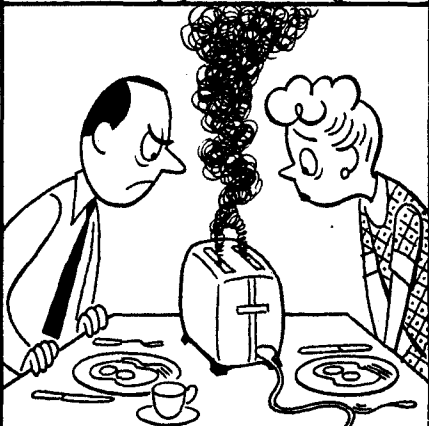


"So now my worries are your worries.
Well, some blonde in Baltimore is
suing us for breach of promise!"

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Bug. "Anybody that would allow wild hedgepigs to run loose on their premises!"

Roy and I and Old Bug stood gaping to see that fat old hedgehog come switching and chattering out from under the car. It wasn't till the Goomahtah man had leaped over it and into the car that Old Bug glanced up and found himself looking at Mrs. Bug. He stared at her, and she at him. All of a sudden his chin shot out, and he let out a roar. "What in damnation," he yelled at the Goomahtah man, "is my wife doing setting in your car with that hat on her head?"

He reached out for the door handle just as the Goomahtah man stepped on the gas and shot forward. Mrs. Bug opened up her mouth and screamed. "He pestered me and pestered me!" she called back. "I didn't know what I was doing when I done it."

Things were happening so fast I couldn't keep track of them. Old Bug stood there roaring, but the car was twenty yards away and going faster all the time. Mrs. Bug, hugging the tobacco can to her, was crying, "I changed my mind! I want out!" And the Goomahtah man, yelling at Mrs. Bug, was trying to hold her in with one hand and steer with the other.

I guess that Goomahtah man would have got away all right if Old Bug hadn't acted quicker than he knew how. When he saw he couldn't stop that car by roaring, he whirled and, quick as a flash, booted over the chattering hedgehog, grabbed it by one hind leg, and flung it. That hedgehog sailed through the air, end over end, heading true for the car window, and disappeared inside.

That ended the ride. The Goomahtah man shrieked and let go the wheel. Even before the car ran into the tree by the roadside, he was out of it, hollering and yelling, shaking himself and jumping up and down, trying to get that clawing hedgehog off his neck. Mrs. Bug, still hugging the tobacco can, suitcase in her hand, ran for the store.

By the time the hedgehog dropped to the ground, Old Bug had that man right by the nape of the neck. "You damned c'tempt'ble skunk!" Old Bug roared. "It is bad enough, pestering my wife into eloping off with you! But when you try and foist off stuff that is nothing but a fake and a fraud on me, that is going too far!"

Old Bug, gripping that man by the neck, was pointing straight at the two near tires of the car. Both those tires were flat as pannycakes. "You miserable scoundrel!" Bug shouted. "You told me you treated them tires with Goomahtah, but it didn't take only a few hedgehog quills to blow them out!"

The Goomahtah man was shaking and trembling. His mouth was opening and closing, just from habit, but nothing was coming out of it but bubbles. Old Bug snapped, "You fork back over the money I paid you for that no-good Goomahtah, or I'll break every bone in your miserable body!"

THE Goomahtah man's black eyes were darting everywhere, and he was trying to say something, but he couldn't do it. Finally he got his billfold out, his two hands shaking, and started counting money into Old Bug's outstretched palm. As soon as Old Bug let go his neck, he jumped into the car and backed out into the road. I never saw a man look so scared and so mad at the same time. It wasn't till he had got started down the road that he was able to get out what he had been trying to say.

"You damned foolish old rube!" he croaked at Bug, sticking his head out the car window. "Do you think I'm crazy enough to put that stuff in my own car tires?"

Old Bug stood shaking his fist in the road till the Goomahtah man's car, its two flat tires humping and bumping, disappeared around the bend. Then he turned, breathing hard, and walked back to his own old car. Bug's chin was out and he looked pretty grim; but there was kind of a satisfied look on his face too.

He pulled a big roll of bills out of his

pants pocket and added those he had got from the Goomahtah man. He was walking around his car, kicking at the tires. "That Goomahtah worked all right for me out on the back roads," he was saying. "I been driving nails and spikes in these tires all day, showing my customers how it works." He looked back down the road where you could still hear the Goomahtah man's flat tires bumping in the distance. "If that damned fool had put a little Goomahtah in his tires," Bug said, "he'd have more to show for all the talking he's done today."

Then Old Bug turned slowly toward the store. Up on the piazza Mrs. Bug was sitting in the rocking chair, rocking back and forth as fast as she could. When Old Bug looked up at her, she opened up her mouth and commenced to cry. "You know how lonesome I get, daytimes, in the store," she sobbed. "You know how them salesmen are always pestering me. Sometimes I get so lonesome I don't know what I'm doing."

Old Bug stood looking at her, and after a minute his face kind of softened. "I know, I know," he said, shaking his head. "A man can't leave his wife a minute, in a business like this, without some fool coming along and pestering her." Then Old Bug said, "Hereafter, when I go on my back-roads trip, I'll close up the store and you can come along with me. You'll enjoy the scenery," he said, "and I won't have to hurry so to get back home before sundown."

Mrs. Bug stopped rocking and got up and ran in the house. I couldn't tell if she was tittering or crying when she disappeared through the door. Roy and I were looking at each other, both thinking the same thing: If Old Bug didn't get back till after sundown, we'd have a chance to get into his apple orchard and kill off those hedgehogs.

But Old Bug was studying us, his eyes squinted up, and I made a guess he knew what Roy and I were thinking. He walked over to where the hedgehog lay, dead now after all it had been through, and stood looking down at it, rolling it gently back and forth with his foot. "Boys," he said finally, "maybe it would be just as well if you did kill off some of them hedgehogs in my orchard." He squinted back over toward the orchard gate and then back at us. "There was forty-seven of them, the last count I made," he said. "You go ahead and kill off what you can, and I'll split the bounty with you, half and half."

ROY and I looked at each other; it sounded like a good proposition. "All right," Roy said. "We'll do it."

"Good," Old Bug said. He started toward the store, but turned around again, cocking his eye at us. "Just one thing, boys," he said. "Be sure and only kill the doe-hogs. There's only one buck in the herd, and I want to save him for breeding."

Roy and I carried the dead hedgehog down to the dump by the river, each of us holding a hind leg. I stood there while Roy got out his knife and cut off the hedgehog's ears for the state bounty. There was one thing that bothered me. "Roy," I said, "how are we going to tell the doe-hogs from the buck before we kill them?"

Roy rolled the hedgehog over on its back with his foot. Then he took it by the two hind legs and started swinging it back and forth, and then finally let it go sailing in a long curve out over the dump. It landed with a thump on the old junk and tin cans and stuff. "We ain't got to worry about that, I guess," Roy said.

I looked at Roy. "What do you mean by that, Roy?" I said.

Roy nodded his head toward the dump. "That was him," he said. THE END

SISTER



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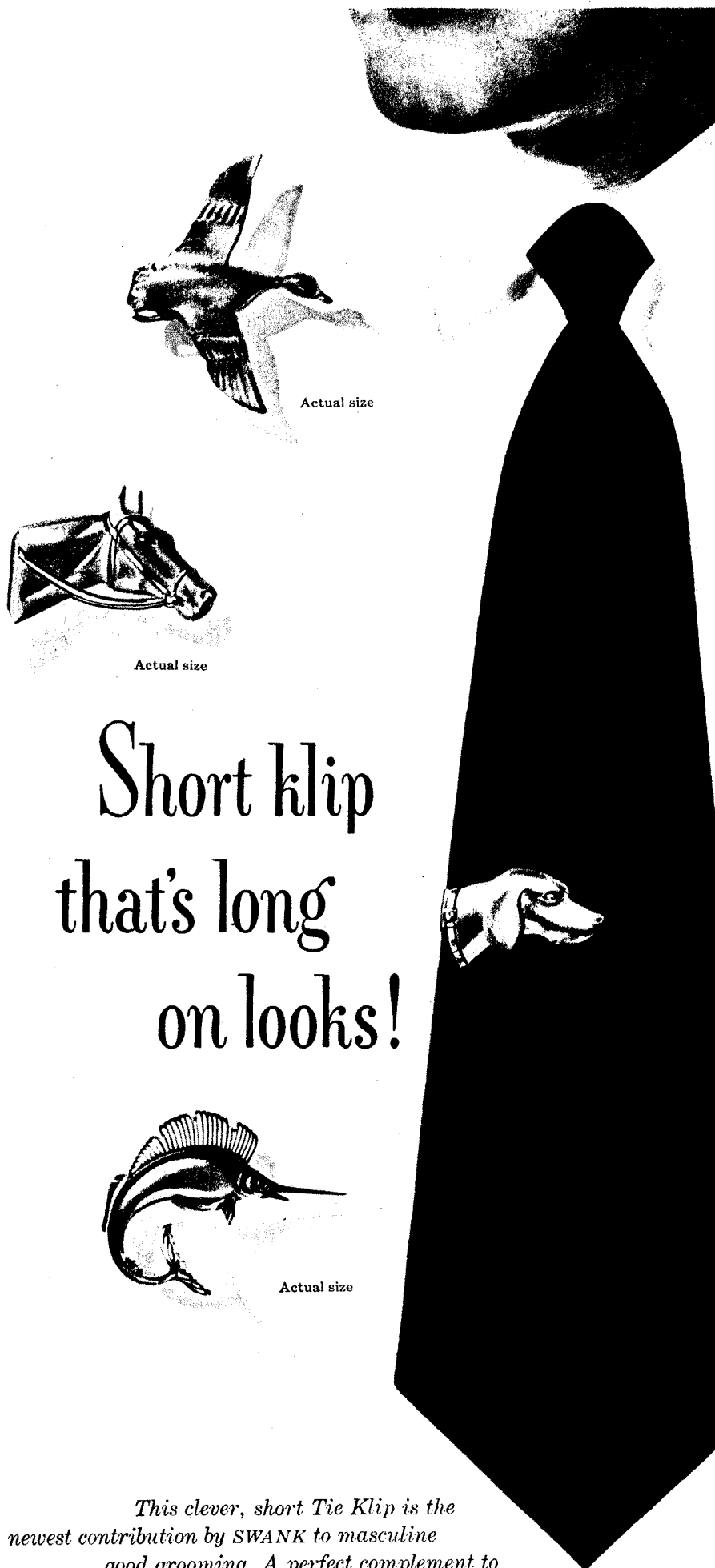
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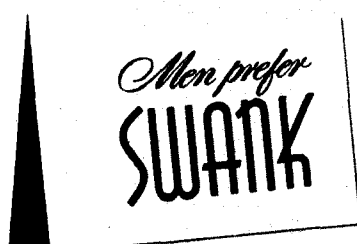
The Love Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32



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"She's really a wonderful person, not at all like what I imagine you're thinking."

"You know me better than that. I wasn't thinking anything of the kind."

"I want you to meet her, Jeff. What about dinner tonight?"

"That would be fine with me."

"You'll like Judy. She's no flighty young thing. She's quite mature."

"How do she and Carol get along?"

"Oh, beautifully; at least they will once they get better acquainted. Why don't you meet us at the Plaza at six thirty?"

Jeff nodded, and Thornton walked to the door with him. "It's the best thing that could have happened to me, Jeff. I feel twenty years younger."

"Well, that must be almost as nice as being twenty years younger."

Thornton closed the door behind Jeff, grateful for the gentle tact which had made him avoid any mention of Stella.

WHEN Thornton entered the rehearsal studio late that afternoon, Judy was on stage with an aged comedian whom television had resurrected. The stage was cluttered with racks of folding chairs, cables, lights and cameras. Judy nodded and smiled as Thornton sat down beside the producer's wife, a plump, rather dowdy woman still trying to grasp the fact of her husband's new television prosperity.

"I saw him when I was a little girl," the producer's wife said, nodding at the comedian. "He played Keith's every year. Had the same act all the time; never changed it."

Thornton wasn't listening. He was watching Judy dance away from the comedian.

"He had a piano that came all to pieces and a trained duck," the producer's wife said.

This, Thornton thought as he watched the stage, is what I was meant to do. I do it well, and Judy is a part of it. We can work together. It's what I've needed ever since I lost Kay, only I didn't realize it.

The producer's wife raised her voice. "I said: Do you know how they train a duck?"

"No, I'm sorry."

In business, he imagined himself telling Jeff, a man can be old at thirty-five, but in the theater the age thing is different. Age is a relative matter, depending more on the kind of life you've lived than on the number of years. Judy, for instance, is only a few years older than Carol in terms of time, but in terms of experience—

Thornton shook his head, sensing the futility of trying to make Jeff understand something which lay so far beyond his grasp. Jeff's life had been all of a piece, a life built upon the fixed certainties of his business, his politics and his religion, the basic tenets of which he had never thought of questioning. He was like an actor who had played only one role. Thornton had played a hundred roles, and felt himself capable of playing a hundred more.

"I guess if you get one early," the producer's wife said.

"What?"

"A duck. You probably have to train them when they're young."

"Yes, I'm sure you do."

The producer's wife reached back to touch her new mink coat, as though to reassure herself of its reality. Thornton began to edge away toward the steps leading to the wings.

"I thought he'd been dead for twenty years," the producer's wife said.

Thornton moved more quickly and got away from her.

"Are you going to buy me a nice dinner?" Judy said when he met her in the wings.

"The Plaza."

Judy noticed the expression of annoyance on his face, and when she asked him what the trouble was, he said, "That awful woman."

Judy laughed. "Oh, Emmy. What was she doing—telling you how much money Milt made last month?"

"I didn't listen. Something about ducks. I think she trains them."

In the cab, on the way to the Plaza, Thornton told her about Jeff, and she said, "Oh, so now it comes out. That's what really upset you, isn't it?"

"Well, a little."

"But, darling, we've been through all that. You can't go back to that real-estate routine. You know it as well as I do."

She settled comfortably against him, and his glance fell on the cabdriver's license. "Oh, a funny thing happened after I left you last night," he said, and by the time they got to the Plaza she had sketched out a rough outline of The Cabby Caper. They were laughing and swinging hands like children in the sun.

Carol, curled on the window seat in Bill's apartment, watched the lights come on in the apartments across the street. Bill had left to attend to some agency business which would, he'd told her, take only half an hour. He'd been gone nearly three hours.

It would be like being married to a doctor, Carol thought, glancing at her watch again; except a doctor was called away to help people who were sick, and Bill's job was to run errands for the agency's top clients.

No, she thought, suddenly defensive, it's more than that, and besides he'll have his own agency eventually, or he'll get to be a partner, or anyway head of the talent department.

The telephone rang and she didn't answer it. She was surprised at how long an unanswered telephone rings.

I'll wait fifteen minutes more, she decided, and when Bill arrived, nearly an hour later, she was asleep on the couch. She roused up, and then she saw the pain in his twisted face. She sprang up, shocked into full awakening. "Bill, what's . . ."

He slumped down in the overstuffed chair across the room from her, rubbing the palms of his hands across his face. "Every time it happens I tell myself I'm going to quit, but I don't. I just get drunk."

CAROL moved softly across the room and leaned over his chair, her arm around his shoulder. "Now what's the trouble, darling?"

"Gwen's in town. Blew in this afternoon with her latest, some guy from Oklahoma. They wanted to see a new musical that opens tonight, so Gwen called Sam at the office, and Sam called me and told me to get them a pair of house seats."

"Just because Gwen and her husband—"

"I don't remember saying husband."

"But even so."

"It wasn't only the tickets, it was the way they ordered me around, like a bellhop. I had to do everything but wipe their noses."

"It won't be much longer, darling. Once you get your own agency—"

"I'll never have my own agency and you know it." He pushed past her to the bar, and poured himself a straight drink. "That's the difference between us—one of the differences, anyway. You're young enough to keep hoping something big's going to happen any minute and I'm old enough to know it won't."

Carol slid down into the big chair. "When was the last time you saw Gwen?"

"Gwen's got nothing to do with it." He lighted a cigarette, crossed restlessly to the window overlooking the river, and spoke with his back to her. "No, maybe she does, at that. Every time I see you I see Gwen eight years ago, when she was just as young and almost as pretty, and—honey, it wouldn't work—never in a million years."

"We could make it work, Bill."

"Look, I'm paid to go to parties, pick up night-club tabs, be a charming drinker. That's my job, and where does it leave you? Are you going to sit home and knit gin-bottle covers while I'm out on the town? And

Collier's for June 9, 1951

if you went with me, how long do you think it'd be before you were a candidate for Alcoholics Anonymous?"

"We could work things out somehow. Other people do."

"You've got the ballplayer waiting for you, a nice kid your own age."

"I could never marry Dick, not now. I've changed. You've said so yourself."

"Sure, that's just what I mean." He turned toward her with the look of a man who has been supporting himself by selling his family treasure a piece at a time until there is nothing left to sell, a man trapped in a vast emptiness of his own making. "You'd keep on changing and then you'd be right where I am now, the dead end."

"It wouldn't matter, Bill. We'd be together."

He came toward her, smiling uncertainly, trying to regain something of the careless charm of their first days together. "Why don't you go back home with Stella? Marry your ballplayer, and sometimes on long winter evenings maybe you'll give a moment's thought to old Uncle Bill. You might even knit a muffler and send it to me at the Old Agents Home."

She got up from the chair and stood waiting for him. "Please, Bill, it isn't funny to me."

"Me, either." And his arms were around her, and it seemed all right, although nothing had been settled; everything had just been put off.

THORNTON and Judy, after dinner at the Plaza, drove up to Connecticut. The drive was Judy's idea, something to distract him from the stupid incident which, like so many small disasters, had occurred under the most natural and unforeseeable circumstances. The dinner had gone well, Judy overwhelming Jeff with charm, and as they were drinking their coffee, a woman came over to their table and introduced herself to Thornton. It was something that had happened before, happened a hundred times, but this woman, after the conventional compliments and the standard embarrassed request for his autograph, "for my daughter," had turned to Judy and said, "You must be very proud of your father."

"It was just one of those things," Judy said.

Thornton sat huddled in his corner of the small convertible. "It'll keep on happening," he said.

Judy shrugged and stepped the car up to fifty-five. She drove, as she did everything else, with a casual confidence as though it were an inherited rather than an acquired skill. She sang the same way.

"I keep wondering what Jeff thought," Thornton said.

"What does it matter?" Judy turned on the car radio, and pressed button after button until she found a program of dance

records. Always, it seemed to Thornton, she had a radio or a phonograph going somewhere close by, the melodic trash affecting her like chain smoking.

"I felt like a fool," Thornton said. "Now, darling, just because some blundering old dame—"

"But that's how we look to other people." "It isn't how we look, it's how we feel when we're together." She began to hum the chorus of a song from the Hoover era. "I love this one. A real oldie."

The "real oldie" was a song Thornton and Kay had heard Bing Crosby introduce over twenty years ago. It was not, in Thornton's depressed mood, pleasurable to reflect that at the time he and Kay had first listened to the oldie, Judy was probably just learning to walk.

"Let's stop by Sam's for a drink," Judy suggested. "It'll do us good, know what I mean?" Thornton nodded, smiling at the way she had managed to catch Sam's inflection so accurately.

Sam Levitt had bought an old Connecticut salt box and spent ten thousand dollars renovating it, and another eight to ten thousand renovating the renovation. He spoke glowingly of his wisdom in getting out of New York into the country. "You get fed up seeing the same faces all the time, know what I mean?" he'd say, evoking a picture of a quiet rural life among countryfolk who had never heard of a package deal. Actually, Sam lived among the same people he saw every day in his agency, at lunch and at cocktail parties.

"Well, well," Sam said when they drove up to the house, "look who's gone and tore themselves away from New York for a while." He was spilling comfortably out of new denim work pants and a plaid wool sport shirt. "You wanta get away from the rat race and relax a little, you've come to the right place. Quiet, know what I mean?"

Edna Levitt, Sam's wife, came out of the house in a dirndl skirt and a white peasant blouse. She was a thin blonde from somewhere in the obscure reaches of show business, a quiet, contentedly unobtrusive woman who worshiped Sam and lived only for him and his house, which she managed with a fierce efficiency.

"First you gotta see the new fence," Sam said, and Edna protested, "They're not interested in fences, Sam, and besides, it's too dark," but Sam had already turned on his floodlights and was waddling toward the rocky green field in back of the house.

They inspected the new fence and walked back toward the house by way of the illuminated pool, which was of conventional Beverly Hills design. "I imagine it's nice for the harvest hands," Thornton said, and Sam shrugged. "Look, just because a man retires to the country, it don't mean he's gotta stop living."

While Sam and Edna went back to the

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"Better be careful, Jim. Our Billy is a dangerous buckaroo."

"He certainly worships his horse opera heroes. But I'm working on an idea that'll make the lad proud of his dad too."

"Don't tell me you're taking to the saddle!"

"Hardly . . . I am making a kind of 'roundup' though—of our hopes and plans for the future. You'll be happy to hear that our Billy is assured of money enough for four years in a good college, no matter what happens to me."

"How can you be so certain, dear?"

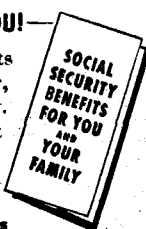
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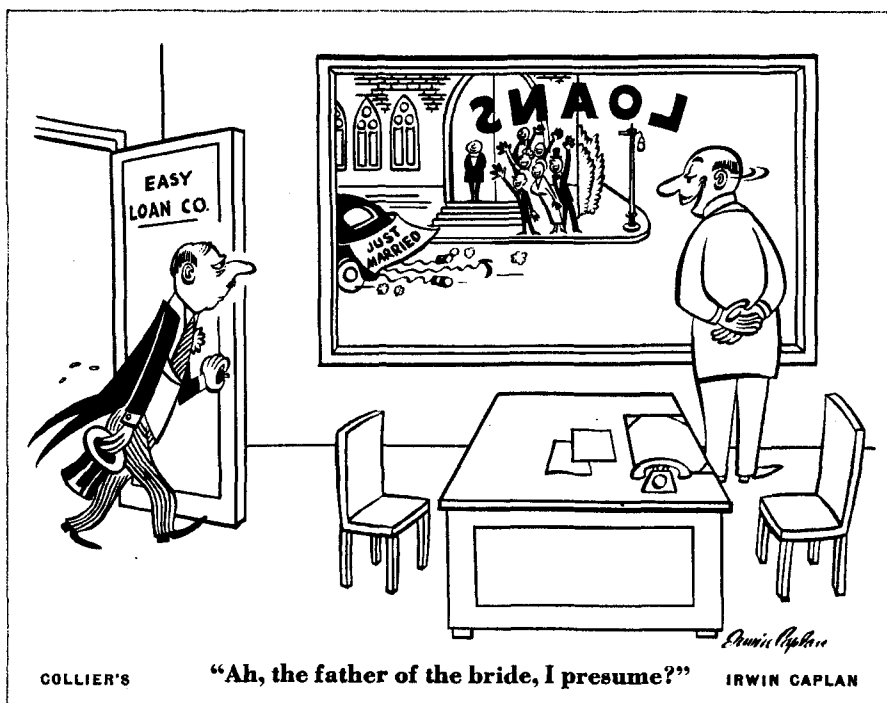
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house to fix drinks, Thornton and Judy walked around the pool.

"It's nice," Judy said.

They sat on the green lounge chair by the pool. "Sam wants us to come up some week end," Thornton said.

"It would be fun, and I think we ought to bring Carol."

Thornton nodded. "I'm afraid she doesn't approve of us. Not that she's said anything—it's just the way she acts sometimes."

"Of course. She's very fond of Stella, and she thinks I'm breaking up your home, but that's just the point. It wasn't a home."

"We're going to have trouble winning her over."

"It isn't Carol I'm worried about. It's you, darling."

"But, why?"

"You've got to get over this ridiculous feeling that you're a married man who's gotten himself involved with me. You're not a married man."

"I don't see what you're getting at. Of course I'm not. I know that."

"Oh, sure, you know it all right, but you don't really feel that way. Every time you get to thinking about Rockport, like today with Jeff, you get all tensed up and grumpy, and you keep edging away from me. You acted as though Jeff had caught you in a love nest."

"I've always been very fond of Stella. She's a wonderful woman."

"I know she is. I'm certainly not jealous of her, because her stuffy real-estate agent isn't the man I'm in love with."

"I never realized you thought I was stuffy."

"Well, darling, let's face it—you weren't exactly Cary Grant when you came marching out of the Midwest in those awful clothes."

"If you thought I was so repulsive—"

"That isn't what I said."

"It's the same thing Carol used to call me. Stuffy."

"All I meant was that if you were just a small-town businessman, Stella would be perfect for you, but you're Thornton Sayre and this is where you belong."

Thornton stared into the lighted pool, hesitating. "I guess that was really the trouble, not knowing where I belonged."

"But you know now, don't you?"

"All I know is I want to be with you."

NEXT day, Judy was waiting at the door of her apartment when Carol arrived, punctual and defensive. Judy, in blue lounging pajamas, seemed supremely confident, as usual, but everything she did was just a trifle too hurried, too eager. "I hated to call you at the last minute," she said, "but you know how it is in this crazy business. You can't plan ahead."

"I can't stay long. I'm going to Pennsylvania—to Bucks County—with Bill."

"That should be fun."

"It's really business. Some playwright with second-act trouble."

"You're beginning to sound like an agent. Can I fix you a drink?"

"If you're going to have one."

"I'd like a very tall, weak highball."

"All right. I like your apartment, Judy."

"Thanks. It needs decorating, but of course that's standard in the Village."

"I think that's where I'd like to live. In the Village."

Judy brought two highballs and a tray of canapés from the kitchen, sat down on the couch beside Carol, and remarked with studied casualness, "Have you and Bill started apartment-hunting already?"

"Is that what the Old Boy wanted? To get you to give me the third degree about Bill?"

Judy hesitated, weighing what course to take. To Carol's relief, she took the course of candor. "Yes, as a matter of fact he did. He's worried."

"I'm capable of taking care of myself."

"Of course you are, but frankly, honey, Bill just isn't the kind of man for you to get mixed up with."

"Oh, but I'm not mixed up."

"I didn't mean that," Judy smiled and

twiddled the floating ice cubes in her drink.

"I don't want to sound like Whistler's Mother, but I've been around New York a long time, and—well, I've known a lot of Bills. They're all very charming and—"

"Please, Judy, I'd rather not talk about Bill, if you don't mind."

They sipped their drinks for a moment in silence, and Carol glanced around the room, which seemed to bear only the faintest imprint of Judy. Most living rooms reflect a personality, but not this one, at least not superficially. Gradually, as Carol grew more accustomed to the room, she saw it for what it was—a place for Judy to rest between rehearsals and performances.

"If you had a friend you were very fond of," Judy said, "and you thought she was making a terrible mistake, wouldn't you try to do something about it?"

"I'd like to hear some of your records, Judy."

"All right. We'll let it drop, but if there's ever anything you—well, that you'd rather not talk over with Thornton. I hope you'll come to me. I don't know all the answers, but at least I know a lot of the questions. Now what would you like to hear?"

"Oh, anything," Carol said, and wished it were easier to keep on disliking Judy, so she wouldn't feel so disloyal to Stella.

Carol got back to the hotel in time to help Stella with her last-minute packing. Bill was to call for them in his car at six fifteen and take Stella to Penn Station on the way down to Bucks County.

"You should have told the Old Boy you were leaving," Carol said.

"Why?" Stella went on wrapping her breakable toilet articles in tissue paper. "What could we say?"

"I don't know, but—Stella, I wish you'd stay, at least for a little while."

"I would if I thought you really needed me, but you don't. You'll be all right."

"It's all so mixed up. Sometimes I think it would be easier if I went back and had everything just like it was, but I know I couldn't. I just couldn't."

"No, dear, of course you couldn't. You've got to go where your life takes you."

"Do you think Bill drinks too much?"

"I don't know, but I don't think he's very happy."

Carol helped her close the suitcase. "What'll you do, Stella? When you get back?"

"I haven't decided, but I'm going to do something."

"You won't get a cat and talk baby talk to it?"

"Goodness no."

"Judy was awfully nice to me. I was going to be real nasty, but she didn't give me a chance. I was going to call her 'Mother.'"

"I'm sure she wouldn't like that."

"If I were you, I'd do something. I mean I wouldn't feel so noble and all."

"Oh, but I don't. You have no idea how many times I've lain awake nights inventing some delicious new type of homicide for Judy Coles. I've smuggled rare poisonous orchids in from the headwaters of the Orinoco, pushed her off the Empire State Building, and one night I worked out a rather interesting use of a Disposall unit."

"Really? I kind of like that one."

"I thought it had some merit. It was tidy."

"I'm going to miss you, Stella."

"I'm not going to the ends of the earth, you know. Just Rockport."

"I know, but—Maybe if you talked to the Old Boy. I mean if he realized—"

"No, it's too late now. I don't think anything, not even Judy, could have come between us if we'd ever made a real life together, but we didn't."

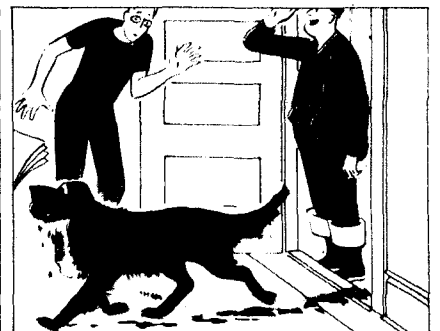
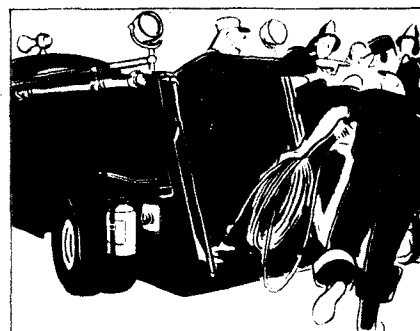
SAM LEVITT, promising "a big surprise" for them, had invited Thornton and Judy to dinner, just "a little old-fashioned country cooking, nothing fancy." It was almost dark when they drove up to his house and Edna met them at the door, explaining that Sam had gone into town to meet a train. "He told me not to say who it was," she said. "That's his surprise." She followed them into the living room, quietly took their coats, then rearranged the logs and kindling Sam had dumped in the fireplace as though it were a wastebasket.

"You know how Sam is," Edna said. "The minute anybody's in trouble, nothing will do but he's got to take care of them, and he's so tired he needs some rest."

Sam's "surprise," whisked up to the house with great ceremony, turned out to be Sara Lester, the once-tempestuous redhead who, in the early days of talking pictures, had rocked Hollywood and sent shock waves rumbling across the continent. Her husky, passionate voice, at the time of Repeal, had been as well known as Roosevelt's, and her antics had aroused comment in even the most remote parts of the world. Sara's fame had come late, after years of obscurity in silent films, but she had made the most of her brief spotlight whirl, and now, in her fifties, she looked sixty-five with make-up, seventy without it.

"Thornton!" Sara swept toward him like a queen mother, imperious and sadly ridicu-

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Collier's for June 9, 1951



"All I can say is this is a helluva way for me to earn you a living!"

COLLIER'S

HERB WILLIAMS

"That's good. I don't want you to feel that—well, I mean I hope you won't lose touch with Stella."

"No, of course not."

"But at the same time, if you and Judy—if you get to know each other—"

"We're trying. I feel much more mature now about these—situations."

He kissed her forehead, then cupped his hand under her chin the way he used to do when she was little and he was trying to impress some small wisdom upon her. "Just don't grow up too quickly, honey. I want you to have everything that's coming to you."

"Oh, now you sound like Bill."

"Does he say that? Maybe I've misjudged him."

"He's going to be a good son-in-law."

"We'll see."

THORNTON, fortified with tomato juice and black coffee and, most of all, with his delight in his almost-grown-up daughter, was in high spirits when he met Jeff Sheldon for lunch. "Good Lord, you even look twenty years younger," Jeff said, and Thornton shrugged. "I'm a different man, Jeff. I wouldn't have thought it was possible."

"Well, I must say she's awfully pretty."

"And talented. Hollywood wants us to make a picture together. They've got someone rewriting a script for us."

"You'll be right back where you started."

"Exactly. The age thing, Jeff—it's different in show business."

"Maybe, but arteries have a way of hardening no matter what business you're in."

"Look at it this way. This is really my profession, the thing I was trained to do."

"You've been out of it a long time."

"It comes back to you."

"It's all up to you, Thornton. So far as the business is concerned, don't worry about it. We can let things ride for a while, then work out a liquidation. That'll give me a good excuse to go out to Hollywood and you can introduce me to Ava Gardner."

"I'm afraid I don't know any of the younger crowd."

"If there's anything I can do—the house, anything like that—just let me know."

"Thanks, Jeff—and, seriously, I want you and Susan to come stay with us."

After lunch, as they were shaking hands outside the restaurant, Jeff came in his slow, quiet way to something he had obviously been working over in his mind for some time. "She's a nice girl, Thornton, really kind of wonderful in a way, and for goodness' sake give her a break. Don't expect her to be Kay."

Next morning Bill called Carol and said he had to go out of town with a new show for a few days. "We're opening in Wil-

mington tonight," he said, "and then we move on to Philadelphia."

"Why do you have to go?" Carol said.

"It's a new client I've brought over from Morris Kandel. I've got to hold her hand."

"Is she pretty?"

"Oh, no, quite hideous."

"Why don't you get Sam to send somebody else?"

"I can't."

"You know what I wish? I wish you worked in a bank, where they kept you locked up in a cage from nine to five, and you came home every night at five thirty and I cooked pot roasts for you and we worried about things like people write to newspapers about."

Thornton bought her a very expensive lunch, then took her over to the studio to watch Judy rehearse with Phil Handley, a young movie actor. Afterward the four of them went down to Judy's apartment, and Phil sat on the couch with Carol and told her about his collection of phonograph records. He was a very earnest young man, quite intense about everything—his music library, the house he was building in the Hollywood hills, his career, even his cocker spaniel. He was a little like an island empire, small and self-contained, with dominion over Beethoven, contractors, carpenters, producers and one small dog.

"We're going to grab an early dinner," Judy said. "We've got theater tickets."

Phil glanced down at Carol, the smile of empire upon a new domain. "I like a long, leisurely dinner," he said. "With music."

"I really ought to catch up on my correspondence," Carol said, meaning Dick Carney and Stella.

"But we've both got to eat, and it seems a shame not to do it together."

"Well . . ." While Carol was hesitating, Judy and Thornton had already reached the door, and Carol began to grow suspicious of what now seemed an obvious design. She shrugged. "I'd love to, Phil."

SHE was waiting for the Old Boy when he got back to his room around midnight. "Did you talk to Bill yesterday?" she asked.

"Why, yes, we had a drink together."

"Is that why he suddenly went out of town for a while?"

"He said something about an out-of-town opening. Some show Sam's in on." He stretched out on the couch with a grimace. "I've got indigestion."

"It's funny Bill didn't say anything about it yesterday."

"I think it came up kind of suddenly." He pressed both hands against his stomach. "We ate too fast. I feel awful."

"You've got no right to—"

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TOM COLLINS (with cherries)	70 PROOF

In New York and New Jersey, the "Cocktailer" bottle differs slightly in appearance from the illustration shown.

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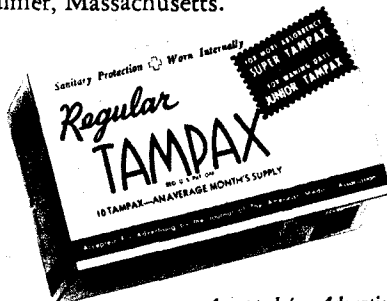
(to habit...or custom)

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"Please, honey, not tonight. We'll talk about it in the morning."

"There's nothing to talk about."

She marched out of the room, leaving the Old Boy groaning helplessly on the couch. She was still mentally talking back to him when she had undressed and got into bed. "People have a right to lead their own lives," she said, and snapped off the light.

"Honey?" The Old Boy tapped at the door, and opened it tentatively. "Do you think—? I just don't feel good."

Carol switched on the light. The Old Boy had taken off his coat and tie, and his hair was rumpled from lying on the couch. His face was drawn and sickly. "What about some hot milk?" she said.

He looked as though she had suggested some desirable and quite unobtainable contraband. "Do you suppose we could get any at this time of night?"

"I'll call the desk. You go lie down."

After she had called the desk clerk and arranged for the milk to be sent up, she went in to see the Old Boy, who had returned to the couch and loosened his belt. She asked if he knew where Stella had put the electric hot plate, and he shook his head. "It must be here somewhere," he said. She found it in the closet, the cord wrapped neatly around it. Somehow it made Stella seem very close, perhaps because she understood how Stella must have felt when she put the hot plate away so tidily.

"You're not used to all this night life," Carol said.

"No, it's not that. We were late for the theater and I had to bolt my dinner."

Later, when she had fixed the hot milk and was sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of him, the room seemed a little like home. "Did you and Phil have a good time?" he asked.

She shrugged. "He's nice, but you and Judy will have to do better than that."

The Old Boy smiled and sipped his milk. "We're doing our best. Seriously, honey, this thing with Bill, it isn't what you think it is. You simply fell into the arms of the first man you met because it was New York, and everything seemed so strange and wonderful."

"What about you and Judy?"

"That has nothing to do with it."

"People ought to live their own lives," Carol said, as though she were reciting something she'd just heard.

She waited until the Old Boy had gone to bed, then she went in to kiss him good night, but that momentary feeling of home had gone. "It isn't going to be easy for either one of us," he said, "but we've got to try to work it out."

SHE went out twice with Phil and once with the writer of Judy's show, a funny young man named Clay Kerry, and one night she was surprised to find herself having a very good time at a party, but then she realized that of course this was just what the Old Boy and Judy had anticipated, and she left early. When Clay called her next morning, she said she was sorry, she had a date for lunch. She ate in her room and felt wretched all afternoon. That night Bill came back, and all the way over to his apartment she had an almost uncontrollable impulse to leap out of the cab and run. "Of course I missed you," Bill said, when she was in his arms again.

"But you don't sound like you missed me enough."

"It was quite enough."

"They're trying to break us up."

"I know, and I'm afraid they're right."

"Darling, don't go spoiling everything."

"But, honey, what are we going to do?"

"If you don't want to get married, I wouldn't care, Bill, honest I wouldn't. I just don't want you to ever go away again, that's all I care about."

"Look, it's been a lot of fun to come to the big city, meet all the nice people, see all the sights, but now it's time to go home."

"I could never go back there."

"But, honey, that's the nicest part. When you get back, everything's going to be different."

"Nothing ever changes in Rockport."

"No, but you've changed."

"Bill, if you didn't love me, it'd be different, but—"

"Honey, you can't marry a cocktail party."

Bill took her to lunch next day at the Algonquin, and afterward they drove around New York, retracing the same route they had taken their first day together. They spilled popcorn all over their laps, and laughed at things which seemed to belong only to them; then they went to Brooklyn and drank beer somewhere beside a bay, ate a shore dinner, and drove back to the hotel early. It was a perfect day.

"It was wonderful," Carol said. She kissed him good-by, and floated through the lobby to the elevator.

She went straight to the Old Boy's room, unable to be alone with so much happiness. She tapped on the door and walked in, humming. A strange woman, absurd and sad, was sitting on the couch with the Old Boy, a water tumbler half filled with a Martini in her aged, mottled hand. The woman's eyes, at the sight of Carol, grew bright with shock. "My God, it's Kay."

"My daughter, Carol," the Old Boy said, getting up and taking her arm. "Honey, this is an old friend, Miss Lester."

Carol nodded and smiled uncertainly, and the woman motioned to her to come sit beside her. "I was a friend of your mother's. You're so much like her that I—well, it was quite a shock, and I thought I'd outgrown shocks." She squinted up at Thornton, shaking her head. "I didn't know they let anybody be this young any more."

"We've got pictures of you at home," Carol said, realizing now that this was that beautiful woman in the photographs taken at the big house in Hollywood and kept in the Old Boy's study.

"No wonder you've stayed so young, Thornton. You're surrounded by youth—this incredible thing and that lovely little television creature. They've all left me, you know, even Tony. Would you mind fixing just one more, darling? A little one. I do wish you could have seen Tony whirling around the track in that ridiculous little scooter of his, trying to see how close he could come to breaking his young neck. Oh, thank you, darling, but I don't think I should drink such a big one. I might cry. Don't let them leave you, Thornton. Don't ever let them go away."

She began to cry, and Carol and Thornton glanced at each other helplessly. Eventually they maneuvered her into a cab headed for Sam Levitt's office, and as they

started back toward the elevator Thornton said, "Poor Sara. She just wasn't meant ever to be old."

"That's one thing about Mother," Carol said. "You never think of her as anything but young." . . .

A bellhop woke Carol up next morning with a telegram from Bill, which she read at first through eyes blurred with sleep. She blinked and read it again, sprang out of bed, and pounded on the connecting door. The Old Boy opened it and she thrust the telegram at him. He read it quickly, then put his arms around her and brought her into the living room of his suite.

"I'll get them to send up some coffee," he said.

She shook her head. "I don't want anything. I just want— He must have known yesterday, but he didn't say anything about it, and we had such a wonderful time together. We always do." She looked at Thornton, her eyes narrowed. "Did you have anything to do with it?"

"No, but I can't help being glad it's worked out this way."

"It's funny that after all these years Sam Levitt suddenly transfers Bill to the Beverly Hills office, and he hates California."

"Honey, I know it's hard at first, but it's better to get it over with. Now let's go to some elegant place for lunch."

"If you did it, I'll never speak to you again."

SAM LEVITT, staring across the desk at the girl, was plunged back twenty years to the time when he had been an office boy in the Philip Bowles Agency in Beverly Hills and Kay Sheldon had been the biggest star on the agency list. She had always gone out of her way to be nice to Sam. Lesser people ignored him, but never Kay. By the time of her death he had worked his way up in the talent department, and at his own expense had gone to Rockport for the funeral. Sam never forgot an act of kindness or cruelty.

"I remember the first time I ever saw your mother," he said. "They sent me over to her studio with some papers for her to sign, and the man at the gate wouldn't let me in, so I got him to call Kay on the set, and she came out to the gate, took me in, showed me around the lot, acted like I was the most important guy in her life, know what I mean? She was like that."

Carol nervously stroked the soft suede of her purse. "Why did Bill suddenly go out to the Coast?"

"My own sister died and I didn't feel it like I did when Kay went. Bill? Oh, something came up out there."

"Who asked you to send him?"

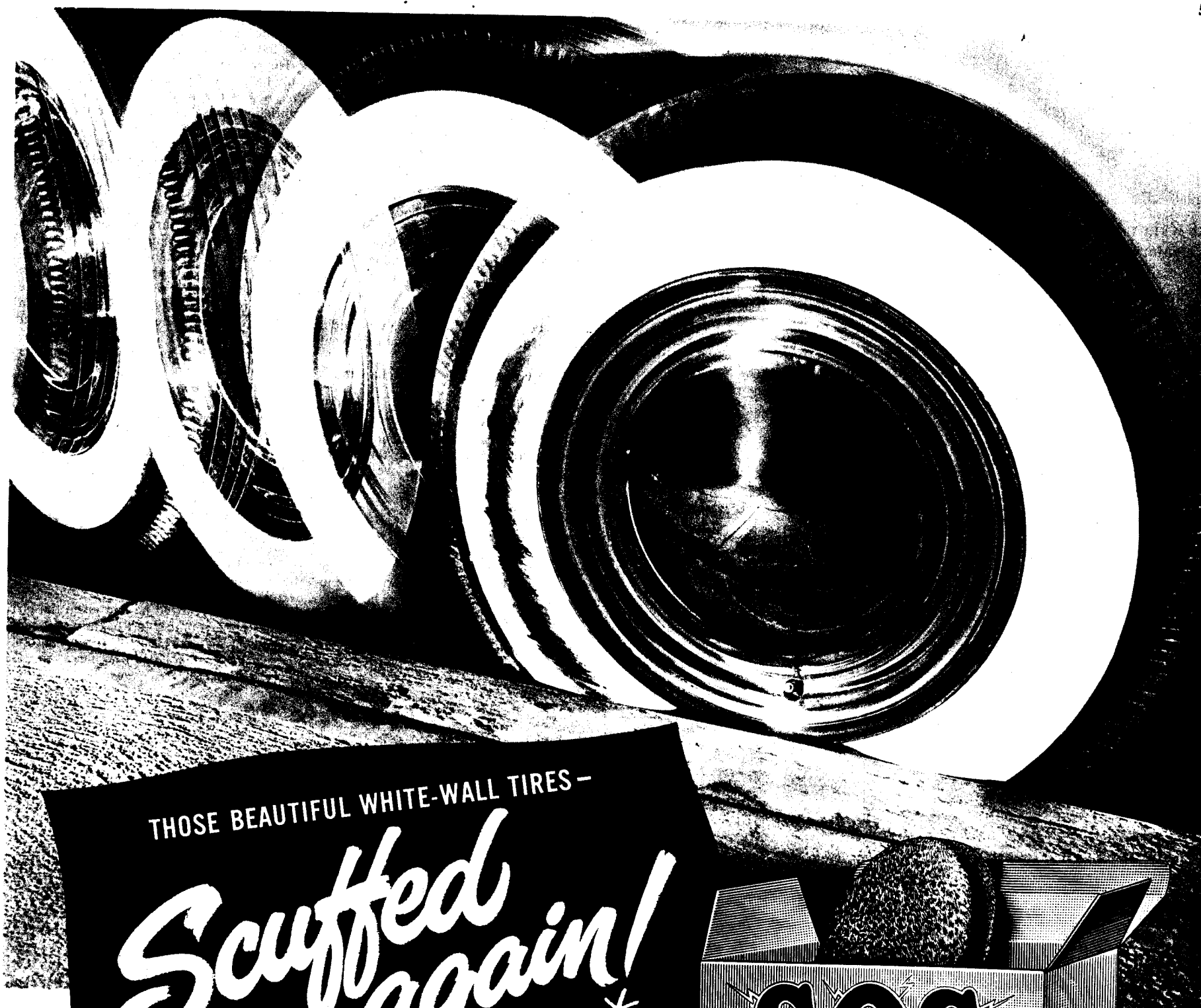
BEGINNING NEXT WEEK:

The Story of a Man Whose Name Was Not His Own

It was late at night, and Lieutenant David Martin Young was hitchhiking to Norfolk to report for active duty with the Navy. A car stopped for him, the door opened, and he climbed in. And that was the last anyone was to see of Lieutenant Young for a long, long time. He never got to Norfolk. He came to in a hospital in Maryland, with a mask over his face and a brand-new name—the name of a man suspected of treason

MASK for DANGER

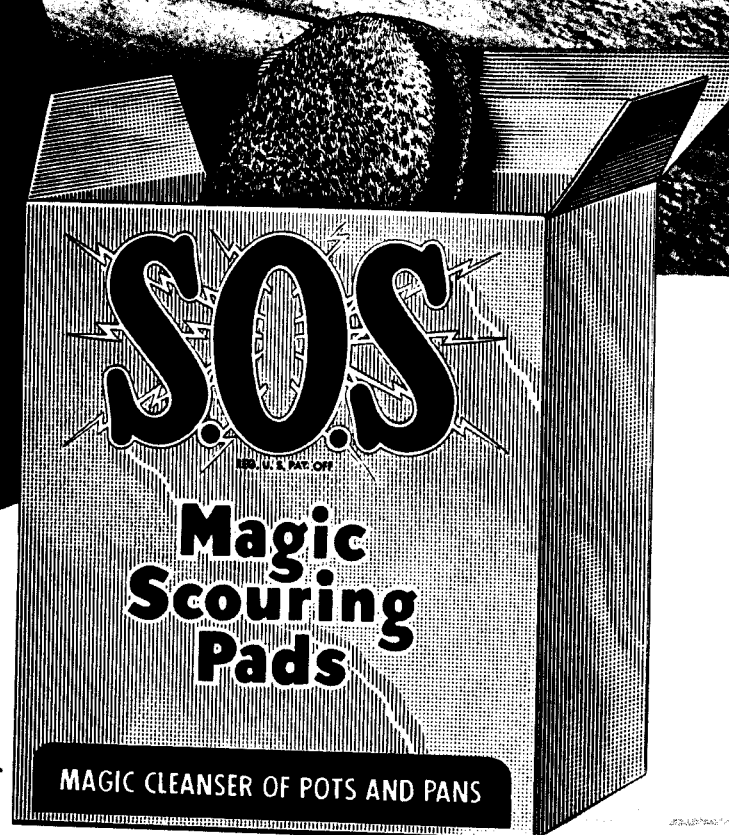
By DONALD HAMILTON



THOSE BEAUTIFUL WHITE-WALL TIRES —

Scuffed again! *

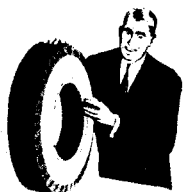
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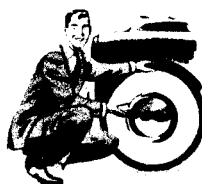
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MANUFACTURERS ST. LOUIS

56

"He did."
"I don't believe it."
"It's the truth, honey."

Judy sat on the couch, drinking coffee as Thornton kept moving restlessly around the room, his highball untouched on the coffee table. "I don't know what to do with her," he said. "She's so miserable, and I know it's something she's got to go through, but that doesn't help, not when you see her eating her heart out."

"There isn't a thing anybody can do," Judy said.

"I was wondering if maybe Stella . . ."

"That would be awkward, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it would, but they've always been so close."

Judy put her empty cup and saucer on the table beside the highball. "Stella might know what to do, but I don't—is that what you're getting at?"

"No, of course not. Only Stella's much older."

"Why does it always come back to that?"

"We can't get away from it."

"Not if you keep bringing it up." Judy drew him down beside her on the couch. She kissed him. "Darling, we mustn't fight, ever."

"No."

"I'll take Carol over to the studio for the rehearsal tomorrow, and we'll have lunch together." She lighted a cigarette for him, then settled her head on his shoulder. "You know, we ought to get a house, something she'll start thinking of as home."

"That might help."

"Why don't we all go to Sam's this week end? We can look at houses, and have a lot of fun, start feeling like a family."

"I'll call him first thing in the morning," Thornton said, brightening. "That may be just the thing."

He reached for his drink, pleased that Judy had proved so capable in dealing with this, her first family crisis, but, as he kept reminding himself whenever he thought of the discrepancy in their ages, she was surprisingly mature for a girl of twenty-six.

When he got back to the hotel that night, Thornton's thoughts had leaped ahead to the week end at Sam's place. He and Judy and Carol were taking long, pleasant walks together, prowling through vacant houses, playing croquet, sitting by an open fire. There was only one hitch. Carol, at the moment Thornton opened the door which connected with her room, was on a plane headed for Los Angeles. She had taken some of the jewelry her mother had left her to a pawnshop on Third Avenue. The pawn ticket and a brief note were on her writing desk in an envelope addressed to Mr. Thornton Sayre.

Thornton sank into the club chair by the window, staring down at the lights of the street without really seeing them. He reached for the telephone, because he needed Judy more now than he'd ever needed her before.

"What number did you want, Mr. Sayre?" the girl at the hotel switchboard said, apparently for the second or third time.

"Two-four-eight," he said, looking into the darkness of the empty room.

"What exchange?"

"Oh." He realized he had given the girl Stella's phone number in Rockport. He had to look in his address book to find Judy's.
(To be concluded next week)

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

screams of anguish re the Paul Revere cover by now—can you stand another?

"As he galloped from Charlestown to Lexington," etc. Of course, we all know by now that he did nothing of the sort but was caught by the British before he got out of Charlestown to warn anybody. Dawes was the only one who got through—three were sent but two were caught.

Too bad Longfellow couldn't find a good rhyme for Dawes! **RUSSELL E. SMITH,**
San Diego, Cal.

. . . Why do you and Walter Bomar give credit to Paul Revere for galloping from Charlestown to Lexington on April 19, 1775, warning citizens that the British were marching from Boston? Don't you know it was not Paul Revere but an associate of his who did that? **ROBERT H. HASKELL,**
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . The correct date of Paul Revere's ride is April 18th, according to the Standard American Encyclopedia.

MRS. CLYDE BRANDON, Scotia, N. Y.

Four encyclopedias which we have consulted agree that Revere's ride took place on the night of April 18-19 (our cover story says "the early morning of April 19th"), that Revere *did* get to Lexington and was stopped by the British en route to Concord.

Youthful Ballerina

EDITOR: In your April 21st issue there appears an article, Boom in Ballet, with paintings by Cydney. There are one or two matters I wish to point out in connection with this presentation.

My daughter, Ellen Spencer, modeled for 10 of the 13 child dancers whose pictures appear. In view of this fact I can't understand why the name of Barbara Charles is mentioned underneath the upper-left picture on page 33. Yet alongside in the upper-right picture on the same page Ellen is referred to as "this youngster."

Artist Cydney made hundreds of speed-light photographs of Barbara Charles, Ellen Spencer and many other youngsters preliminary to his paintings. He used these pictures for figure accuracy rather than for actual portraits, though the finished product may be reminiscent enough to make the children seem recognizable to their families. No slight was intended.

Collier's for June 9, 1951



Ice Cream—Sundae, Monday and All Ways

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

to tote it down to their palaces fast enough to forestall melting. The names involved in its early history would make a good all-time, all-star team of royal epicures, many of whom not only craved it but also tried to keep it a monarch's special, not to be indulged in by common folk.

Assorted Egyptian Pharaohs head the list. Next comes Alexander the Great, who may have been the first to add milk to the fruit and snow and produce something very near the modern product. Nero was so hog-wild over the delicacy that he had one of his generals executed for permitting a shipment of snow to melt en route. Interest waned during the hurly-burly of the Dark Ages, but Marco Polo stimulated it again in Renaissance Italy with his tales of the "milk ices" served at the court of Kublai Khan. England's Charles I and France's two supergourmets, Louis XIV and Louis XV, hired chefs whose sole duty was preparing ice dishes and who worked out the basic modern recipe of thick cream, sugar and flavoring.

"After us, the deluge," said Madame de Pompadour to Louis XV. The deluge struck on schedule, and it carried ice cream, among other things, out of the royal banquet halls and all the way across the Atlantic. Here it was a hit from the beginning with everyone who could afford it, helping add luster to the reputation of even so famed a hostess as Dolly Madison. At a dinner celebrating her husband's second inaugural it created a sensation.

"Last night," wrote one guest, "I was bid by our President to the White House, and it was a most unusual affair. Mrs. Madison always entertains with Grace and Charm, but last night there was a sparkle in her eye that set astir an Air of Expectancy among her Guests. When finally the brilliant Assemblage—America's best—entered the dining room, they beheld a Table set with French china and English silver, laden with good things to eat, and in the Centre, high on a silver platter, a large, shining dome of pink Ice Cream!"

Producing that sensation must have required a whole day's work by White House servants. Their equipment consisted of a large pot full of salted ice-cream mixture. It took several hours of shaking the pan and beating the mixture to freeze it.

Anything that took all that trouble had to be a costly rarity. But in 1846 a housewife named Nancy Johnson gave ice cream to the masses with a simple invention. Mrs. Johnson stuck a dasher into the mix, put a lid on the pan, attached a crank to the dasher and created the ice-cream freezer still in use in many rural areas. The device seemed so obvious to her that she didn't patent it; she thus missed out on a fortune.

Production Is Increased

It was this freezer which made possible Fussell's launching of the ice-cream industry, and by 1890 nearly 1,000,000 gallons a year were being hand-cranked. Electric power and modern refrigerating techniques entered the scene at that point. Production multiplied to 25,000,000 gallons in 1900, 100,000,000 gallons in 1910, and the public still kept clamoring for more.

We long ago left the rest of the world behind in both the quantity and quality of the ice cream we make. Though you can find good ice cream in a few expensive restaurants abroad, American tourists usually turn up their noses at most of what passes for it in other countries.

Today, the U.S. commercial ice-cream-making process—as I saw it in operation in cities and towns all over the country—is a wonder of efficient simplicity. First, the maker assembles his "mix" of milk products, sugar and a few drops per gallon of a "stabilizer," such as gelatin, to prevent formation of big ice crystals. Then

stainless steel pipes conduct the mix first to a pasteurizer, which holds it at 165 degrees Fahrenheit for 30 minutes, and on to a homogenizer where pistons exert a pressure of 2,500 pounds and break the minute butterfat globules into still smaller particles to keep the product smooth.

After homogenization the hot mix goes to a cooler which reduces its temperature to 40 degrees and on to a tank where liquid flavors are added. In some plants it then goes to a "batch" freezer, a mechanically operated adaptation of Mrs. Johnson's invention.

The Mix Freezes Fast

But most big modern plants use an even simpler device, the continuous freezer. It consists of a three-foot tube of pure nickel, four to eight inches in diameter, surrounded by a jacket containing a refrigerant which holds the temperature of the tube walls at 21 degrees. Pumped through the tube under pressure, the mix freezes in a matter of seconds. Whirling blades simultaneously whip air into it.

This last is a point over which ice-cream makers have a great deal of trouble with laymen. "It's just plain cheating," one belligerent visitor told a plant manager. "You're selling air instead of ice cream."

"Whenever someone pulls that old chestnut on me," one sorely tried ice-cream maker sighs, "I simply ask whether he ever tasted an angel food cake that had fallen."

Unless it has aeration—or overrun, as it's called in the business—ice cream is a slushy mess. Even in the richest ice cream, overrun is seldom less than 65 per cent (meaning that one gallon of mix gets enough air to make 1.65 gallons of ice cream). There also is a top limit of 100 per cent. Most states control aeration with laws requiring that a gallon of the product weigh at least 4.5 pounds or have at least 1.6 pounds of food solids. The states also set minimums for the ingredients of ice cream, such as requiring from 8 per cent to 14 per cent of butterfat, plus varying percentages of nonfat milk solids and fruits, nuts or egg yolks. Of course, in sherbet, butterfat content is lower, and in water ices it generally is nil.

Recently, another variation has risen in popularity. Called ice milk, or more often by one of a number of copyrighted trade names, it usually is made in and sold directly from a counter freezer in a roadside stand. Butterfat content of most brands is under 6 per cent and overrun high; output last year, according to some estimates, amounted to only 31,000,000 gallons, still barely a scoop in the freezer compared with production of ice cream.

In the manufacture of ice cream, when the mix leaves the continuous freezer, another machine injects any whole fruits or nuts called for by the flavor recipe. They are added here rather than in the flavoring tank because the aerating blades of the continuous freezer would chop them too fine. It's also at this point that a pump sometimes is used to inject ripples of a second flavor of ice cream (chocolate into vanilla, for instance), thus achieving a type of flavor-combination which is growing in popularity in some parts of the country.

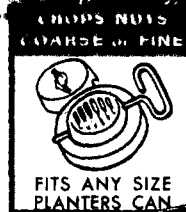
Filling machines then pour the soft frozen ice cream into packages, and these are rushed to the hardening process. The latest method involves the use of fast-freezing tunnels kept at a temperature as low as 50 degrees below zero, but many plants still use a vast cavern where a temperature of 25 degrees below zero is maintained permanently. Men who work there spend 15 minutes out for every 15 minutes in, and dress like arctic explorers. One of the eeriest sights outside the horror movies is watching them wander about among the frost stalactites wearing gas masks and

Collier's for June 9, 1951

They're WON
with Ice
They taste

Yes, PLANTERS SALTED

PEANUTS give that final added zest to ice cream sundaes—salads—candy—cookies. Wonderful, too, with a cooling drink. Keep several cans handy. And send some to your boy in service. Always roaster-fresh—vacuum-sealed—delicious!



New time-saving
PLANTERS NUT CHOPPER

Yours for only **25¢**

and one coupon from a can of PLANTERS COCKTAIL SALTED PEANUTS. 2-edged blades chop nuts either coarse or fine—for ice cream toppings, salads, baking. Chopper fits right on any size PLANTERS vacuum can. Send 25¢ and coupon today to PLANTERS PEANUTS, Dept. NC-12, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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Top-Flight Golfers...

What'll you have? They



VIC GHEZZI... former P.G.A. Champion, is another of golfdom's *P.B.R.* champions. Like millions of golfers, Vic agrees, nothing in the world tastes better after a hot round than a cool, foaming glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer!



CRAIG WOOD... one of golf's all-time *Blue Ribbon* Champions, pictured here with his golfing friends about to enjoy that all-time champion of beers—Pabst Blue Ribbon—finest beer served... *anywhere!*



JACK BURKE, JR.... smooth-swinging young golf star, gives his charming pupil a lesson... in how to enjoy the finest beer served... *anywhere*. Says Jack, "Just ask for... Pabst Blue Ribbon."



CHICK HARBERT... "World's longest driver" is shown, club in hand, about to tee off at the 19th hole with a long, smooth swallow of the *World's No. 1 Beer*—Internationally famous Pabst Blue Ribbon—finest beer served... *anywhere!*

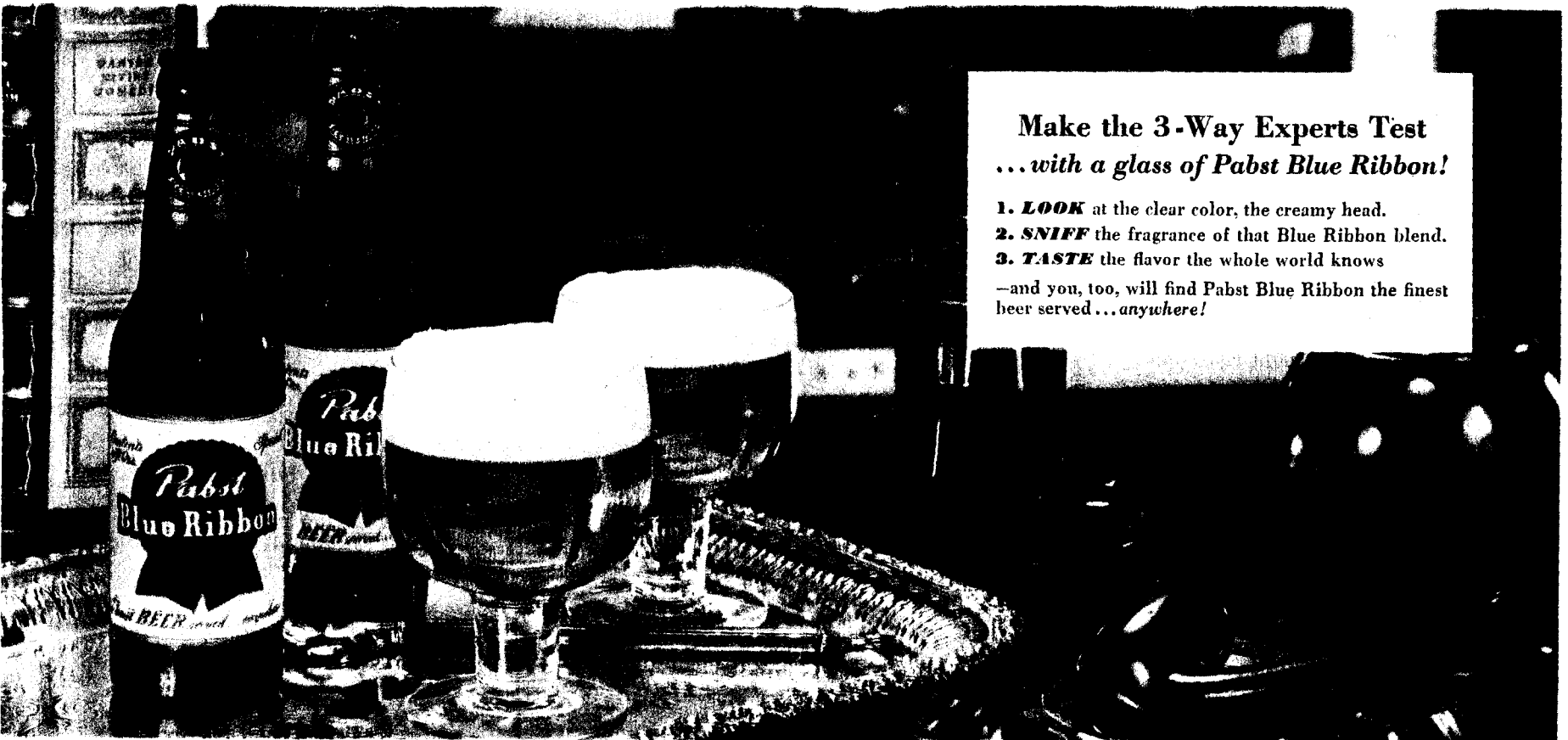
all say... **Pabst Blue Ribbon** — Finest beer served
... anywhere!



GENE SARAZEN... winner of every major professional golf title, flashes his winning smile as he enjoys the prize-winning flavor of the No. 1 International favorite, Pabst Blue Ribbon—finest beer served... anywhere!



ED OLIVER... Champion golfer, celebrates another par-breaking round as he and his partner enjoy par-perfect glasses of the No. 1 International favorite, Pabst Blue Ribbon—the beer with the flavor the whole world knows!

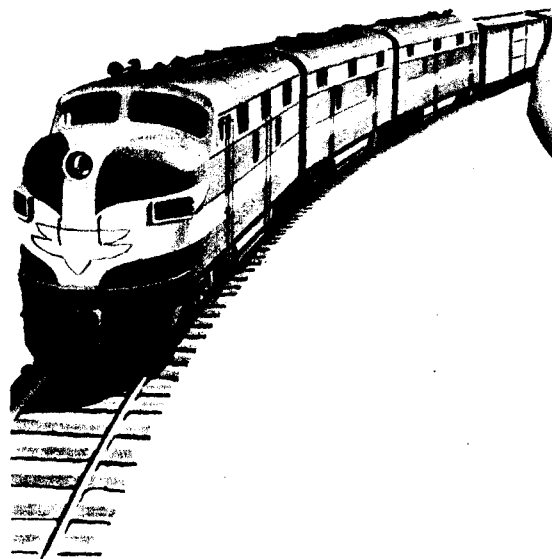


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...with a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon!

1. **LOOK** at the clear color, the creamy head.
 2. **SMELL** the fragrance of that Blue Ribbon blend.
 3. **TASTE** the flavor the whole world knows
- and you, too, will find Pabst Blue Ribbon the finest beer served... anywhere!

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The Smallest Part of Rising Prices!



● No one has to tell you that the cost of most everything you buy has gone up—and up—and up.

And, because most of these things are hauled on the railroads, you might well ask the question, "What have railroad freight rates had to do with rising prices?"

Before World War II, railroad freight charges represented only a small fraction of the cost of most things you buy.

At the end of the war, freight rates were no higher than when war began. It was not until 1946, after prices in general had gone up almost 50 per cent, that the first postwar increase in freight rates was made.

And the total increase in freight rates has been less than half the rise in prices generally.

So, you see, railroad freight rates—always a small part of the cost of most articles—today represent an even smaller part!

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

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carrying lighted sulphur tapers with which to track down an ammonia leak from one of the refrigerating pipes which lace the ceiling. When they near the leak, the ammonia gas flares greenish-yellow and the scene takes on the quality of an illustration for Dante's *Inferno*.

Laboratory technicians keep track of the product every step along the way, making constant tests to be sure that it meets exacting legal standards for purity and food values. The makers also have to regulate the diets of the cows whose milk they use. A bossy who indulges in aromatic herbs such as wild garlic or thyme just isn't eligible.

"But no matter how many rules and regulations we make, no matter how many lab tests," the head chemist of one Philadelphia company told me, "there's only one way to make certain our ice cream is what we want it to be. You have to taste ice cream at every stage to tell if it's coming out right."

Plants Are Kept Clean

From the outsider's point of view one of the most striking aspects of the ice-cream business is the cleanliness of the plants. More than half the man-hours are devoted to what the makers call housekeeping. Each day every single length of pipe, every tub and tank is disassembled, washed and sterilized, and while the make is in progress men are assigned to hosing down the walls and floors constantly. In some plants you can eat a sundae off the floor of the furnace room without any queasiness.

Whether you eat it off the floor or from a plate, diet experts say ice cream is good for you, providing calcium, phosphorus, iron and assorted vitamins. And, say the American Dairy Association and the National Dairy Council's nutrition researchers, it's not nearly so fattening as some people think. The researchers cite a dozen other common desserts which contain more calories per serving. One dietitian has even gone so far as to publish a book on how to reduce on a diet including ice cream at every meal except breakfast.

A few ice-cream men resent this last exception; they have been holding a series of ice-cream breakfasts all over the country, promoting the eating of their product on cereals, waffles and in fruit juices. They also have promoted it as a year-round dish.

But its primary appeal still lies, as in the beginning, in its cooling effect on overheated palates. In 1949, for instance, production, which is intimately connected with demand, passed 68,000,000 gallons in July and sank to less than 29,000,000 gallons in December. In one way, though, this works out well, for milk production is highest in summer, too. Consequently, ice cream—which accounts for more than 116,000,000 gallons of milk a year—acts as a balance wheel for the whole dairy industry.

It also brings manufacturing plants to hundreds of small towns scattered all over the country. The refrigerated trucks which distribute ice cream to retailers can't economically work wide territories, so that even the large companies covering several states have to do their distributing through many small, strategically spotted plants. This also applies to concerns which do their own roadside retailing with fleets of small trucks, sidecar-equipped motorcycles and bicycles.

This method of selling ice cream creates thousands of summer jobs. Many high-school and college students regularly go into the business from June to September, and recently some of their teachers have been joining them.

Along with the seasonal variations in sales go many regional variations in taste, the most intriguing of which are the usually inexplicable differences in flavor preferences. The International Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers, whose 2,300 members account for 87 per cent of the

nation's total output, recently listed 201 "official" flavors ranging from Almond Macaroon to Walnut Crisp. Actually, hundreds of others, such as water cress, Japanese green tea and tomato have been tried and a few have had brief success as oddities.

Three old standbys dominate the list. Nearly half the ice cream made is vanilla, a little over one sixth is chocolate and slightly less than a tenth is strawberry. But even these are not the same everywhere. There are a dozen well-established kinds of "variegated" chocolate, such as chocolate chip, chocolate fudge, chocolate mint and chocolate nut. New Mexico, in particular, seems to dote on some of these.

Philadelphians are most peculiar about their vanilla. They love to tell the story about the visiting dignitary who was served some of their special kind of vanilla ice cream at a banquet. He started to spoon up a bite, stared at it in horror, summoned a waiter, handed him the dish and asked for another serving. When this was placed before him, he again reacted with distaste. At that point one of his hosts took note.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired.

"Why—ah," squirmed the embarrassed guest, "there seems to be some—ah—dirt in the ice cream."

His host laughed uproariously and passed the story on to the whole table. In Philadelphia, vanilla ice cream is not considered the real thing unless it is liberally sprinkled with tiny pieces of the vanilla bean, and they do look just like little specks of dirt. Actually, they add nothing to the flavor, but their presence is necessary to convince the customers real beans have been used in the flavoring rather than mere vanilla extract.

Among the flavors which account for the 20-odd per cent of production not covered by the big three, cherry vanilla recently has taken first place as a result of nation-wide promotion. But a wide variety of other flavors surpass it in individual cities. Coffee ice cream, which hardly can be sold at all west of the Alleghenies, ranks fourth in most of New England and is second only to vanilla in Providence, Rhode Island.

In Maine they go for butter crunch, a mixture of butterscotch and nut brittle. The Windy City has its own Chicago Brick, alternate layers of vanilla, maple nut and orange sherbet. In many parts of the South, black walnut is a leader; peach is another Dixie favorite. Florida has a yen for coconut, and Wisconsin for cinnamon. Seattle dotes on peppermint-candy ice

MARTHA BLANCHARD



Made for Each Other

How neat that *seed*
Should rhyme with
weed,
And *trowel* with *scowl**
And *rake* with *ache*
And *rose* with *nose*
And *cat* with "Scat!"

*O.K., spell it *scowl*.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

Collier's for June 9, 1951

cream. In San Francisco, a combination of chocolate, tiny marshmallows and nuts, known as Rocky Road, had a recent vogue. But the northern Californians still have only sneers for the taste of the "glammer-landers" of southern California, where such flavors as avocado and papaya can count on a market.

Altogether, the ice-cream industry uses some 200,000,000 pounds of fruit and 10,000,000 pounds of nuts every year.

Last year it took 4,000,000 pounds of pecans alone, nearly one tenth of the total production. This last figure probably will diminish, though. The price of pecans is soaring, and in much of the country it's the custom of the ice-cream business for the wholesaler to give the retailer the same price per gallon on every flavor—although the flavoring cost varies from two cents per gallon for vanilla to, now, more than 40 cents per gallon for butter pecan.

The amounts of alcoholic beverages which go into ice cream are minuscule by comparison with those of fruits and nuts, but the former produce some of the most unusual and luscious flavors. Eggnog, Tom and Jerry, rum bisque and crème de menthe are only a few. One small Hollywood company, which specializes in superrich ice cream, makes a liquor flavor which it claims is the most expensive ice cream sold anywhere. Called Nesselrode Bula and containing imported brandy and Jamaica rum plus chestnuts and assorted fruits, it sells for 25 cents a cone or \$2.50 a quart.

Occasionally, the liquor flavors, though their alcoholic content seldom is sufficient to give even a bee a lift, get their makers into trouble. Prohibition-minded stockholders have been known to sell their shares in a company just because it brought out a rum ice cream. The city fathers of one small New Jersey town once barred the products of one of Philadelphia's oldest and most respectable ice-cream companies when the latter put out an eggnog flavor.

One of the biggest recent developments, however, has been not in new flavors but in methods of packaging and selling ice cream. About 20 years ago package makers created linerless cardboard cartons suitable for packing ice cream at the plant. It took a while for these to come into general use, but now you can buy not only factory-packed pints and quarts but also half and full gallons for stashing away in your freezer compartment. In addition, most supermarkets provide insulated bags which keep the pack frozen until you get it home. A few companies prepack servings in cube shapes, oblongs, cylinders or wedges, and there is violent competition among the various shapes. They are sold in groceries, gas stations, even shoe-repair shops.

Large Prepack Sales

In California the prepacks have caught on so well that supermarkets, where they are chiefly sold, have passed drugstore fountains as the leading outlets for ice cream. One vast emporium of edibles which I visited near Pasadena proffered an endless assortment of ice creams from a row of refrigerated cabinets which stretched for over 50 feet along one wall. But in the country as a whole the fountain still reigns supreme. Among the reasons for this are two nineteenth-century inventions which have become so popular that they often are cited as symbols of our way of life.

First came the inspiration of one Robert M. Green, a manufacturer of charged-water equipment. In 1874, Green displayed one of his newfangled soda fountains at Philadelphia's Franklin Institute and personally dispensed to all comers a concoction of soda water and fruit juice, plus a dash of sweet cream. One warm afternoon he ran out of cream and sent for some ice cream, intending to melt it and use it as a substitute. But business was so brisk that it didn't get a chance to melt. The result was a sensation with the customers, and Green forthrightly named it the ice-cream soda.

Green's claim to fame is disputed by other claimants in Detroit and in Denison,

Texas, to mention two, but his seems to be most widely accepted in the business. Even more in dispute is the origin of the ice-cream soda's companion dish, the sundae. Soda jerks in Wisconsin, in Evanston, Illinois, and in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, have been credited with first concocting it. And, of course, it's altogether possible that both dishes were invented independently by different experimenters.

But the most intriguing sundae tale credits it to the Red Cross Pharmacy in Ithaca, New York. In 1897 the shop was located across the street from a hotel whose bar closed on Sundays. Frustrated barflies took to drowning their sorrow in ice-cream sodas. One Sunday morning a customer's head was so tender that he insisted he couldn't stand the noise of the bubbling soda and asked for ice cream and sirup straight. Others tried and liked the dish, and it became known as the Sunday Special. Later the spelling had to be changed to sundae because the pious thought it irreverent to name an edible after the Sabbath.

Served Many Ways

Today, there are thousands of variations of these dishes, and of the basic ice-cream novelties such as the sandwich, the cone, which came out of the 1904 St. Louis Exposition, and the Eskimo Pie and ice-cream-on-a-stick, both launched in the early 1920s. Caterers make ice-cream specialties in almost every conceivable shape from hearts and flowers to battleships. One Hollywood outfit will even serve you your own portrait painted in ice cream.

There's something about ice cream which seems to inspire the gustatory imaginations even of those who, so far as other foods are concerned, seldom think beyond meat and potatoes. Few fountains are without their own versions of an "Idiot's Delight" consisting of a dozen or more scoops of assorted flavors plus sirups, fruits, nuts, whipped cream and whatever else the soda jerk can dream up with which to assault his customers' digestive tracts. In southern California, where this sort of thing is intensively practiced, one store offers 12 different versions of the banana split alone.

Fancy restaurants go in for ice-cream dishes more bizarre and more difficult to prepare. At Ciro's in Hollywood you can pay \$5 for a baked Alaska, a ball of ice cream surrounded by a fluff of meringue quick-baked in a hot oven. At Chicago's Imperial House the specialty is "Imperial Pineapple Surprise," consisting of a whole fresh pineapple from which the top has been cut; the meat is removed, cubed, cooked slightly with sugar and a liqueur called kirschwasser, combined with strawberries and returned to the shell, along with as much ice cream as can be crammed in. The top is then sealed back on. Then the pineapple is set in a bed of rock salt, doused with brandy and served in flames.

Manhattan's El Borracho recently achieved a concoction which ought to set some sort of limit. Though not particularly complicated, it is indisputably bizarre. The idea originated when a columnist quoted Salvador Dali, the irrepressible surrealist, to the effect that he considered asparagus helpful in warding off the ill effects of radioactive emanations. El Borracho promptly came forward with a combination of vanilla ice cream and mashed asparagus tips.

This sort of thing leaves many ice-cream makers cold, even though it helps sell their product. They insist that the appeal of ice cream all by itself is sufficient to make such hoopla superfluous.

They don't generally go in much for big-name endorsements, either.

"And I'll tell you why not," one Boston manufacturer told me. "The big names aren't the authorities on ice cream. Whenever I've got a new flavor to try out, know what I do? I put a gallon or two in my car and drive around until I find a bunch of kids. If they like it, I know it's okay, and if they don't, I go back and start over. The world's finest authority on ice cream is the small boy or girl."

THE END

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and is so good for your skin!

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No rub-in



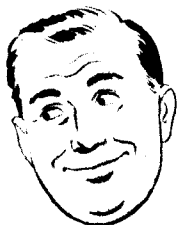
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use **BARZ**
Lotion Deodorant

MEN! DIM that "FACE SHINE" with MENNEN Talcum FOR MEN!



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There was an intensity and passion to her tone that made me wonder about her. At that moment, however, the doe-eyed actor, who had been hovering near us, intervened.

"Mary," he said, "let's get out of here." For a fleeting moment I had the impression that Mary was about to fly into a rage and hit something. Her large eyes narrowed, her expression tensed with anger and then, just as abruptly, relaxed into a condescending smile.

"Ward," she said, ignoring his suggestion, "this is Phillip Loomis. And this," she continued to me, "is the current heart throb of the silver screen, Ward Wilson."

Wilson bowed politely, then promptly lost all interest in me.

"If we're going to get to the theater on time," he said, "we'd better go eat."

Mary spoke as though she were talking to an unruly child. "I'm not going to the theater. I want to stay and talk to Phil."

Much as I hated to lose her, I couldn't find the heart to ignore Wilson's stricken look. I was about to invent a pressing engagement but before I could say a word, Wilson had turned an expressively indignant back on both of us and hurried away.

"Look here," I said, "you can't do this." Mary smiled at me. "You think I'm a louse, don't you?" she asked.

Fortunately, she provided her own answer. "I'm not," she said, "and I'll prove it to you at dinner."

SHE did too. And for the next ten days I saw her every evening.

It was only natural that I should want to do a portrait of Mary. I had started it mentally the first moment I saw her, and every time we met, the impulse grew stronger. I made a series of pencil sketches from memory, but none of them satisfied me. Oddly enough they all showed her in a sullen and angry mood, like the one she had been in for that fleeting moment when Wilson interrupted us at Eve's party. Try as I might, I could not seem to catch her as I had come to know her—relaxed, charming, gay and tender. It was only when I was with her that the portrait I wanted took form. And so I asked Mary to sit for me.

Those were the happiest two weeks of my life. It seemed to me that this portrait was the best thing I had ever done. Mary was very patient and sat for long stretches without moving or complaining. It was only toward the end of the second week that she began to show signs of restlessness.

Late one afternoon she stood up suddenly and stepped off the dais.

"I'm going back to Stanton tomorrow," she said.

The brush almost fell out of my hand. "You can't do that," I said. "I'll be finished early next week."

"Mother wants me to come home." "Surely four or five days can't make any difference."

"You must be far enough along to finish without me."

What she said was true, and yet I was afraid to let her go. Several times I had worked without her, and every time I had had to change what I had done. Unconsciously I would harden her eyes or tighten her lips, and no matter how I tried, I could not recapture the expression I wanted until she was with me again. I had made her promise not to look at the portrait until it was finished. Now, however, I had to keep her from leaving.

"Come here," I said, and taking her by the arm, I led her to the easel. For a moment Mary stared at herself; then suddenly she was in my arms, sobbing.

"I'm not like that," she cried. "You've made me soft and tender and—good." She pushed me away gently and looked again at the canvas. "I'm not like that," she repeated, only this time it was less a statement than a question.

It was amazing how quickly her mood

Not So Victorian

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

shifted. A moment ago she had been crying. Now she was laughing, and then abruptly her laughter stopped as she looked at the portrait.

"You're in love with me, aren't you?" she asked as matter-of-factly as though she were commenting on the weather.

"Yes," I said.

"That explains it," she said.

Before I could ask her what she meant, she was back in my arms, her lips pressed against mine with an intensity not only of passion but of need—a need that seemed almost to grow out of fear.

TUESDAY of the following week the portrait was finished as I had planned it, and Mary and I were on the train to Stanton to break the news of our engagement to Mrs. Freeman. At first Mary had tried to persuade me not to go with her.

"You don't know Mother," she said. "She's—well—she's incredibly old-fashioned and kind of a snob. I wish you'd let me tackle her alone."

I could hardly believe my ears. Surely nobody today, no matter how old-fashioned or snobbish, chose husbands for their daughters on the basis of social standing. Then I began to remember the boundaries between the Freemans and the rest of Stanton. I remembered too that Mary had told me her mother lived in the past. Mary must have known what I was thinking.

"Darling," she pleaded, "nothing she could say would make any difference, but I want everything to be perfect. If you'll just let me talk to her first."

"No," I said. "If your mother has any objections, I want to hear them. Of course," I said, "we could always make it a morganatic marriage."

"Please be reasonable. Mother hasn't been well, and I don't want to upset her."

Ultimately we arrived at a compromise. I would go to Stanton as a friend of Mary's, a fellow townsman revisiting his home town. Then, after Mrs. Freeman had been exposed to me for a few days, we would break the news. It seemed a humiliating masquerade to me, but out of love for Mary and deference to her mother's state of health, I agreed to it.

I suppose I expected Stanton to be much the same as it had been when I had left it

years before. But I found myself coming back to a town that held few landmarks for me and fewer memories. The only thing I found completely unchanged was the Freeman house. With its Victorian façade, topped by a series of ornate cupolas, it stood on a hill above the town like a stronghold, withstanding the modernity that surrounded it. If one wanted to live in the past, this certainly provided the perfect setting. I felt more apprehensive than ever.

Then I met Mrs. Freeman, and my apprehension disappeared. She seemed so different from the person Mary had described. Her outward appearance—her almost regal beauty and the courtly charm of her manner—belonged to the past, but her interests seemed modern and wide.

At dinner that evening she gathered a small group of her friends—people I had never met, but who, I remembered, belonged to the first families of Stanton—and she made me feel as though they had come to pay tribute to me. She spoke of my family with a whole-hearted admiration and without any trace of condescension. Before the evening was over I liked her immensely.

As a matter of fact, the first two days of the visit were perfect except for Mary. She seemed a different person around her mother. Her poise and assurance disappeared and in their place were awkwardness and caution, as though she were afraid of her mother. At first I put it down to nervousness—the strain of worrying about whether Mrs. Freeman would accept me as a person and subsequently as a son-in-law. However, after three days had passed and Mrs. Freeman and I had obviously become friends, Mary was tenser than ever.

WHEN Mary and I were alone I tried to find out what was wrong. To my surprise, Mary became almost hostile.

"Mother's taken you in," she said. "She's putting on all the old charm. But don't let it fool you. The moment you try to change her into a mother-in-law, that charm will peel off like a snake's skin."

"I can't believe it," I said. "I'm going to tell her tonight."

"No," said Mary fearfully.

"Why not?"

"I—I'll tell her. Please, Phil!"

At breakfast the next morning Mary told

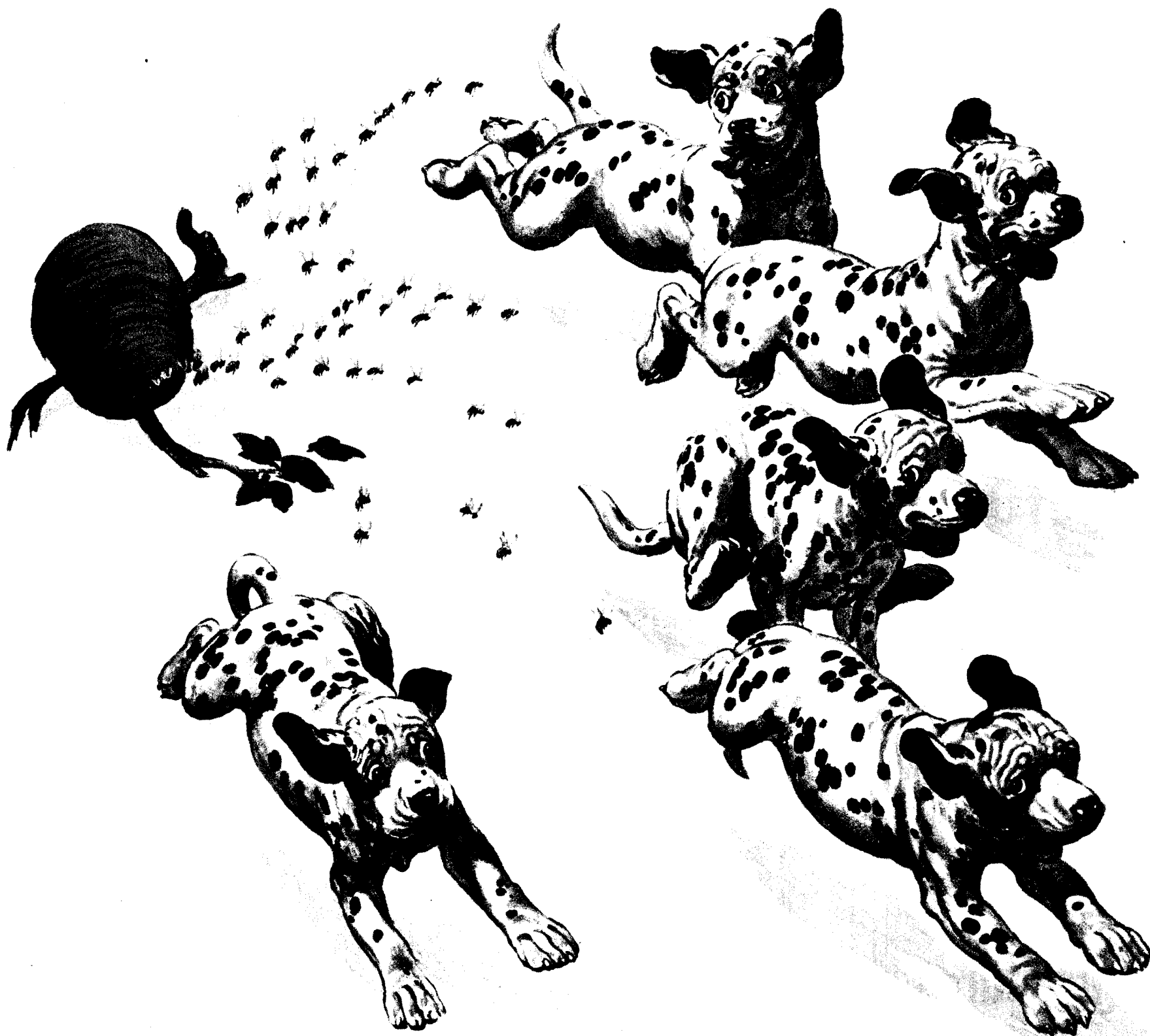
KENNESAW



"I'm just distillin' some water for my battery!"

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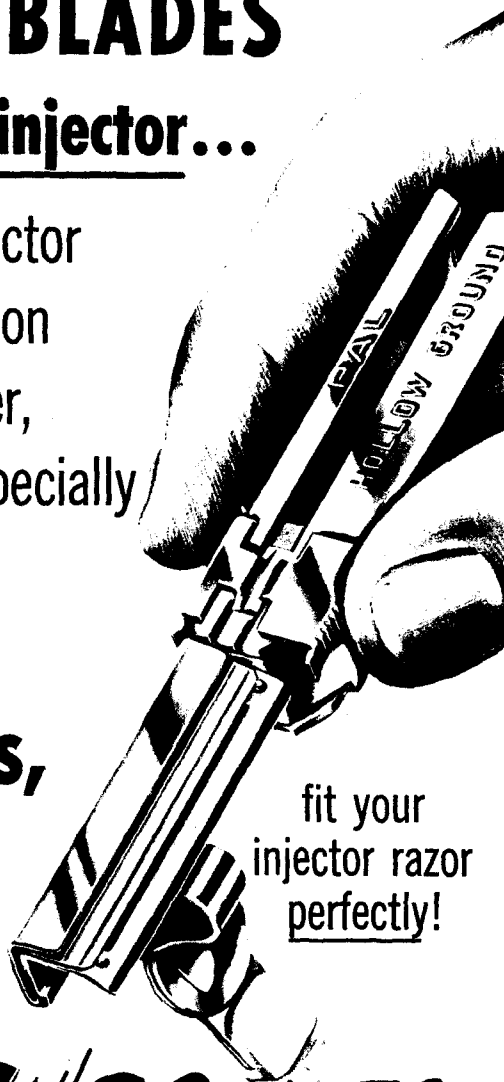
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me of her conversation with her mother. "I'm sorry to shatter your illusions," she said, "but it turned out just as I expected."

"What did she say?"

"The usual things. What's the use of repeating them?"

"I want to know. In fact, I'm going to talk to her."

"It won't do any good. She's taken to her bed. She sends you her regrets, but she's going to be laid up until we leave."

I was too stunned to argue. It was all so incredibly Victorian. The aristocratic mother fighting against her daughter's marriage to a social inferior and then developing "vapors" in the face of opposition.

"The hell with her!" I said harshly. "Let's get the first train out of here."

"I'm ready," she said and came around the table to be kissed.

"We'll get married in New York," I said, "as soon as the law will allow."

"We can't do that," said Mary hesitantly. "I—I promised her we'd wait a year."

I looked at her incredulously. I could easily comprehend Mrs. Freeman's request that we wait. That was altogether in character. In fact, I would not have been surprised if she'd threatened to pack Mary off to the Continent—to give her time to forget me. But that Mary should accede to her mother's request was unbelievable.

"Darling," Mary said in her most wheedling voice, "I had to do it. I was afraid—afraid she might get really ill. After all," she said brightly, "we'll be engaged."

FOR a little over a month, Mary and I were as happy as two people can be who know that their ultimate happiness must wait on the will of a sickly and domineering old woman. I was still outraged by Mrs. Freeman's autocracy, but Mary managed to soothe me with the assurance that as soon as her mother was well we would be married with or without maternal consent.

We saw practically nothing of our friends, spending all our time together. If Mary was restless, she did not show it until the evening in her apartment, when a messenger boy brought her a note. It was from Eve Marden. Would Mary come to a cocktail party next Saturday and would she dig up Phil and bring him with her? It was typical of Eve to include us both in one invitation. It was as though she were reproaching us for not having confessed our romance and, at the same time, assuring us that we could not hide it from her.

Remembering how much Mary disliked Eve's parties, I was amazed when she said we should go. At first I objected, but Mary acted so much like a small child who had

been forbidden to go to the circus that finally I gave in.

"You're a lamb," she said, then added excitedly, "I wonder who'll be there."

I knew then that the first bloom was off our romance. Mary was lonely. Mary was restless.

Eve's party was no different from the last one we had gone to, except for one major event. This time I did not find Mary. I lost her when Eve brought over Eric Downing.

I hated Downing at sight. He was considerably older than Mary—he must have been at least forty-five or -six—but he was extremely good-looking and had a persuasive manner. It was obvious that he was a man who got what he wanted and even more obvious, after five minutes of conversation, that he wanted Mary. It was also clear that Mary did not in the least object to being wanted—so clear, in fact, that I suddenly found myself standing alone, while Downing maneuvered Mary into a corner. The pattern was repeating itself. I was Ward Wilson, the movie star, and Downing was me.

At the end of an hour, during which Downing and Mary did not move from their corner, I finally decided to take a stand. I went up to them and said the same thing Ward Wilson had said to Mary six months ago:

"Let's get out of here."

Again there was that fleeting look of rage from Mary—the same expression that had kept creeping into my sketches of her—and again it was almost instantly veiled.

"What's the rush?" said Mary.

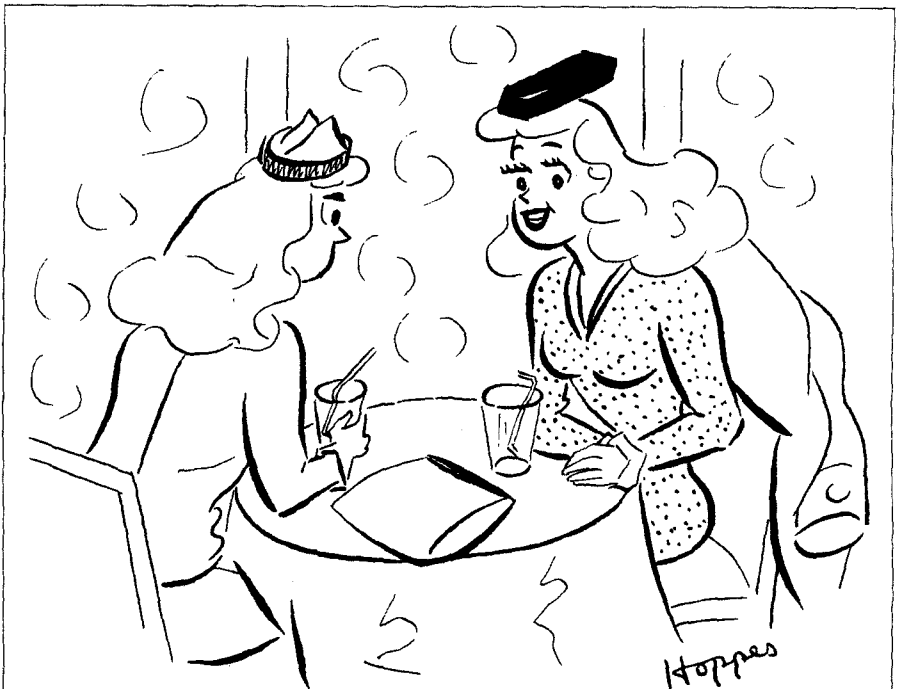
"I want to go home," I persisted.

"Well, what's stopping you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said. "Not any more."

Several hours later a chauffeur—Downing's, I felt sure—arrived at my door with a note. Even before I opened it, I knew what was in it. Mary was through with me. She was deeply sorry, but she could no longer put up with my possessiveness. She had cut herself off from her friends, even her own mother, because of me, and in return I had been petulant and jealous. She hoped that someday we could meet as friends. She had only the warmest feelings for me, etc., etc.

The warmth of her feelings certainly hadn't showed in the note. And yet my anger was directed not at Mary but at Mrs. Freeman. If it had not been for her, Mary and I would have been married by now. I was convinced that the breach between us had come only from the strain of waiting. Downing I dismissed as merely a means of ending our romance. I hated Mary's mother and all she represented—the snobbery, the



"Of course I can keep a secret. Harold and I were engaged three weeks before he knew anything about it"

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COLLIER'S

BOB PAPLOW

sense of superiority, the outmoded adherence to social distinctions.

Two months later I received a second note.

Dear Phillip, it read, I shall be in New York for just a few days next week. Could you come and have tea with me at the Hotel Derwent at five o'clock Tuesday? I want so very much to talk to you about certain things I cannot write.

*Yours sincerely,
Edna Freeman*

My first impulse was to ignore the invitation. I was afraid that if I saw Mrs. Freeman, I would let her know precisely how I felt about her. But I was curious. Why did Edna Freeman want to see me? What were the mysterious matters that could not be written but only explained in person?

THE Derwent was an old-fashioned family hotel that catered largely to elderly ladies with high incomes and impeccable connections. As I rode up in the elevator I thought grimly of how Mrs. Freeman's life seemed to be planned to protect her from glimpses of the present. She moved from the Victorian house in Stanton to this plush refuge in New York.

To my surprise, Mrs. Freeman greeted me warmly but in a faltering voice that suggested her uneasiness. She was gracious as usual, but her movements were abrupt, and when her eyes met mine, I felt as though she were pleading for me to give her the courage to go on.

At first we talked of commonplaces. Then, suddenly, she spoke hesitantly but clearly of what was on her mind.

"Phillip," she said, "the main reason I made this trip to New York was to see you." I was completely disarmed and more curious than ever.

"I suppose you've been wondering why I asked you and Mary to postpone your marriage for a year?" she said.

"I think I understand," I said coldly, "although I'm still in the dark about how you made her consent to it."

"I blackmailed her," said Mrs. Freeman forthrightly. Ignoring my look of amazement, she continued. "I threatened to tell you everything I knew about her."

"I don't understand," I said.

"It isn't easy for me to explain," she said, "but if you'll bear with me, I'll try."

"I needn't tell you how hopelessly my husband and I spoiled Mary. You lived in Stanton; you must have known how pampered and privileged she was. I realized too late what Grant and I were doing to her, but I couldn't make him see it. The result was that Mary had everything she

wanted. She was like her father. He loved competition—in business and in everything else. Then she found something she didn't own completely—her father's love. She had to share that with me. So she set out to win it away from me."

Her voice broke, and she hesitated for a moment.

"She succeeded too. I—I tried to fight her, but she was too strong for me. And then, when she had got what she wanted, she lost interest. The competition was over, and she began to treat her father with the same indifference with which she treated me. That became the pattern of her life. She's already broken five engagements, to my knowledge. I'm sure she doesn't want to be bad. She has moments of terrible unhappiness and fear when she realizes the sort of woman she's become."

I remembered one of those moments—the first time I let her see her portrait—and suddenly I heard her voice. "I'm not like that. I'm not like that."

"I was too weak to stop her," Mrs. Freeman said, "and too cowardly to do anything about the men who fell in love with her. I almost warned Ward Wilson. But it wouldn't have done any good; he was too conceited to believe me. I tried to warn you too. I liked and admired you too much to want you to be hurt, but I couldn't bring myself to expose my own daughter. So I did the only thing I could think of. I made her promise to wait a year, knowing it could never last that long."

"Why are you telling me now?" I asked. "Mary's going to be married. I wanted, if I could, to soften the blow."

"To Eric Downing?"

"Yes. She's finally found someone she can't possess, someone who's stronger than she is. But she won't be happy with him. She'll never be happy with anyone. You see," she added hopelessly, "Mary will never change, because the one person she can't compete against is herself."

She leaned over and clasped my hand. "You do forgive me?"

"I should be the one to ask forgiveness. I thought you were trying to break us up because I wasn't good enough."

"I know," she said softly. "That was the impression Mary wanted you to have."

Her eyes filled with tears. "Poor Mary," she murmured. "Poor child."

When I came back to my studio, I looked for a long time at the portrait of Mary. And I knew now what expression it really should have had, not the one of petulance and anger, but one of sadness and fear—the fear of a woman who knows what she's like.

THE END

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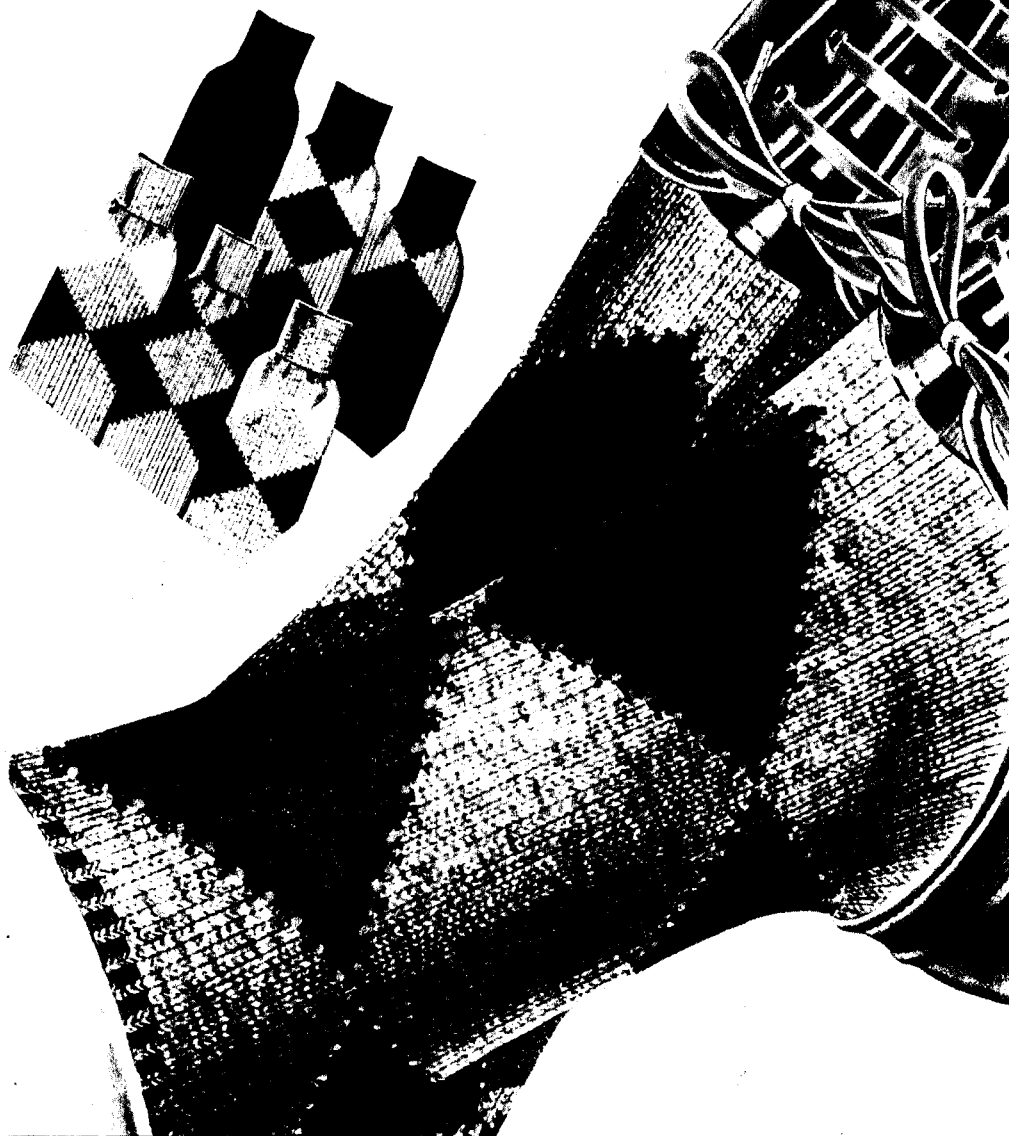
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Accustomed as I Am to Public Speaking . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

preparation for a career as a public speaker requires omnivorous reading. One must be familiar with history. He must know something about philosophy. He must know something about geographical divisions into which the world is separated. And he must know a great deal about literature, so he may illustrate effectively what he is attempting to say.

One of the greatest pulpit orators I ever knew was Dr. William E. Cave, for 25 years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Paducah, Kentucky. Though I was then and am now a Methodist, I frequently crossed the street to hear Dr. Cave, because I liked him personally and I liked his sermons. They were short and simple and nearly always drew upon his immense knowledge of history for some illustration. He used to tell me that I was a good listener. I was a good listener because he was a good preacher.

One of the things that public speakers should avoid is the effort to speak above their audience. This does not always work, as can be illustrated by an episode that took place in Washington many years ago when I was a member of the House of Representatives. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, one of the great pulpit orators of his day, and pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, of which Henry Ward Beecher was once pastor, was scheduled to speak at the Congregational Church in Washington at a Sunday-morning service. I was eager to hear Dr. Hillis, because I had heard much about him for years and had never seen him. I asked a friend to go with me.

Dr. Hillis preached a wonderful sermon—simple and direct and eloquent. When he concluded I asked my friend what he thought of it.

"I am disappointed in him."

"Why?"

"I understood everything he said."

To me, that was Dr. Hillis' great virtue as a pulpit orator and as a human being. But my friend wanted something that he could not understand, something that passed over his head like the winds that blow and of which it is said, "The wind bloweth

where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth."

I have been asked many times how many speeches I have made in my life. That is an impossible question to answer, because I have kept no diary and no record. But I began speaking when I was in college and I continued it afterward when I was admitted to the bar and when I was a candidate for prosecuting attorney and judge in my own county in Kentucky, and all during my 14 years' service in the House of Representatives and my 22 years in the Senate. And I have continued it regularly since I have been Vice-President.

I have spoken as many as 20 times in a single day in hard campaigns, often beginning at nine o'clock in the morning and terminating at eleven o'clock at night. This strenuous effort, which wore out many newspaper correspondents, prompted them to give me the title, "Iron Man." I have enjoyed the process, and I suppose that as long as I live and audiences are willing to listen I will continue to inflict myself upon them.

Lincoln Was Great Storyteller

There has always been in my mind—and in the minds of many public speakers whom I have known—the question whether storytelling should be indulged in in public speeches. The mere practice of telling stories just for their own sake has never appealed to me. Lincoln was the greatest storyteller in the history of public life in America. His penchant for storytelling was so great that he was referred to by his enemies in Congress as "the buffoon in the White House." But his stories were always illustrative and convincing; they saved him the trouble of having to draw a blueprint for the benefit of those who were not as well informed as they might have been. A good story that is to the point not only serves to clarify an argument but sometimes serves to arouse a sleepy audience.

William Jennings Bryan nearly always embellished his speeches with an apt story. Some of the best were those he related at

VIRGIL PARTCH



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XI

Sartor resartus:

Nudum pactum:

Mala fide:

Ultra vires:

Reductio ad absurdum:

Omnia vincit amor:

Re infecta:

Beach wear

S.R.O. for the strip-teaser

Mad dog

Completely exhausted

She's overdoing that diet

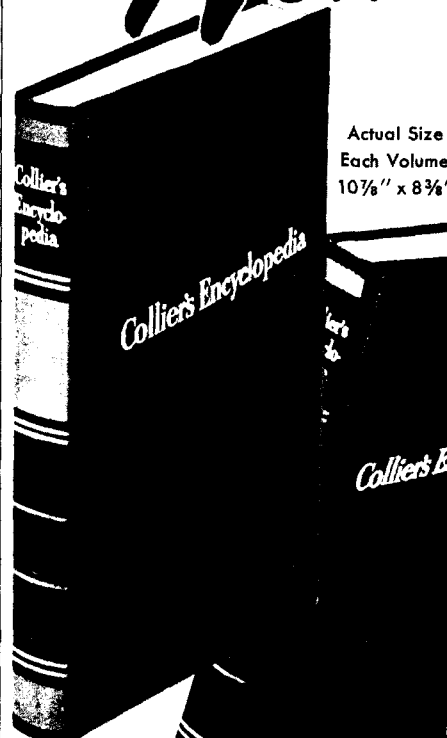
Vincent loves everybody

Now, about this boil on my neck. . .

—DICK SHAW

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COLLIER'S "What's it matter whether things cost 1,000 or 1,000,000? After all, it's only francs!" MICHAEL BERRY

his own expense. He told me on one occasion that after he ran for President the first time, he appeared on many Chautauqua programs throughout the country. At one of these, which was held in a large tent with a very large audience, after the preliminary musical program the superintendent began to introduce Mr. Bryan. Just as he was about to pronounce his name he leaned over and whispered to Bryan, "Do you speak or yodel?"

It has been my good fortune to hear some of the world's greatest orators. I think William Jennings Bryan was one of them. He had a magnetic personality. Nature had endowed him with a voice that never, in my judgment, has been excelled among public speakers. He was dynamic and eloquent, and his deep, resonant tones were like those of a clear bell. Men and women of all parties flocked to hear him. He used to tell me that he could draw greater audiences and get fewer votes than any man who ever ran for high office in the United States.

Another of the greatest orators to whom I have ever listened was René Viviani, once Foreign Minister of France. After we entered the first World War, he came to Washington at the head of a French delegation. He was invited to address the House of Representatives, which he did. Though he spoke in French and few members of the House were expert in that language, his oratory was so effective and the spirit of it so contagious that the House members broke out in applause at every appropriate

period without knowing precisely what he had said.

Winston Churchill, of course, is recognized as one of the world's great orators. There is a majesty about his voice and about his language that is captivating and convincing. Franklin D. Roosevelt, though of a different type, was one of the most appealing public speakers in the history of the United States. One Sunday afternoon after he had delivered a fireside chat to the American people, I was driving in Virginia. I stopped at a gasoline station and, while the operator was wiping off the windshield, he commented, "Franklin talked to me last night." That simple statement was a great tribute to the President. The speaker is rare who is gifted with the power to impress his listeners with his immediate presence from many miles away.

Back in the days of the Chautauqua and the Lyceum Lecture Bureau, many American orators appeared before great audiences, men like Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana and James E. Watson of Indiana, Champ Clark of Missouri, Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee, George R. Wendling of Philadelphia, and many others. As a boy I paid \$1.50 many a time to hear Governor Bob Taylor deliver his matchless lectures of wit, humor, pathos and philosophy. Anyone who wishes to read some of the most beautiful imagery will do well to get a set of Bob Taylor's lectures.

The radio, television and the demand of the people for information delivered with-

out too much embellishment have made it necessary for the orator of this day to be also a researcher, a historian, a philosopher, a scientist—in short, a person of the widest possible knowledge, not only on a favorite subject of his but on a wide variety of subjects about which the people are concerned.

Great changes also have occurred in public speaking since the advent of the loud-speaker and the public-address systems to be found now almost everywhere. The microphone enables the speaker to be heard to the utmost limits of the greatest audience indoors or out, without straining his voice and without engaging in the facial contortions that in former days accompanied his efforts to be heard.

This new device has also eliminated the necessity to be constantly drinking pitchers of water in the effort to keep the voice clear. Many years ago I discovered that, while water may give a temporary stimulation to the vocal organs, in the long run it is harmful.

Back in the days when prohibition was an important issue, I was speaking to a large gathering in Owensboro, Kentucky. The usual pitcher of water had been placed on the rostrum in front of me. In the act of making an emphatic gesture with my fist, I struck the pitcher and emptied its full contents on a friend sitting below me. To the great amusement of the crowd, he arose and announced:

"My friends, whereas I have always been politically 'dry,' I have become a changed man. I am now completely 'wet.'"

Gestures Used for Emphasis

This brings me to the matter of gestures, which are frequently overdone in the delivery of addresses. Gestures are intended to emphasize the spoken word. But many public speakers gesticulate so continuously that the gestures lose their emphasis, and merely tire the speaker. The fanning of the air, pounding of the table and other forms of physical force do not always add to the force of the intellectual processes.

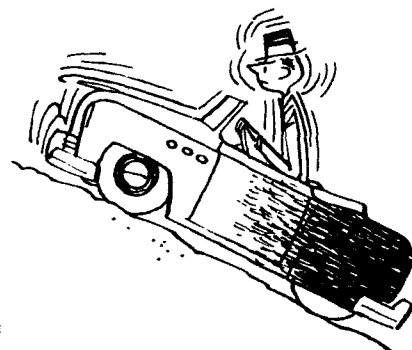
Senator William E. Borah of Idaho was one of the great orators of the Senate. Not only did he have a beautiful flow of simple English, but his gestures were as expressive as his language. When President Auriol of France appeared before a joint session of the Congress recently, his graceful and yet appropriate gestures were matters of comment among members.

It is indeed a rare orator who can integrate his gestures with his voice and the substance of his address so as to leave a lasting impression from all points of the compass. Naturally, I have tried to observe that rule, as I have tried to observe all the others mentioned here. But there is one principle of public speaking to which I have not always been able to adjust myself. That is the requirement of brevity.

One time a few years ago, when I was campaigning in eastern Kentucky, I took out my large open-faced gold watch, which had been given to me by friends when I was elected to Congress, and laid it on the table so as to judge the length of my speech. Unfortunately, I forgot just when I had started; when I felt that perhaps I had gone longer than I should, I picked up the watch and looked at it in an effort to refresh my memory, and then put it to my ear to make sure it was running. At that point, a man in the audience shouted: "Senator, if your watch has stopped, there is a calendar on the wall behind you!"

Needless to say, I drew my remarks to a rapid conclusion.

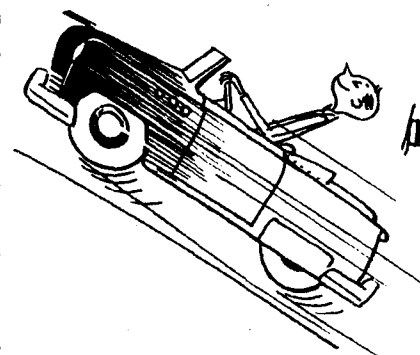
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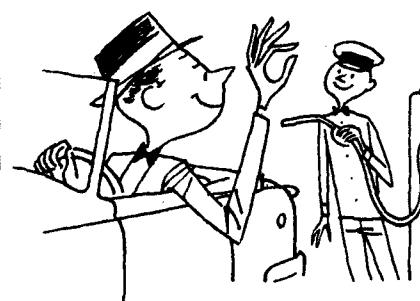
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Something Is Rotten in the State of Texas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

chairman, signed the contract. What else took place was concealed until 1934, when Parr was brought into federal court on charges of income tax evasion.

The federal indictment disclosed he had failed to report a taxable income for 1928 of no less than \$42,140.46 (halved with his wife, under Texas' community-property law).

As part of this income, the indictment specified a "commission of \$25,000." The government entered as court exhibits W. L. Pearson's personal checkbook and canceled checks showing his deposit in a bank of \$85,000 (Duval County's part payment on the road contract) and his withdrawal, shortly afterward, of \$25,000 in cash—which the federal prosecutor told the court Pearson had sent "in a little black bag" to young Judge Parr as a kickback on the contract.

The federal prosecutor claimed that in 1928, when just twenty-six, Parr had had a total income of approximately \$45,000 including his nontaxable \$2,700 salary as judge. The balance, he stated in open court, had included the \$25,000 "commission" paid Parr by W. L. Pearson & Company, and approximately \$17,000 paid to him, for "protection," by (1) proprietors of various gambling houses, (2) bootleggers and (3) houses of prostitution!

Pleads Guilty to Charges

At this point, Parr evaded a trial by abruptly pleading guilty—thereby preventing public airing of the slimy sources of his huge unreported income. He was fined \$5,000 and given a suspended two-year prison sentence.

Two years later, in 1936, his probation was revoked because of new charges, and he went to prison for nine and one half months. (However, though he naturally forfeited his judgeship, he never ceased being political boss—even behind bars.) The new charges evidenced Parr's apparent total disinterest in reforming.

They were:

1. That he failed to report to his probation officer as required.

2. That he assaulted Joe Canales, Brownsville attorney, on the Duval County Courthouse steps September 15, 1934.

3. That he owned and profited from a two-thirds interest in the Southwest Distributing Company, a firm charged with selling liquor illegally.

4. That while he was county judge he received money from gamblers, in return for which the gamblers were allowed to operate in Duval County. (The late A. H. [Big Boy] Compton, identifying himself as a gambler, subsequently testified he had negotiated an agreement to operate a gambling hall in Freer, Duval County, for a payment of \$600 a month. Sometimes, he said, the money was delivered to Sheriff Dan Tobin and sometimes it was left in Parr's office.)

5. That he had executed a lease to Texon Realty Company and J. T. Graham (of Corpus Christi), and that, after it had been acknowledged and delivered, he had fraudulently altered it by erasing the word "oil"—giving himself a basis for suing to terminate the lease a year later, when the lessors struck oil. (Parr subsequently admitted he'd changed the lease. He said the Texon officials "simply hadn't read it" after he'd returned it.)

6. That after an oil and gas lease assignment had been executed by Walter R. Taber to Thelma D. Parr (Parr's wife) and had been delivered to Parr to be filed with the Duval county clerk, he had fraudulently altered it by erasing a special-warranty clause.

Parr is president of, and controls the majority of shares of, both the San Diego State Bank and the Texas State Bank of Alice,

county seat of Jim Wells County (which adjoins Duval); his relatives hold most of the stock he doesn't own. And for years Boss Parr has used his political power to swell the profits of the Parr bank in Alice—at the expense of his own Duval County.

For obvious reasons, banks seek to be designated the depository for county funds. Customarily they bid for a two-year contract, competing in the interest rates offered on a county's average daily bank balance. Before the Parrs owned any banks, they saw that the Duval county commissioners properly exacted the highest possible rate of interest on county deposits. For example, in 1925, and again in 1927, the depository was the Security State Bank of Alice, and it paid the county 2 per cent interest. Then, in 1929, the bank closed and the Parrs bought and reorganized it as the Texas State Bank.

Promptly, in 1930, Duval's commissioners awarded the county-depository contract to the new Parr bank—but for the very nominal interest of only ½ per cent. That ½ per cent yield on its money was all Duval County received until 1943, when it lost even that. For, ever since, the Parr bank has had the use of Duval County funds for no interest whatsoever. In contrast to the highly unprofitable deal Parr has given his home county, in Jim Wells County—where his political control has been sporadically challenged and competition exists between the Parr bank and the Alice Bank & Trust Company—the Parr bank for years has paid 2½ per cent interest on Jim Wells County funds. Recently, under increasing competition, it bid 6 per cent—then submitted an amended bid offering more than any competing bid!

Parr had a tax-collection contract from Duval County during the period he was barred from holding public office because of his prison record. However, in 1946, President Truman gave him a pardon on his income evasion conviction, restoring his civil rights. (To get the pardon, Boss Parr had been forced to elect a new congressman to replace Richard Kleberg—who had dared refuse to intercede with Truman.) So, as soon as the then incumbent county judge died, in 1949, Parr resigned his tax-collection job and the ever-loyal county commissioners appointed him to his old

post, to fill out the deceased judge's term. In 1950, he was re-elected.

Oil, which Judge Parr credits with being the major source of his wealth, is a subject about which he is highly secretive. He minimizes his oil landholdings. However, he is a partner in the Parr-Delaney Oil Company, which is developing several highly lucrative south Texas oil fields, and which operates 97 oil wells in Duval County alone. And other records prove he owns or is interested in no fewer than 200 oil wells.

Rich Oil District

For nearly 25 years, oil and natural-gas properties have supported the bulk of taxation in Duval County. The Land of Parr today is one of Texas' richest oil districts and the world's greatest natural-gas-producing area. Last year Duval County's \$27,287,938 property valuation for tax assessments, oil and natural-gas properties and pipe lines (lumped as "oil properties" for brevity) accounted for \$23,467,288—85 per cent.

In Texas, each county hires an evaluation expert to make a yearly oil-properties survey. Though an evaluator's fee varies with the county's oil wealth, the average is \$5,000 to \$10,000 annually. Jim Wells County, for instance, produces approximately 33 per cent more oil than Duval County, and, in 1948, it received bids on its oil-properties evaluation work ranging from \$4,500 to \$7,000.

The Jim Wells county commissioners, however, ignored the low bid and instead accepted one of \$6,500 submitted by Thomas Y. Pickett & Company, of Dallas. Their action was bitterly assailed by the county's anti-Parr taxpayers, who got nowhere because all the commissioners but one were Parr men—and Pickett long has been a close friend of Parr's. In 1949, the commissioners raised Pickett's fee to \$10,000 annually—without even calling for competing bids. And this fee was okayed, still without competing bids, for 1950 and 1951.

Boss Parr is customarily very evasive when asked about Thomas Y. Pickett's contract as oil-properties evaluator for Duval County. If pressed, he says Pickett has a standard two-year contract, regularly re-

newed since 1937, and is paid between \$6,000 and \$7,000 a year.

However, a copy of the original contract awarded Pickett by the Duval commissioners is a matter of record. It is dated May 11, 1926—and contains no termination date, obviating renewals. It awards Pickett an annual fee of 20 cents for each \$100 evaluation of oil properties—so for his 1950 Duval County work (for which a \$5,000 fee would be normal) Pickett received an exorbitant \$46,934.40. Taking three fourths of Duval's 1950 valuation as average for each of the 26 years Pickett has held this amazing contract, he has received from the county—for a few days' work a year—an estimated \$900,000!

Parr and his friend Pickett have much in common. In 1932, Pickett was fined \$5,000 and served four months in jail for federal income tax evasion. He'd been convicted of failing to report \$110,000 paid him, in 1927, by the same W. L. Pearson & Company. The company had hired him to use his "influence" to get a Hutchinson County road bond issue passed. Pickett had succeeded—"through paying money to various influential people."

Oil may have brought Boss Parr the bulk of his fortune. But it's obvious he's also "struck it rich" in politics, which he has made Big Business. And the trappings of the wealth he's amassed are impressive:

His palatial San Diego mansion is situated on walled, lushly landscaped grounds with swimming pool, multiple garage and large servants' quarters. Nearby are stables for his 25 blooded quarter horses—and his private race track, complete with automatic starting chutes and judges' stand, where he frequently races his horses with those of neighboring ranchers. Parr, it is rumored, often bets as much as \$15,000 on a single race.

Parr recently bought the 57,000-acre Dobie Ranch—bringing his ranch holdings to around 70,000 acres—for approximately \$1,500,000. He lives there part time, entertaining political associates in baronial splendor.

Parr's income always has been large. The income he and his wife reported to the Bureau of Internal Revenue for 1944 was \$406,000.

When his wife divorced him in 1949 (she now lives in Corpus Christi; their only child, Georgia, seventeen, attends the University of Texas), the property settlement she received included not only half interests in his extensive ranch and oil landholdings, but \$425,000—in cash. Their daughter receives an allowance of \$1,000 a month until she's twenty-five. Even deducting that huge property settlement, Parr is still a multimillionaire.

Shantytowns Are Eyesores

Against the pleasant, luxurious living all this represents, the way of life of the mass of Latin Americans in the Land of Parr—from whose political control Parr has, to such a considerable extent, made his enormous fortune—is drab indeed. It's glaringly illustrated in the Latin shantytowns—extensive treeless, grassless sections of dilapidated one- and two-room shacks crazily crowded together, frequently without plumbing or electricity—which are such prominent eyesores in every south Texas town.

Minimum wage scales set by the Duval county commissioners on highway construction, etc., paid for with county funds, are: unskilled labor, 40 cents an hour; semi-skilled, 75 cents; skilled, \$1. Since this minimum is usually paid, unskilled pick-and-shovel laborers, most of whom have large families, get a miserable \$16 for a 40-hour week. Even more wretched are the Latin cow hands and farm laborers who, besides the use of a decrepit shack on

Collier's for June 9, 1951



LT. COL. ANTHONY F. STORY

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. . . and home to a cheering nation*

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**"MY AIR ADVENTURES WITH
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Number One- Fire!

Then—in rapid rumbling succession—*two . . . three . . . four* guns are reported fired by their Chiefs of Sections. Ahead of these guns . . . but sheltered behind protective shell bursts . . . infantry and armor move against the common foe.

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Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

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At Once!

MAC'S STOP LEAK...is incomparable...no other anti-leak radiator compound will even approach...its fast, reliable, durable action...YOUR DEALER WILL PROVE IT!... (JUST 75c)

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The original patented WATER PUTTY SETS HARD AS STONE — WON'T SHRINK. 1001 USES. FILLS holes, cracks, TIGHTENS handles, fixtures. REPAIRS plaster, tile. 35¢ lb. where you buy paints. Use SAVOGRAN STRYPEEZE the guaranteed finish remover.

THE SAVOGRAN CO.
DEPT. 40, BOSTON 16, MASS.

their employer's land, customarily receive only \$1 a day—for the days they are needed. In actual practice, many such Latin-American heads of families are paid no more than \$150 a year.

It is virtually impossible to learn much about Boss Parr's political techniques from the people themselves in Duval County, for it has been under Parr rule so long it resembles Iron Curtain country. Two young cowpunchers with thick Spanish accents, at a San Diego lunch counter, were asked:

"Is it true people here all wait for Parr to tell them how to vote—then march to the polls to do what he orders?"

Both stared as if this were blasphemy; then, looking blank-faced, concentrated on their food.

Later, in the courthouse, one of Parr's political lieutenants, Rafael Garcia, deputy tax collector and assessor, was asked:

"Some people outside the county say a lot of people dislike Judge Parr—is that so?"

"Jesus Christ had enemies, too!" Garcia replied, earnestly.

The attitude of Duval County Latins toward Boss Parr is difficult to understand, since his pose as the Latin Americans' Great Benefactor—upon which his power is based—is largely a pretense. True, he places Latins in all the county's political jobs—but all automatically become useful cogs in Parr's machine. And, as such, Parr uses them in his playing of politics for personal profit. Despite his enormous wealth, much of it gained directly from the taxpayers, I found no record of his ever having attempted to improve the living conditions of the tens of thousands of Latin Americans forced to exist in squalid slums, on near-starvation wages, throughout his domain.

Opposition Wages Losing Fight

In contrast to the abject submissiveness of Duval County's people, in both Nueces County and Jim Wells County (where Latin Americans comprise only about 45 per cent of the population, and Parr accordingly has Anglo lieutenants), a stubborn opposition conducts a running, mostly losing, battle with the Parr machine. The fight has been particularly grim in Jim Wells County, which Parr has controlled only since 1942.

V. D. Ringwald, editor of the Alice Daily Echo, attacked the Parr regime almost daily—until one of pro-Parr Sheriff H. T. Sain's deputies assaulted him on the street; he now maintains a neutral editorial policy.

"I have a wife and small children," he explained.

Ed Lloyd, Parr's chief lieutenant in Jim Wells County, owns control of the only other newspaper in the county seat, the Alice News, and, with two other Parr henchmen, owns Alice's sole radio station, KBKI. (He shares leadership with Parr's brother, Givens, executive vice-president of the Parr bank in Alice.)

The wedge which enabled Boss Parr to "annex" Jim Wells County was the inimitable 99 per cent majority he's always delivered to every candidate he backs in Duval County, the hard core of his political machine. Through this, Parr held the balance of power in the 79th judicial district (Duval, Jim Wells, Brooks and Starr Counties), which permitted him to hand-pick both the district attorney and district judge. He followed up with his father's foolproof strategy of organizing the Latin Americans to vote in a bloc.

And then on September 3, 1948, Parr-bossed Jim Wells' Precinct 13 became nationally famous when it singlehandedly reversed the outcome of Texas' U.S. senatorial race, six days after the Democratic runoff primary, by adding 203 votes to its unofficial complete total—202 for Lyndon Johnson. Ex-Governor Coke Stevenson thus was defeated by an 87-vote margin. For in Texas, as in practically all the Solid South, an election is decided in the first and second (or runoff) Democratic primaries.

(However, Lyndon Johnson's indebtedness to Boss Parr for his U.S. Senate seat was based on far more than the "after-

thought" votes from Precinct 13. For, in an election in which 988,295 votes were divided so equally elsewhere, it's hardly necessary to emphasize the value to Johnson of the Land of Parr vote, favoring him 48,255 to 24,034—better than two to one, the ratio of Latin Americans to Anglo-Americans in the Land's 500,000 population. In Boss Parr's tight little duchy of Duval County alone, Johnson got a nice boost toward victory from a 4,622-to-40 vote.)

Stevenson's outraged supporters demanded a recount of the controversial Precinct 13 vote. But even before any action was started, Johnson got a state-court injunction prohibiting the newly elected county Democratic Executive Committee "from eliminating any votes on the grounds of illegality, irregularity or fraud in the holding of said election!"

The furious battle between the Johnson and Stevenson factions over the legality of those last 203 Precinct 13 votes was carried to the State Democratic Convention, which finally endorsed Johnson—after the pro-Stevenson States' Rights splinter group was refused seats in the convention.

Stevenson's charges of fraud immediately inspired three investigations: one conducted by his campaign managers, a second ordered by a federal district court, and a third ordered by the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections.

The preliminary federal district court hearing in Fort Worth revealed some amazing election procedures. Harry Lee Adams, an anti-Parr man who'd unexpectedly won the chairmanship of Jim Wells County's Democratic Executive Committee in the July primary, testified that B. F. Donald, Jr., its retiring secretary and cashier of Parr's Alice bank, had flatly refused to turn over to him his predecessor's copies of the runoff primary returns. During their argument Adams hastily had copied 10 names from the Precinct 13 poll list Donald held, together with the poll-list numbers indicating their order of voting. Stevenson's attorneys used Adams' list to show the last 203 names of the claimed 1,044 total had been fraudulently added after the polls closed.

Seven of the names Adams had copied bore poll-list numbers indicating they had been among the last 203. The five of those seven "voters" who were located testified they had *not* voted. Adams, and a Stevenson campaign manager who'd also briefly seen Donald's list, both testified that whereas up to No. 842 the voters' names had been written in black ink and in several different handwritings, from No. 842 on all had been written in blue ink and in the same handwriting. In addition, they'd been

written in *alphabetical order*—an order in which it is highly improbable voters would come to the polls.

On the basis of this testimony, the court issued a temporary injunction barring Lyndon Johnson's name from the general election ballot, and scheduled simultaneous inquiries by federal commissioners in three Land of Parr counties, Jim Wells, Duval and Zapata.

However, at the commissioner's hearing in Jim Wells County, it was disclosed that the Parr machine had quickly developed an explanation for Precinct 13's six-days-late larger return, to "account for" the 203 belatedly added votes.

Disagree on Vote Returns

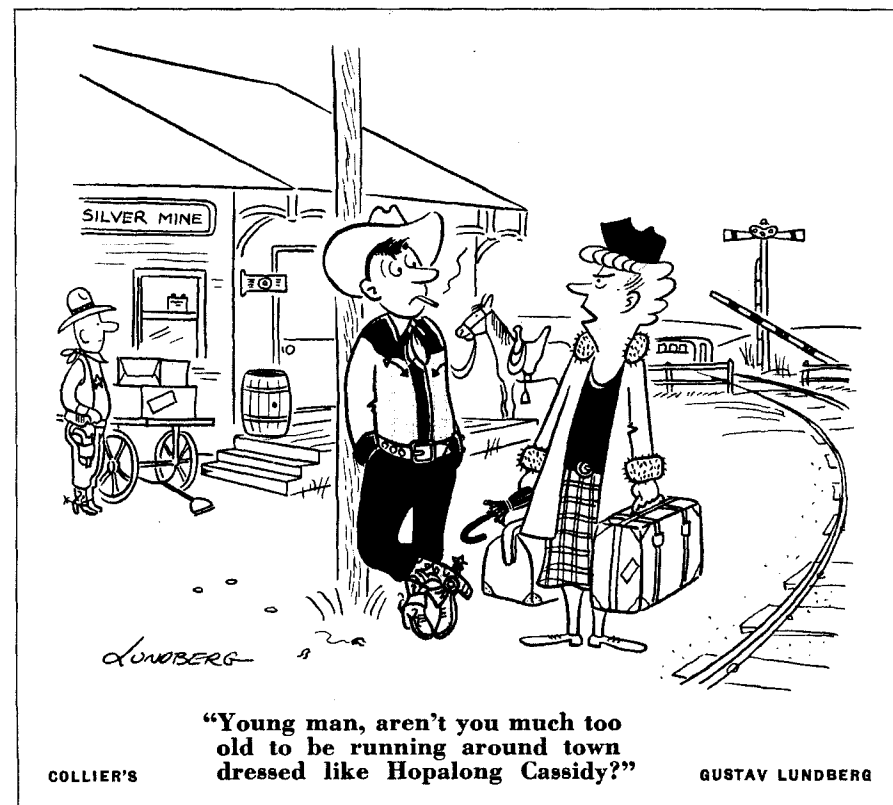
The Texas Election Bureau, the Alice newspapers which had reported election night's smaller, 841-vote return, the several witnesses (including a newspaper editor) who'd testified or signed affidavits that they'd been given the 841-vote return by Precinct 13's election judge, pro-Parr Luis Salas, on election night—all were simply victims of hallucinations! Even the telegram in the Election Bureau's files relaying this return was a hallucination! The Parr machine, through its Charlie McCarthy, Salas, brazenly insisted the 1,044-vote return had been the *only* return reported. Salas admitted he'd stopped at the newspaper office to talk to the Election Bureau's representative after the polls closed election night, yet blandly testified:

"But I never say *anything* about how many votes anybody get."

The U.S. commissioner was unable to obtain even one of the three required copies of Parr-bossed Precinct 13's election returns: Salas informed the court two had been stolen—his and one held by Donald.

Seeking to subpoena Donald, the commissioner learned he'd crossed the border into Mexico. (Coincidentally, in Zapata County, the U.S. commissioner there found all three copies of one precinct's election returns had been stolen. And in Duval County, the commissioner was unable to subpoena J. Campbell King, chairman of the county Democratic Executive Committee and a business partner of Boss Parr, because he, too, had made a hurried trip into Mexico.)

The Jim Wells commissioner then tried to procure the third copy, which Salas said he'd left in a Precinct 13 ballot box. Over vigorous objections from Lyndon Johnson's lawyers, the county's 20 ballot boxes were brought into court—a few already empty, and most unlocked or with keys conveniently attached. The first of Precinct 13's



"Young man, aren't you much too old to be running around town dressed like Hopalong Cassidy?"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

wo boxes was opened and found to contain only ballots.

Johnson's lawyers succeeded in postponing the opening of the other a day—for in the meantime Johnson himself, having failed to block the investigation through any other maneuvers, had flown to Washington. That same day, President Truman called for all Texans to back Johnson. And the following day, just as the remaining precinct 13 ballot box was to be opened—with horse-opera timing, an order arrived from Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black washing the federal investigation.

By the time the U.S. Senate investigators arrived on the scene, all of Duval County's ballots had been burned. Thus all three investigations were abortively ended. Supreme Court Justice Black's order also had dissolved the temporary federal injunction barring Johnson's name from the general election ballot.

(President Truman evidently recognized George Parr as the politician most responsible for the election of "his" candidate, Johnson. For when the President stopped in San Antonio during his tour of Texas in September, though he conferred with few Lone-Star State big shots, he talked with Boss Parr a half hour.)

In Jim Wells County, the tension between Parr's henchmen and the harried anti-Parr group failed to subside even during the off-year between elections. One reason was a tormy newcomer to Alice, W. H. (Bill) Mason. Mason had launched his own program as a crusading news commentator on radio station KBKI. KBKI's pro-Parr ownership didn't deter him from assailing Parr politicians. He delighted in describing anonymous threats his attacks drew.

"I'm calling the dirty skunk's bluff," he'd announce on the air. "He can find me at our o'clock today at (some Alice tavern)!"

Victim Is Defiant

When Mason began concentrating his attacks on Parr-elected Sheriff H. T. Sain and his deputies, two of the latter waylaid him. After beating him up, they left him standing in the street stripped of his trousers. On recovering them, Mason defiantly flew them from the radio-station flagstaff, daily calling attention to the fact he hadn't surrendered.

Then Mason discovered that another of Sheriff Sain's men, Latin-American deputy Sam Smithwick, owned an outlying roadhouse with a questionable reputation. Though Smithwick later insisted he merely leased the building to a Latin-American operator, Mason charged he was getting a "cut" from the profits of gambling and prostitution available there.

After a week or more of such broadcasts, Deputy Smithwick met the radio commentator and abruptly shot him, coolly watched him stagger off and die, then returned to the sheriff's office.

Feeling ran high, for many who'd ad-

mired Mason's courage had talked of backing him as their leader in a new campaign to drive out the Parr machine. Smithwick, tried outside the county, got off with a life prison term.

In the 1950 runoff primary, though the Parr machine as usual steam-rolled its opposition everywhere else, in Jim Wells County the long resentment of the strong-arm tactics employed by the pro-Parr sheriff and his deputies—inflamed by the cold-blooded Mason killing—proved politically fatal to Sheriff Sain.

On Election Day, Sheriff Sain greatly increased his own force by appointing as special deputies men from outside Jim Wells County. The strangers were given pistols and divided into squads led by Sheriff Sain's veteran deputies. One armed squad drove back and forth through Alice's crowded Latin-American section, stopping and confiscating the ignition keys from cars with anti-Parr Candidate Wright stickers.

Beside Precinct 6's polling place, a rural schoolhouse, a squad of deputies armed with pistols set up a tent through which they insolently herded Latin-American voters—thrusting on each a sample ballot marked for the Parr candidates. Anyone assumed to have voted anti-Parr had his car keys confiscated. When O. D. Kirkland, a disabled war veteran, offered a lift to town to three thus stranded voters, a deputy knocked him to the ground twice, then brutally kicked him.

The capture by the Jim Wells anti-Parr group of the single, but strategically important, office of sheriff left Boss Parr with a vulnerable spot. He therefore maneuvered a bill through the state legislature to emasculate the office of sheriff—solely in the 79th judicial district. The measure enables the district attorney to appoint an assistant D.A. and an investigator with powers equaling those of the sheriff in each of the district's counties, which include Jim Wells.

In the 1950 general election, however, Boss Parr for once was outmaneuvered—by one of his own men!

In the July primary, the sole candidate for the office of judge of the 79th judicial district had been the incumbent, Sam Reams, of Falfurrias. But before the November election, Reams had heard a suit involving a contested election in Jim Wells County—and had indiscreetly ruled against Boss Parr's man. It wasn't until election night, after the polls closed, that rumors hinted Parr secretly had ordered a last-minute "write-in" opponent to Judge Reams—one A. J. Vale.

"To my knowledge, there's been no write-in in Duval County," Parr replied emphatically, when questioned.

Nonetheless, complete returns from the other three counties confirmed the rumor. But since the write-in candidate received no votes in his own county (where he'd run for re-election as state representative) and only 922 votes in the other two—as

against Judge Reams's three-county vote of 5,378—Parr's revenge was believed a flop.

The Duval County returns weren't announced until five days later. They proved startling: Duval this time gave the judge only 43 votes, while Parr's completely unpublicized, last-minute write-in candidate, Vale, scored 4,739, the largest vote in Duval history. Boss Parr once more had tardily reversed an election—for Vale now was winner throughout the district, with 5,661 votes to Judge Reams's 5,421.

"Kept my little secret, didn't I?" Parr chuckled. "That's just good strategy!"

But Judge Reams and the anti-Parr elements of Jim Wells County petitioned Texas' Governor, Attorney-General and Secretary of State, charging a ballot box in Freer—where Duval County's small Anglo-American population is concentrated—had been stuffed with at least 575 write-in ballots. They furnished affidavits signed by 22 persons who said they'd voted for Judge Reams, including one who'd noticed, when he'd voted just 15 minutes before the polls closed, that his poll-list number had shown he was the precinct's 250th voter. (The precinct's official return had given Vale 841 votes, Reams only 8.)

Votes Are Disallowed

Texas' Secretary of State John B. Shepperd accordingly disallowed all Duval County votes, pointing out it was up to the county to prove its votes had been legal. But any court test would have to be in Travis County, seat of the capital, well outside the Land of Parr.

Vale "saved face" for the Boss by refusing the district judgeship to which Duval County had "elected" him, accepting, instead, the job of state representative he'd also won. When asked if Duval County would sue to force the state to count its votes, Boss Parr was able to reply indifferently:

"What for? We voted and won. Our man simply didn't want the job."

Parr thus calmly accepted his one setback. For, as he has often said:

"Politics is a game we play 365 days in the year. I've been boss around here for quite a while—and I don't intend to retire for a long time yet."

Before leaving the Land of Parr, I drove back to Alice. I parked my car outside a place I'd never visited. I walked slowly about, until I found what I was looking for—an inconspicuous stone slab on which was carved, "W. H. (Bill) Mason, 1897-1949," and the inscription added at the request of a small band of his friends in Alice:

"HE DIED
BECAUSE HE HAD THE NERVE
TO TELL THE TRUTH
FOR
A LOT OF LITTLE PEOPLE"

THE END

The Edge of Error

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

His heavy face was pink with exertion. He pulled open his camel's-hair overcoat. "You got me in the middle. I got two hundred workers in my shop up in the Bronx, making lamps. Now I can't get brass. The warehouse says I got to have a priority. If I don't get an Army contract I'm ruined." He slapped the top of my desk.

In the past week I had heard it all. I told him how to go about bidding on defense production contracts and after a while he seemed to calm down.

There were lots of anxious vendors like him, and some of the other engineers decided them. "Yeah, they run out of wire or their lousy artificial flowers and suddenly they get patriotic and bust in here for a government contract."

But you couldn't blame them. Preparing

Collier's for June 9, 1951

for armed defense was like having your teeth fixed—painful but necessary for biting. I always did the best I could to explain, but some suppliers were desperate. The worst of it was that every now and then one would clearly suggest that he was willing to deliver a bribe if I would help get him a contract. That was always sad. And, of course, it could also be dynamite if anyone accepted a bribe.

IT WAS some time before the colonel I talked with me again. Then he said, "Well, Williams, how do you like it so far?" He looked closely at me. "Never mind. What I called you in for, Captain Wagnall will be on leave all week and I want you to take over his job as adjutant until he gets back. In addition to your other duties, of

course," he added. He grinned and I grinned back, wondering what there was to grin about.

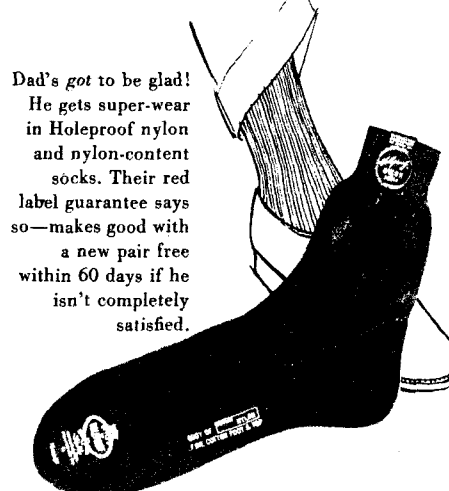
"You're doing a good job, Williams," he said. "Oh, by the way, Vinecek tells me your security clearance came through this morning, in case you run into any classified material in the adjutant's job."

I started to go. "One thing more," he said. "As acting adjutant, you're in charge of getting draft deferments for our contractors' key personnel." He tossed me an envelope. "Here's one on our Category 'S' project at Martin Labs. Selective Service is on his tail and I want him deferred. No slip-up now. We've had enough tough luck on that job."

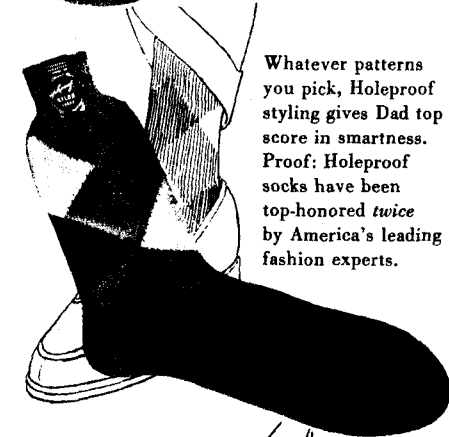
Back at my desk, I opened the envelope and tried to understand all the colonel had



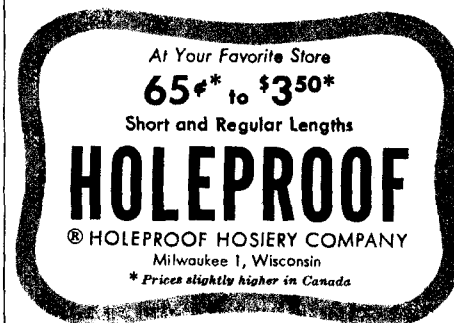
Dad's got to be glad! He gets super-wear in Holeproof nylon and nylon-content socks. Their red label guarantee says so—makes good with a new pair free within 60 days if he isn't completely satisfied.



Whatever patterns you pick, Holeproof styling gives Dad top score in smartness. Proof: Holeproof socks have been top-honored twice by America's leading fashion experts.

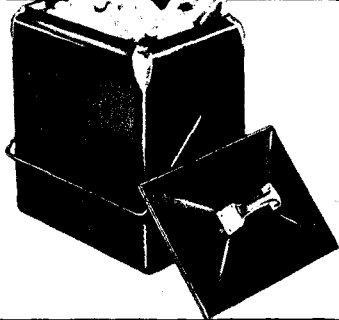


Prize for size! Sanforlan-labelled wool and wool-content socks hold their size, can't shrink out of fit—nor out of favor with Dad.



Why was I born?

by Paul Dunn



Be sure to have *all* the genuine ice you want, *when* you want it. It's inexpensive—and convenient. Ice Cubes, Crushed Ice or Block Ice are readily available at a nearby Ice Vending Machine or Ice Station. Consult your classified telephone directory or phone your local Ice Company for the address of the one nearest you.



THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO., INC., NEW YORK, PEKIN, ILL., SAN FRANCISCO • 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

said. Adjutant—I would be adjutant all week. I was confused from trying to digest the Armed Services Procurement Regulations, the Munitions Office Technical Instructions, the Bid Invitations and Abstracts—all the dizzy multitude of new, unreadable rules that had come out in the last five years. Now I would be adjutant too and that meant new Army Regulations and Department of the Army Circulars and Adjutant General's Office memos and more of the maddening annoyance of co-workers too new to know or too busy to tell what they all meant. You tried to get things done but you worried about unknown errors you might be making that would come to light ten endorsements later.

What had he said about classified material? Classified meant restricted, confidential, secret or top secret. Top secret. What did top secret mean? Just two more words of the thousands swimming in my head. When a salesman makes a mistake, he laughs it off. At worst, he looks for a new job. How hard is that these days? When a soldier makes a mistake...

I looked at the papers in my hand. The candidate for the draft was Howard L. Benziger, Selective Service No. 11-56-24-1322, Local Board No. 56, and so on. I was wondering where to begin on this new task when the receptionist brought over another would-be-supplier. I started to say I was busy when he broke in.

"Nice to know you, Lieutenant. My name is Gallishaw." He laid a card on my desk and sat down. He was a nice-looking guy, with a dark flannel suit, button-down collar and striped tie. I had a feeling I had seen him before. He smiled an odd smile at me. "Anton Gallishaw," he said.

I GLANCED down at his card. The name of his firm was Galli Jewels, Ltd. Was that a familiar name? "What sort of jewelry do you make, Mr. Gallishaw?"

"Costume stuff," he said. "Pretty, but cheap. Runs from Woolworth's to Bonwit's in price, depending on quality of design and plating. We use a lot of brass. And brass is rather hard to find these days."

"So they say."

He hesitated. "And so," he said, "it seemed reasonable to check with the people who took it all." He smiled the twisted smile again, and something about him seemed familiar.

"Well, Mr. Gallishaw, it's no secret we're buying items made of brass. Doubtless some of them you could supply." I picked up a written outline that I used to make sure I covered all the points. "Where shall I begin?" I asked.

Lots of these vendors asked me to lunch. I never accepted. There was nothing wrong

with it, so far as I knew. I just didn't want to hear sales harangues at lunchtime.

Maybe it was the polite and attentive way he listened that made me change my mind. Maybe it was the faint recollection of having known him before. Maybe the accumulated confusion of my duties made me want to escape for an hour. The thought of the sandwiches in my desk was unappealing. When he finally suggested we go to a fine German restaurant for lunch, I agreed.

"Martini, Lieutenant?" he asked.

"Damned if I won't," I said. I told him about the recent weeks of austerity at noon. He frowned sympathetically. We made it an occasion and had two. Then, to keep it from becoming a celebration, I began to talk shop.

"So you make costume jewelry?"

"Oh, yes," Gallishaw fished in his pocket. "I thought I had a sample," he said. "Must have left it in the car."

THE entree arrived—braised leg of Canadian hare with chopped red cabbage, one of the restaurant's specialties. If I tried to clear my mind of its clutter I could easily imagine myself a salesman again with no worry greater than how to improve my golf game. The Martinis helped the illusion. I felt myself relax and realized Gallishaw was talking.

"That's not all we do, naturally," he said. "Your Army Munitions Department is our claimant agency for M day." He was talking about the plans in case of a general war. I tried to follow him.

"We're second-tier subcontractors in the Industrial Mobilization Plan on Guided Missiles." He said it glibly and I was puzzled by his frankness. Wouldn't guided missiles be secret? Maybe not. You saw something about them in the newspapers every day. Besides, he hadn't said much and—what the hell?—he had only been talking to me. It was all right to talk to me about planning. That was one of my jobs.

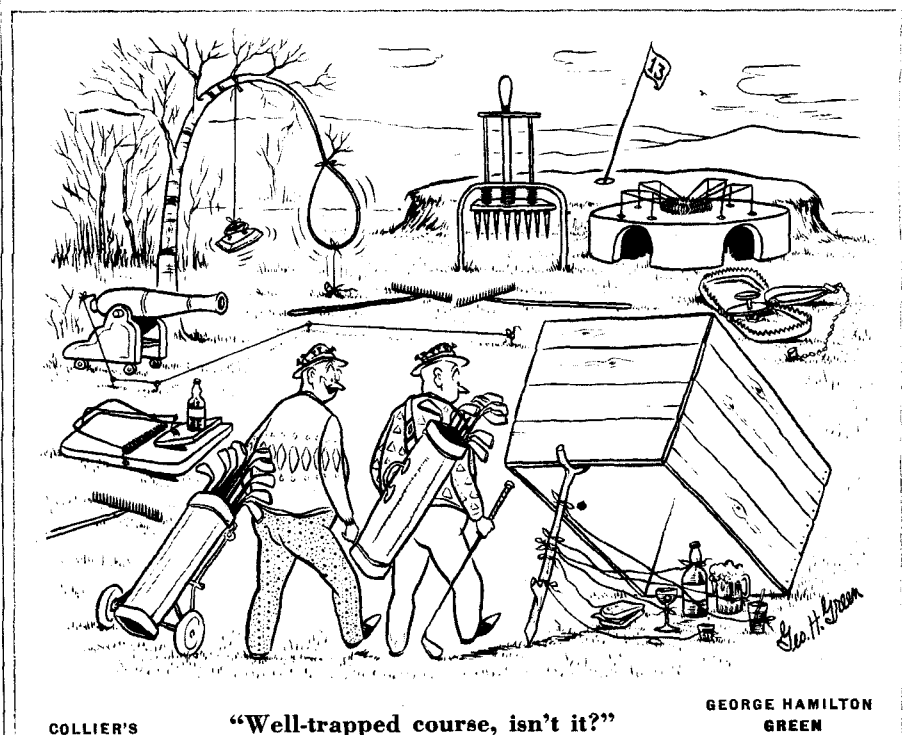
Gallishaw went on. "Another thing," he said. "Without Army contracts, I'm not going to be able to get draft deferments for my key men."

"We're running into that," I said. "I'm working on a draft deferment for a guy at Martin Labs now."

"Martin?" he said. "Why, that's our prime contractor on guided missiles. I know the whole crowd out there." He spoke casually. "Who is it?"

Again I had that sensation I had met Gallishaw before. Well, it wasn't important. What had he asked? The name of the draftee. "Fellow named Benziger," I said.

He had been watching me closely. Now he looked away and nodded. "Howard L.



COLLIER'S

"Well-trapped course, isn't it?"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Collier's for June 9, 1951

enziger," he said. "A very underrated young man. I thought you might mean someone else."

We were walking back to the office when he stopped and said, "Wait, here's my car." He watched him open the door and reach into the glove compartment.

"Here," he said. "Here's a sample."

I took it from his hand and something made me turn. A bareheaded sidewalk photographer was taking our picture. Without stopping, he turned to the sidewalk traffic, taking his candid shots, saying his monotone spiel, handing out the little tickets you signed and mailed with twenty-five cents to get the pictures. He hadn't given me a ticket. That was odd.

Gallishaw slammed the car door and I looked back at the sample. It was a glittering brooch the size of a silver dollar, icily made. I asked what it was worth.

"The factory cost? Maybe fifty cents."

I couldn't believe it.

"Really," he said. "You have no idea how easily those things are made." He admitted the retail price would be much higher, jewelry markups being what they were, but he pointed out that costume jewelry had almost no critical dimensions and could therefore be pounded out at high speed. He urged me to keep the sample.

It was an attractive thing. I put it in my pocket. I thought of Ann and how this sparkling ornament would look against her white throat. I imagined her being surprised and pleased that I would think to bring her this little trinket. I should have felt good, but I felt uneasy.

THAT afternoon I concentrated on my double duties. Gallishaw's memory was quickly lost among the hundreds of faces and conversations I had had recently.

By Wednesday I felt like a one-armed juggler. People had come in in streams for procurement information. Dozens of baffling letters arrived for my attention as adjutant. The pile of regulations on my desk grew.

I had Benziger's case in front of me.

"What is a Category 'S' project?" I asked. "You talking about Martin Labs?" Vinecek asked softly.

"Yeah," I said. "Why the whisper?"

He frowned at me as though I should know better. I felt a flash of annoyance. Everybody acted as though I were a career officer who had been here all the time. Damn it, how should I know why he was whispering?

"That's the hottest classified project in the office," he said. "Category 'S' refers to the priority. I suppose it means 'Special.' Only the Joint Chiefs of Staff can put a project in that category."

"It's secret?" I asked.

"Top secret and urgent," Vinecek said, and full of hard luck—accidents, delays, mix-ups."

"I didn't realize that," I said. Without knowing why, I was uneasy. Something I couldn't place was wrong. Today, yesterday—there was a mistake there somewhere. My stomach muscles tightened. "I have to get a Martin employee deferred," I said.

"Benziger," Vinecek whispered. "He's a genius. I don't guess he's over twenty-five but they say the project would practically collapse without him."

I never did get Benziger deferred because that night he was killed. A hit-and-run driver struck Benziger as he crossed the street to his house—more of the bad luck that dogged the Category "S" job.

There was an awful row about it. All the next day the office was in a turmoil, jammed with strangers, noisy with teletypes and telephone bells. Benziger was dead and that was bad but something else was wrong too. The incident had nothing to do with me, of course. Yet I found my mind settling on it apprehensively. It was my pay for duty officer and I didn't get a chance to learn what was going on. Late in the afternoon Vinecek came over and he seemed a little relieved.

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"Here," he said, "put this in the safe." He handed me a brown zipper portfolio. "It's Benziger's brief case." Just an ordinary brief case. I fingered a rusty stain absently, and stopped with a shock as I realized it might be blood. I looked up guiltily at Vinecek. He was watching me through narrowed eyes.

When I had slammed the safe shut and twirled the dial, I asked Vinecek what it was all about. Almost no one was left in the office and he relaxed. He lighted a cigarette.

"Well, it's pretty simple," he said. "It's the project at Martin. This Benziger was the mainspring of it, just one of those brilliant young guys who could outthink ten ordinary scientists." Vinecek looked at the ceiling. "I think there was a security leak on the project," he said. "Somebody probably guessed what we were working on. But Benziger was the key. To conceal his importance, we made like he was just another workman. Nobody even mentioned his name."

"Why," I said, "you know I was working on a draft deferment for him." An uncomfortable ache reminded me of the tension I had been feeling in my stomach lately.

"Yes," Vinecek said. "It doesn't ring quite true to ask for special draft consideration on a guy who is just another workman. But"—he shrugged—"nobody knew about it that wasn't cleared."

With a twinge of conscience I thought about security clearance. I was cleared. I could receive classified information. The colonel had told me that several days ago. It was a responsibility.

"What will happen to the project?" I asked.

"Well, it seems Benziger had it just about solved. They think they'll be able to finish it now. Last night he worked long past quitting time. He drove home, parked his car, and then, as he walked across the street to this place where he lives, some guy in an old two-door sedan runs smack over him." Vinecek winced at the thought.

"The guy actually stopped and ran back to where Benziger was lying, but this cop who happened to see the whole thing came running up and the guy beat it. He got clean away. They're still dragging the state for him."

"What about the brief case?" I asked.

"Oh. Well, when we started investigating, Benziger's brief case was missing. He never took official papers out of the office but sometimes he took notes and worked at home. His notes could mean something to a foreign scientist."

It dawned on me that in Vinecek's whole conversation he had never mentioned the thing Benziger was working on. Guided missiles it was. I knew that. Why should Vinecek be so cautious about it? It was unnecessary—even silly.

"We figured the hit-and-run driver might have taken the brief case," he continued, "and at first it looked like more than an accident. But a little while ago it showed up again. The cop had turned it in."

Vinecek looked up at the clock. It was nearly seven. "A guy is coming up from the Pentagon in the morning to look it over." He got to his feet and yawned.

AFTER Vinecek left, I was in the office alone. The minutes crawled and my mind wandered aimlessly. Being duty officer is a tiresome thing. I shut my eyes and thought about Ann. We were married before World War II. I thought about nights I had pulled duty officer then, how I had longed to be with her. Here it was all over again, just as if we had never finished, just as if we had never had the two kids.

Ann would be putting them to bed now.

Uncontrollably, I shivered. It was chilly just sitting here. The office was quite dark and I switched on my desk lamp. The clock said eight fifteen now—twelve hours to go on this tour. Depression settled over me like a shroud. Salesmen are supposed to be extroverts and not to like reading regulations and sitting alone at



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night. Or wasn't that it? Was it something else instead? Was I afraid? Or what?

The telephone bell jangled me out of my reverie. I grabbed the receiver.

"Manhattan Munitions Office," I said. Maybe it was Ann.

"That you, Lieutenant Williams?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Gallishaw."

I tried to remember, and a face that was half familiar came to mind. "Anton Gallishaw, the jewelry maker," I said.

"That's right. I need to see you right away. Can you get out for dinner?" he asked. His voice was urgent.

"I suppose so," I said. It would certainly be better than sitting here. I told him I'd be right down.

For economy, they kept no elevator operators on after six. To solve the problem of descent from the fourteenth floor, one of the six elevators was left upstairs for me. I got into it. It was an ancient Empire Electric model and I looked around at the old-fashioned wrought-iron scrollwork that made up the walls and doors. Everything was open and exposed.

I carefully closed the outer door, then the inner door, taking care to slide them shut enough to trip the safety levers. It wouldn't run otherwise. I took hold of the control lever and eased it forward. With a little shudder, the elevator started down the shaft. Oh, I'm only a bird in a gilded cage, I thought as I looked out through the iron-work at the passing floors.

Downstairs, I told the guard I was going out for a bite to eat.

GALLISHAW was waiting at the corner and we walked across the street to a restaurant. "What's on your mind?" I asked. There was a question for you. What was on anybody's mind? Mine, for instance. Give me one good reason why I should feel the dread I felt today. Irrationally, I thought Gallishaw knew the reason. We settled into a booth and he studied me a moment.

"A brief case," he said. The odd smile came back to his face. I stared at him. "Benziger's brief case," he said, "I want it."

"You," I said, and I thought of Benziger's body lying on the street, with a man bending over it. "You're the hit-and-run driver." Suddenly it all came clear to me. Now I knew what I had been dreading. Gallishaw hadn't known about Benziger that day at all. He was an agent. He pumped me like a well. I had broken security, told him Benziger's name. I had killed Benziger. A wave of shame swept over me and I rose half out of my chair.

"Hold it," he commanded. That single sharp phrase and the stern look that went with it finally told me who he was, where I'd seen him. "I want Benziger's brief case," he was saying. "Give it to me."

"You're crazy," I said.

"Think so?" He measured me with his eyes. "Listen to this. You took a bribe from me, a big bribe for a promise to get me an Army contract." I was dumfounded.

"That brooch," he said. "That's no costume jewelry. It came from Cartier's and it's worth three thousand dollars. And you needed the money. Fort Leavenworth is full of guys who took less."

"I'll give it back," I said. "I'll throw it in the Hudson." It pained me to think how little that would help Benziger. I watched Gallishaw pull something out of his pocket. It was a candid photograph taken on the street. There was Gallishaw in the door of an old two-door sedan, looking very criminal. There was I, receiving a bribe, a glittering brooch. It was a frame-up, of course, but considering our respective trades it was badly compromising.

"And here," he said, holding out a paper, "is the receipt from Cartier's." He paused. "All you do is let me borrow the brief case for an hour. In return you get the brooch, the picture and the receipt." He smiled. "You can stop eating sandwiches for a long time."

"If you don't give me the brief case," he continued, "the publicity will be pretty

damn' uncomfortable." His face was blank now, his voice almost a whisper. He drew out every syllable: "And you can always expect that someday, sooner or later, a hit-and-run driver will pass your house." A terrible image of my family flashed into my mind. He had known the one thing that would move me. Ann and our children.

I was in a jam. I had opened my damned mouth and got square into a jam. What's more, I had caused the loss of Benziger. Guided missiles. This was deadly serious. I should have known. I should have realized from what it was doing to our lives, from the colonel's look, from Vinecek's caution. But, I thought bitterly, five years of chasing elevator prospects in and out of cocktail lounges and country clubs had made war something you just read about.

After a while I realized I had nodded my head. Gallishaw was smiling the odd smile. I heard him tell me he would meet me upstairs. I must have asked him how he would get in. "I'll get in," he said.

I left him and stumbled back to the office. The guard was playing solitaire and just glanced at me as I got into my old elevator. Gallishaw could avoid him easily by forcing a rear entrance and climbing the stairs.

On the slow way up the shaft, I thought about Gallishaw, only his name hadn't been Gallishaw. We had been in OCS together at Sandhaven Proving Ground in World War II. He was fine officer material—smart, hard, aggressive. But the grueling weeks of training gave the best men edgy tempers, and one day, in a hot, pointless argument about Spain, he had won by blurting out that he was a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the American volunteers who fought alongside the Communists. Two days later he was shipped out of the school. I remember how a lot of us thought it unjust. Now I realized Intelligence had found out more than we knew. I still remembered his odd twisted smile.

Ann, Ann, I thought, it was just a mistake, just an unlucky error.

Suddenly I found myself looking at the old Empire elevator and the long chance of a way out lay before me. I dropped to my knees beside the controls. There was the exposed linkage. Long rods connected the door safety levers to the control gear. When the doors were fully closed, projections cammed the safety levers up, pulled the long rods just enough to lift a pin out of a notch in the gear so the handle would move. It was all mechanical. They did it much better with electricity now. I jerked to a stop at fourteen, opened the door, and rushed to my desk. Inside were several rubber bands.

I ran back to the open elevator and bent over the controls. I hooked four or five rubber bands under the pin to hold it up. They slipped off and I tried again, then again. Then it was done and I was leaping out the open door. I sprawled on the floor as the elevator slid up out of sight. It shuddered to a stop against the buffers at the head of the shaft. The doors remained partly open and that made the signal light stay on. In the gloom of the office it looked as though the elevator were still there at the fourteenth floor, instead of at the top of the shaft.

Then I was back at my desk, mouth open, holding my breath in my chest, straining to hear. My heart was thumping. I looked at the clock. Time was frozen still.

I WAS beginning to see straight again when the footsteps came. They were the merest shadow of sound lost in the dark of a musty old building. They stopped for an agonizing minute. Then they were startlingly close and I was looking past a stubby blue pistol at the hard eyes of Gallishaw. He was breathing heavily from his fourteen-story climb and he gestured impatiently with his empty hand.

I opened the safe hastily and handed him the brief case. "Where's the photograph?" I asked.

"Don't be a jerk," he said. "The brooch is junk. Any jeweler could tell you that. 'I know,' I said. 'You licked me with the other threat. I know who you are now I know you mean it.'"

Gallishaw was backing away. He was still short of breath. He had broken into a government building. He had bribed and threatened an Army officer and taken important military papers at the point of a gun. And he was facing the man who knew Benziger's death was not an accident. He had what he was after, but he was compromised too and wanted to get away quickly. A thought struck me and I kept on talking.

"You promised me the photograph," I said. "Where is it?"

He was sneering.

"Come on," I said. "You bluffed me out of Benziger's name before. Now his brief case. At least give me the picture." I stepped toward him angrily but he backed up and took more determined aim with the pistol. He looked a little puzzled now.

"Nuts!" he said. "I knew about Benziger before you did." I thanked God. Now I could see all the cards face up on the table.

I suppose he knew he couldn't make it down fourteen flights of stairs if I risked telephoning for help—unless he killed me. That is when he made the error. Maybe he didn't want to risk the noise of a shot. He chose to take the elevator. I watched him push open the door with his elbow and back in.

I GIVE Gallishaw credit. He did not scream. He swore once—and when he hit the bottom of the shaft I heard nothing more than the ugly crunch of his body.

There was a commotion below me. The guard was shouting and shaking the iron doors. I pressed the call bell and hollered "Hey, guard, come up here and get me."

I heard a door clang, and an elevator creaked and rattled its way up to me. Sometimes it happens to a whole country—the way Pearl Harbor did. It seems you always have to make a terrible mistake, face actual disaster, before you know it's serious, before it comes home to you.

A white-faced guard jerked open the doors. "Back down," I said, jumping in "to the basement." I thought of Benziger in the street, Gallishaw at the bottom of the shaft. Now I knew the connection between the things I did and the guns that roared in Korea.

We got out in something that looked like a mine tunnel and I ran to the door of the shaft Gallishaw was in.

"You go call the Criminal Investigation Detachment," I said. "Tell them to send a team over here right now. Say it's espionage." The guard's eyes opened wide and he popped back into his elevator. In a minute I had opened the door into the bottom of the shaft. It was pitch-dark. I grabbed for matches and struck one. I felt a surge of nausea.

When I could, I got down into the shaft and pried the brief case out of Gallishaw's dead fingers. The fall had burst the zipper. The effect on Gallishaw had been something like that too.

I found Gallishaw's wallet. The photograph was in it and the C.I.D. investigators would probably be able to establish the car in the picture as the one that killed Benziger. Gallishaw had known that.

It was close to midnight. The C.I.D. men would be down in a few minutes. I had the rest of the night and tomorrow before I had to see Ann. It would be a busy time and by then maybe I would be over this and able to tell her calmly. Now it only mattered that she and the kids were safe.

But one thing couldn't wait. When I got the chance I went back up to my desk and dialed a number. I looked around at the office. A rough voice said hello.

"Colonel," I said, "this is Lieutenant Williams reporting." I looked at the elevator door. "The bad luck on that Category 'S' project—it's finished."

THE END

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The Jaycees—Too Young to Take No for an Answer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

14 Assemblymen was in favor of it. The bill was beaten on a technicality in that 950 session, but it passed easily when it came up again this year.

This was not the most important part of the story, however. Even before the Georgia bill was passed, the South Carolina legislature pushed through a law that was copied directly from the Atlanta Jaycees' model, and the cities of Charlotte and Raleigh in North Carolina adopted similar measures. An eighty-four-year-old bugaboo had been dispelled. As the Atlanta Jaycees' official report put it, "The forces of good will over the entire South took heart that the Klan can be beaten, even in its national capital, which is Atlanta."

But it is not only in the field of public affairs that the recent Jaycee resurgence has left its mark. Often they work quietly and behind the scenes.

Christmas for the Underprivileged

In Olympia, Washington, for instance, the local Jaycees have—without publicity—worked out an elaborate Christmastime procedure. Each December, they get from the local welfare agencies a list of all the city's underprivileged kids who are likely to spend a cheerless Christmas without toys or presents. Then they arrange for the welfare agencies to induce these children to write directly to Santa Claus, listing the gifts they would most like to receive. Next the Jaycees conspire with the local post-office authorities to have the Santa Claus letters delivered to the Junior Chamber of Commerce office.

The Jaycees fill each order by making the toys themselves or by appealing to the local merchants, who donate the gifts or sell them to the Jaycees at cost. Finally, on Christmas Eve, some 25 anonymous Santa Clauses set out from the Jaycee headquarters in full regalia, to deliver orders personally to each underprivileged child. There is no feeling of charity and none of his ever gets into the newspapers. But it is questionable that any city in the world can surpass Olympia for universal kindness and good cheer when Christmas Eve comes around each year.

The gentlemen involved in these operations are all between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five, the limits prescribed for members of the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce. Contrary to general belief, a Jaycee, on turning thirty-six, does not automatically move up to the senior (U.S.) Chamber of Commerce. He becomes what is known as an Exhausted Rooster, an unofficial auxiliary status similar to that of a college alumnus who finances, but no longer takes part in, undergraduate activities.

Actually, there is no official connection between the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce; and the similarity in names, an accident of nomenclature, has resulted in so much confusion that a movement is afoot to change the name to "Jaycee International" or the like. In many towns the Junior Chamber of Commerce is provided with office space by the Chamber of Commerce and this adds to the illusion that the Jaycees are merely the boys' division of the older group. There are a few loose tie-ups on the state and national level designed to avoid duplication of effort, and as a matter of courtesy the U.S. Chamber generally invites the most recent Jaycee ex-president to sit on its board of directors. But that's just about as far as the relationship goes.

There are some 180,000 Jaycees today, belonging to 1,950 local clubs which range in size from Oklahoma City's 1,200 members to a stalwart 16 in Kalama, Washington (population 1,120). In addition to this, the idea has caught on in foreign countries in the last few years, and Jaycee clubs now are functioning in 40 other nations, with

great strength in Canada, Mexico and the Philippines and a good sprinkling of clubs in Western Germany, Japan, Hong Kong and South Africa.

All this is a far cry from the sort of stature enjoyed by Jaycees even a scant six years ago. The organization was founded in 1915, when a young St. Louisan named Henry Giessenbier, the president of an outfit known as the Federation of Dancing Clubs, revolted against the idea of having to wait around until middle age to attain prominence in nondancing civic organizations. He formed the St. Louis Young Men's Progressive Civic Association, which later changed its name to the St. Louis Junior Chamber of Commerce, in gratitude for financial help extended by the president of the local Chamber of Commerce. This was the origin of the confusion in names.

In 1919, Giessenbier sent out a confederation call to young men's clubs in other major cities. Twenty-three of these responded, and the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce came into existence on January 21, 1920. It grew to include 1,066 clubs by 1941, but it still was weak and uninfluential. It had had a tough fight competing for membership with the veterans' organizations in the 1920s and bucking the depression in the 1930s, and it nearly was wiped out when most of its membership went off to fight World War II. At the end of the war, in 1945, the Jaycees had dropped to 835 clubs, many of them on the wobbly side.

Then came the unexpected shot in the arm. Thousands of young veterans returned from the war, worldly-wise and filled with a new appreciation of America. They joined the veterans' groups and the old-line service clubs and civic organizations, but almost invariably they met the same rebuff: "Get in line, sonny, and wait your turn for leadership until you're forty-five or fifty years old." No one knows how it happened, but spontaneously, all over the country, young veterans began to form local Junior Chambers of Commerce, where their age would be no handicap to molding organization policy.

In one year, 1946, no less than 1,350 new Jaycee clubs joined the outfit—several hundred more than the total chartered in the preceding 25 years of its existence. Big new names graduated out of the Jaycees, like Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver and Arkansas' crusading Governor Sid McMath; and by 1950, the bustling young group had elbowed its way into the top bracket of the nation's service organizations. Today, the Jaycees have a powerful national headquarters in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and strong establishments in every state, in addition to the local clubs.

The local group is the basic unit of the Jaycees; each elects its own officers and delegates to the state and national conventions. Delegates to the national conventions choose the top officers. The president of the organization generally takes a leave of absence from his job for a year to run the headquarters at Tulsa, where he is assisted by a paid executive vice-president and several other salaried officials, all Jaycees. The activities of the national organization are financed by a \$2-per-member annual assessment collected from the locals. Membership dues, which vary with the demands of the local budget, range from \$6 to \$15 a year.

Eighty-five per cent of the Jaycees are veterans of World War II and 85 per cent of the local clubs are in towns with a population of less than 50,000. Young and progressive, they seem to make little distinction as to race or creed. In Fall River, Massachusetts, the Jaycees had a Negro president last year; and in Toledo, Ohio, the local club voted a Negro probation counselor the title of Outstanding Young Man of 1950. Not only that, but in two states, Negro children won state-wide Jaycee-sponsored contests in competition with white youngsters, delivering speeches on the meaning of

American democracy. The two states were Virginia and Georgia.

In Atlanta, the fine Jaycee organization made another contribution equal to its anti-Ku Klux Klan battle. The all-white club took over, as a project, the juvenile delinquency situation in the crime-ridden, wretchedly poor Negro slum section known as Summerhill.

The Atlanta Jaycees got a four-room house, rent free, in the heart of Summerhill. Then they contributed most of the money needed to renovate it into a recreation building. A few weeks later, the so-called "Jaycee Summerhill Community Center" opened in the remodeled structure, with the Jaycees paying all the operating expenses until the project could be self-sustaining. The center has baths, table-tennis facilities, game rooms and a library; from the very first day, hundreds of the local children flocked to it, abandoning their games in the crime-breeding streets and alleys of Summerhill. Within a few weeks, the Atlanta Constitution was able to report, "Because of the new Jaycee Center, there already has been a noted reduction in the number of police calls from the Summerhill area."

All over the country, the Jaycees have had similar striking success with juveniles; perhaps this is inevitable because they are just a few years removed from being youths themselves and they remember what goes on in the teen-age mind. In Dallas, they own and operate a 14-acre recreational area known as Jaycee Park; and in Oklahoma City, they took musically talented kids and organized them into their nationally known Oklahoma City Junior Symphony. In Rocky Mount, North Carolina, the Jaycees pay for all tonsillectomies required by underprivileged children. And all over the country they sponsor junior baseball and basketball leagues, plus the official National Jaycee Junior Golf Championship, scheduled this summer to be held in Durham, North Carolina.

In Bakersfield, California, the Jaycees performed psychological miracles by setting up Boy Scout Troop 78, exclusively for physically handicapped boys. In this outfit, spastics, partially blind youngsters and post-polio patients learn woodcraft and go camping; and they play football on their crutches and in their wheel chairs.

Rehabilitation Plan Successful

Equally effective is a project of the Philadelphia Jaycees. These young men discovered in 1948 that Pennsylvania will not grant paroles to imprisoned youths and juvenile delinquents until they have a place to live, a job and a sponsor. The Philadelphia Jaycees thereupon set up a committee of some 80 Jaycee sponsors who adopt parolees as "kid brothers," finding them work and keeping a close personal eye on their rehabilitation. Since the Jaycees took over the job, only four out of 120 parolees have had to be sent back to prison for parole violations.

All these things are accomplished by what Jaycee national executive vice-president Robert D. Ladd calls "the exuberance of youth." Sometimes, there is a bit of overexuberance, as in the case of the Appleton, Wisconsin, Jaycees, who put up a traffic safety sign which itself had to be removed as a safety hazard because motorists were confusing its green and red lights with traffic signals. But as Ladd says, "That's what makes us more effective than organizations 10 times our size. A Jaycee is someone who's not old enough yet to believe that anything can't be done. Also, we don't just sit back and contribute money like older service-club members. We don't have much money—so we contribute our time and our enthusiasm."

This philosophy has caused the Jaycees to run many an older organization into the ground. They collect garbage and sweep

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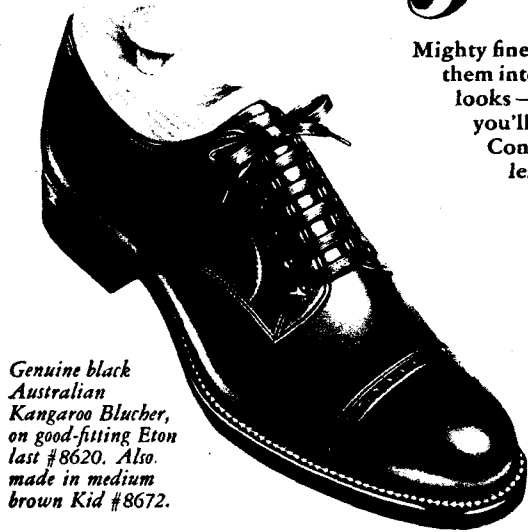


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the streets, if no one else will do it; and if the schoolhouse needs a coat of paint, they ignore town budgets and merely show up on a Sunday and paint it. Also, they stop at nothing when it comes to money-making schemes to finance their community operations. They sponsor or co-sponsor huge projects like the \$15,000 Kansas City Open Golf Tournament and the Berkeley, California, Football Festival; but they also make money out of turtle races, deep-sea fishing rodeos and beauty contests.

Blytheville, Arkansas, Jaycees run the big National Cotton Picking Contest, and the Phoenix, Arizona, Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsors a Phoenix World Championship Rodeo. On the other hand, the Okeene, Oklahoma, Jaycees make a small fortune every year from a banquet which is part of an enterprise known as the Great Rattlesnake Hunt. In this competition, each contestant sallies forth into the wilderness with only a forked stick as a weapon. The Jaycees sell all captured reptiles to canneries and market the valuable venom obtained from them to drug manufacturers. They also sell for \$1 a certificate certifying that the possessor has "more guts than horse sense," as evidenced by the fact that he participated in the hunt. They have no expenses to speak of—other than a stand-by first-aid station to treat possible human casualties.

As such unbridled enterprise indicates, headstrong Jaycees will rush in where their elders fear to tread. A percentage of these excursions naturally end up in disaster; but others reap untold benefits for thousands of people. For instance, after 100 years of inefficient mayor-council government in Council Bluffs, Iowa, the local Jaycees did what everyone else said was impossible. They assailed the city with publicity and a door-to-door electioneering campaign, and in October, 1949, the city voted overwhelmingly to substitute a city-manager system.

In Longview, Washington, the Jaycees actually ran an official election to authorize a new airport district, when the county said it had no money for such a referendum; and in Green River, Wyoming, they attacked the postwar housing shortage by using the most direct approach on record: they went out and began building their own 100-home housing project.

However, the two most dramatic instances of Jaycee intrepidity took place recently in the state of Texas and in the city of Arlington, Virginia.

Prison Reforms Needed

The Texas Jaycees were having a quiet (for Texas) state convention in El Paso in 1948, when an elderly Grand Prairie banker named Bert A. Stufflebeme came to address them. With tears in his eyes, Stufflebeme told them of a fruitless campaign he had waged to improve Texas' prison system, which was among the worst in the world. He startled the Jaycees with stories of in-prison murders and filth and corruption, and he told them about young boys being thrown into the same crowded rooms with hardened criminals and sex deviates.

He further startled them with the information that Texas had brought in O. B. Ellis, an outstanding prison-reform specialist, who had set up a model penal system for the state of Tennessee, but that Ellis' recommendations were being sidetracked. Stufflebeme had been stumping the state to try to line up support for Ellis' program, but not a single large organization had come to his assistance.

When the banker finished speaking, the Jaycees rose to their feet and, there and then, voted to join his crusade. They began almost immediately. A committee was set up, and Jaycees began visiting the prisons personally to observe conditions. They found first offenders and veteran criminals jammed together in 125-man barracks called "tanks," with a single guard armed with a rifle posted on a fence between every two such enclosures.

Lights were trained on the "tanks" all night, yet it was not uncommon for a pris-

oner to be found in the morning with a throat slit or his body mutilated. Sometimes the prisoners nearly suffocated for lack of ventilation, and sometimes they were so much ventilation that they were pelted by the elements and nearly consumed by Texas' man-eating mosquito. Because of inadequate wage scales, guards were of the lowest, most brutal type; and sanitary and laundry facilities were so unsatisfactory that Jaycee doctors found it difficult to understand why epidemics had not broken out.

Jaycees from the Freeport and Lufkin Jackson clubs made 16-mm. movies of the conditions and a Fort Worth Jaycee named Marvin Moore edited them into a shocking 20-minute documentary film. The state committee then sent prints of this movie to all 137 Junior Chambers of Commerce throughout the state, and the local unions held special screenings for groups in the communities.

Campaign Gets Results

In addition to this, the 18-man Texas Jaycee executive board embarked on a speechmaking tour to every part of the state. Before long, other organizations and crusading newspapers joined the campaign. In a few short weeks, Texas was aroused. Only Texans can become aroused. The state legislature was swamped with letters and resolutions, and at its very next session, in January, 1949, a Jaycee-sponsored prison plan sailed through by an almost unanimous vote. A \$4,000,000 appropriation was passed to provide for new buildings and higher salaries for skilled supervisory personnel, and reform specialist O. B. Ellis was confirmed as manager of the complete new, model penal system.

But this was only the beginning of the Texas Jaycees' amazing social reform program. In 1949, they blanketed the state with a similarly successful campaign to overhaul Texas' mental hospitals, which the U.S. Public Health Service had rated the worst in all the 48 states; and current they are waging a battle to close down the notorious, criminal-spawning Gatesville state reform school for boys. The mental hospital campaign was sparked by a Jaycee-produced film called Shock Treatment, and it resulted in a special session of the legislature which passed a \$58,000,000 bill to improve the mental institutions over a period of 7½ years.

In the anti-Gatesville campaign, the Jaycees discovered buildings much more decrepit than those found in the prison investigation; and they exposed the existence of gang wars in the school, unspeakable brutalities, an utter lack of proper teaching facilities, bloodhounds to track down runaways, and an appalling practice whereby judges—because other facilities were not available—were sentencing nonlawbreaking neglected children to Gatesville, where they were thrown into locked cages with murderers and rapists.

The result was that a frightening total of 80 per cent of Gatesville graduates were ending up in penitentiaries after their release. Today, however, it seems likely that the legislature will pass a \$2,250,000 appropriation to build modern new institutions throughout the state's detention school setup and abolish Gatesville.

All this made the Texas Junior Chamber of Commerce one of the most respected organizations in the state, and Beaufor Jester, when he was governor, presented its members with a citation labeling them "an incalculable force in the promotion of our state welfare." One of the top-ranking Texas Jaycees, John Ben Shepperd, national president in 1947-'48, went on to become Texas' Secretary of State, with a good chance of getting elected governor someday; and banker Stufflebeme, who set off the entire chain reaction, was so grateful that he headed a drive of Grand Prairie businessmen to donate a new \$30,000 office building for the state Jaycee headquarters—absolutely free.

In little Arlington, Virginia, the Jaycee

Collier's for June 9, 195

achievement was not as spectacular, just as inspiring. One day in December, 1943, an Arlington orthopedic surgeon named Dr. O. Anderson Engh paid a visit to a young lawyer named L. Lee Bean, Jr., and asked him to negotiate a zoning-law exception so he eventually could build a hospital on his property.

"What kind of hospital?" asked Bean. "One that I've been trying to build for some time now," said Dr. Engh, "but I've never been able to get support from the people or from the public. I want to put up an orthopedic hospital to treat cripples, especially polio victims. I don't want a repetition of the big polio epidemic we had in 1945, when children became crippled for life because we had no place to take them after the fever subsided."

At this point, Bean pulled himself to his feet and reached for a pair of aluminum crutches. "That's exactly what happened to me when I was a freshman in college," he said. "I'm your man." Bean was a member of the newly formed Arlington Junior Chamber of Commerce, and in a few weeks had convinced them that their first project should be to get the hospital built—on their own hands, if need be.

And that is almost literally what happened. Dr. Engh contributed the land, and the Jaycees went out and cleared the site of briars and trees. This laid them all low to the ground for a while, but when they recovered, they dug the "footings" and poured the concrete foundations. In the meantime, the Jaycees entered into an alliance with the powerful Northern Virginia Builders Association, and the hospital became a joint project of the two organizations. This was helped along by the fact that prominent builders like Rocco Pomponio and his brother Arthur (then president of the Builders Association) also were prominent Jaycees.

In a heart-warming display of community spirit, nearly everything that went into the structure was contributed. The Jaycees supplied steel, trucks, concrete, bulldozers, plumbing, wiring, lumber, even labor. Painters, carpenters, plasterers, masons and other workers contributed their time on Saturdays and Sundays, and nearly every week end the Jaycees were out there doing the unskilled labor, like mixing sand and carrying bricks.

Whenever anything ran short at the building site, construction supervisor Rocco Pomponio sent out reconnaissance parties of Jaycees to talk to local suppliers. In this way, they came up with contributions of items like 5,000 bricks here, 100 gallons of paint there, and even a \$10,000 elevator donated by a Washington, D. C., firm. When cash was needed to buy materials that could not be donated, the Jaycees ran bazaars and barbecues, and Carl Mayer, the father of a polio victim, raffled off a puppy for \$135.

Actually, though, comparatively little cash was needed. As Rocco Pomponio put it, "Of the \$400,000 total cost of the hospital, nearly \$375,000 was contributed in materials, labor and services rather than money. Also, this is one of the few American hospitals to be built in recent years that did not get a money grant from the state or federal government."

Reward for Hard Work

It was a slow process, however, and the 40-bed hospital took more than two years to build. But constantly present was the heavy-set, crippled figure of Lee Bean on his aluminum crutches, checking on the progress of construction. He never stopped working. In 1950, he was elected president of the Arlington Jaycees. Also in 1950, the state Jaycees voted him Virginia's Outstanding Young Man of the Year.

Finally, a few weeks ago, Anderson Orthopedic Hospital, as it is called, was ready for its June dedication, and Bean struggled over for a last look at the construction. As an afterthought, he wandered into Dr. Engh's clinic next door, where 17 patients already were in temporary wards, eagerly awaiting transfer to the glistening new hospital with its sun-drenched rooms and air-conditioned splendor. He talked to pretty, fourteen-year-old Connie Burke, recovering from a series of operations to shorten a leg deformed in the big 1945 polio epidemic; and he peeked in on two-and-a-half-year-old Roger Burdette, a tiny tuberculosis-of-the-spine victim who will be helped immeasurably by the equipment and care in the new hospital.

Then Bean, looking down at his own legs, said, "These Jaycees are a pretty fine outfit. Yes, sir, a pretty fine outfit." THE END

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DORMAN H. SMITH

Even Up the Balance

A YOUNG PLATOON LEADER of our acquaintance has lodged a gripe against the line of reasoning typified by a Washington Post editorial in support of draft deferment for certain college students. We think his gripe is entirely legitimate.

The editorial held that "the Presidential draft order automatically deferring high-grade students and those passing special aptitude tests will strengthen the nation's national [sic] defenses." It conceded that "the Army will get the backward students. But it should be remembered that the high-ranking students may eventually make valuable contributions to national defense if permitted to continue their studies, while the men with low marks are often merely misfits who can be trained to become first-class soldiers. Automatic deferment of students of high standing will also be a morale builder."

Our young friend doubts that this Presidential order can perform the miracle of turning dullards and misfits into first-class soldiers. "It's difficult enough with a willing man of average intelligence," he says, "but with an unwilling oaf, Lord help us. Those guys may be cannon fodder, but they do not make good leaders."

We'd like to add a gripe or two of our own against that editorial. In the first place, the Presidential order did not "automatically" defer high-ranking students. The order amended, but

did not fundamentally change, the Selective Service Act of 1948, which reserves to local draft boards the final judgment in filling their quotas. It did not make deferment for high scholarship mandatory. The Kilday amendment which the House wrote into the new draft bill simply emphasized the local boards' autonomy and made it explicit.

The boards' discretionary powers are logical and necessary. But they also put the local boards on the spot. For what Congress has really done is pass the buck to them, and leave them to handle a regulation which is discriminatory and unrealistic, and which—to take further exception to the argument—is almost certain to lower morale, in and out of the armed forces. As if this weren't enough, the Selective Service authorities have compounded the local boards' problems by a now-familiar state of contradiction and groping confusion. The college deferment order was preceded by months of oratorical backing and filling on the part of General Hershey, the Selective Service director. Then, when the order finally seemed set, the general's chief deputy reconfused things by casually mentioning in a radio speech that the deferment depended not on scholastic standing or the result of an aptitude test, as originally ordered, but on scholastic standing and the aptitude test.

We recognize the need for deferring and exempting young men of special skills so that

this country may offset the enemy's preponderance of man power by scientific progress. But the present student deferment provisions do not put a premium on special skills. They do not put a premium on scholarship. They do not even put a premium on intelligence. All they do is put a premium on the financial ability to attend college. The high-scholarship deferments apply only to college students. And only college students are eligible for the aptitude-test deferments.

All this is most contrary to American tradition. It is unfair to the local draft boards, to the young men eligible for induction, and to the nation's defense requirements. The sensible solution would be universal military training for all boys on graduation from high school, and for nongraduates of a corresponding age. Instead of that, the administration and Congress have created a pattern not even of an intellectual elite, but of a moneyed elite.

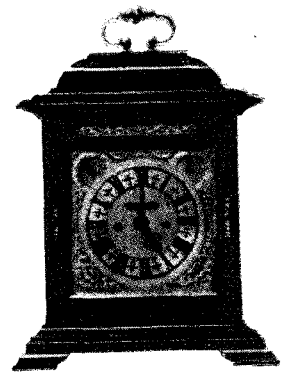
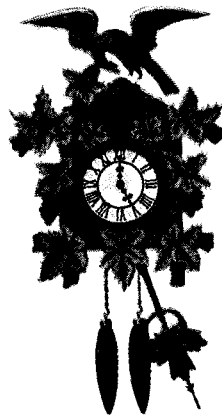
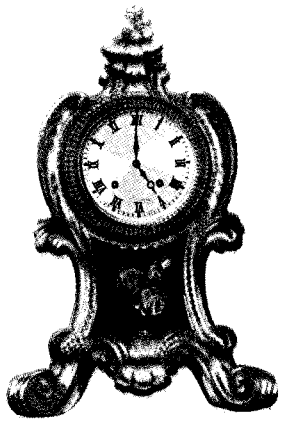
Suppose a local board in a small community has a sizable group of able-bodied young men to choose from in filling its quota. And suppose that the board, in making its choices, follows the government directive and exempts the sons of the town's more affluent citizens who can afford to foot the bill for a college education. Is that going to build morale in a community or, multiplied hundreds of times, in the nation?

And what about the young men themselves—the young men whose views have not been consulted in all this to-do about who goes and who stays home? The financial advantage that permits some boys to go to college has now become a source of reproach and class division, because higher education is now, by law, a potential means of draft dodging. We believe, from what we've heard and read, that most youngsters are willing to serve their country, and that they would prefer an equal and uniform selection for that service. The question of whether they are to serve at 18, 18½ or 19 years of age doesn't seem to agitate them nearly so much as it does their elders. They want a definite answer as to when they are to go and when they are to get out.

No doubt the armed forces would find a reasonable number of able, intelligent young men with qualities of leadership from among the noncollegians, in spite of the government regulations. But this is not a democratic arrangement. Should we, as Robert Ruark has put it, defer the Alger Hisses and draft the Al Smiths? Or should we fill up the services with the "misfits" who didn't make a grade of 70 in their aptitude tests, and aim for an army fit to operate under the supreme command of Major General Harry Vaughan?

We can't see why a student majoring in botany or English should be deferred, perhaps for the duration of the present emergency, just because he's bright. The safety of our country is just about the most important thing that concerns us all today. And if a young man's studies do not promise to contribute directly to that safety, then we see no reason why his brains should exempt him from military training or military service.

The future of the country, as well as of the lads of military age, is to a great extent in the hands of the local draft boards. In determining that future we hope that they will exercise their discretion wisely and realistically. If they don't, then—as a colleague of ours remarked—the bright boys in college had better start learning Russian.



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